

Shiloh

Good Riddance

Can you feel it through the silence
a cry for prudence that will not be heard
Another call to raise a fire
a proposition that will not return Just like in war where nothing changes
we're pacified
And before we burn our bridges
still dead inside An air of menace so familiar
just a solution without a cause
It's jingoism without a vision
abject denial of the prescient flaws
Moving out into the fire
capitulating to the darkest will
No time to count a test of courage
An instrument in the final kill
Dying flame of the disenchanted
one by one we watch them fall
The bitterness of a generation
a declaration of dishonesty we fail

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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