

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 girls
It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play
Awakes 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 shed
It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play
We 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 innocence
It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play
Oh, it's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

Songwriters

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