

Burt Rutan

Kids In The Way

Split the blackened sky, open flood gates wide
With just one little cry you open up your eyes
We live like whores, oh baby baby

We're killing dreams for little boys and little girlsIt's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we playAwakes the frozen souls and burn the idol bulls
Our lips pressed to the coal, a glowing cinder makes us whole

We wash our hands, oh baby baby

Of all the blood from innocence that we have shedIt's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we playWe are not a Republican nation, we are not a Democratic nation
In the fires we play

We are not a white nation, we are not a black nation

In the fires we play

We are an enslaved nation stuck in desperation

[Incomprehensible]Wash our hands from all the blood of innocenceIt's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we playOh, it's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

Songwriters

Steven Carter;Austin Ty Cobb;Nathaniel Craig Ehman;David Paul PelsuePublished by
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