

# Grains Of Wrath

## [unknown]

Back in '83, a man came to me  
And he told me, "Son  
Our way of life is done"  
But I was only youngWith an eye to the fields  
Speculators and yields rotten to the core  
Monoculture whores  
Entered the bidding wars from distant shoresI don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaOh, the sinuous trails of concrete and rails  
And exhausted roars  
Population wars setting our future courseYeah, is profit and greed  
The only conceit on a scale between  
Mere prosperity and inhumanity?  
It may well be butI don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaShine on, I don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaOh, oh, oh, shine on

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