Nautical

Midas Fall

The day civil glory dismembered my civility
I could have parted ribs and flesh like a different kind of Red Sea
Drowned the ancient east in western custom progress
And the least of all our pride and sentiments
Which turned out to be the closest thing
To a fashion trend that's ever been put on trial
Which turned out to be the closest thing
To a fashion trend that's ever been put on trial
The rest was cast off as denial of statehood and mastery
The ultimate form of treason is the treacherous use of reason
The treacherous use
Employed by the bastard sons of American

Fore-fathers who keep this fire burning
With the flesh of their would-be American daughters
Daughters, daughters, daughters
What will happen to our children when the least of us pass on?
Us who fought the monsters of our country's crowded closet
Us who dropped the bombs on goodness when we saw it wasn't flawless
Us whose youthful life was hostage to what harm did
Who fought the hardest to be swept under the carpet
And I'm still a cigarette, softly smoking on the edge of a metal ashtray
I begged this place to let me burn and it whispered, "Burn away"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/