Fallen World

The Generators

From sea to poisoned sea. To the deserts of darfur.
The rotton strench of green house gases. Another bullet from another war.
Corporated cannibals bleed the planet, generals rule with iron fists.
Wall street gets golden parachutes, how can we go on like this?

You can`t deny it, when you`ve derived to it,
you`re hit on the head, when you finally get a clue.
ItÂ´s no pretty picture, some kill for a scripture.
And hate breeds like rabbits, war is in the morning news,
and that`s all we wake up to!

We leave all these soiled footsteps, turn over every stone,
the fight rages for every resource, adicts with no self control.
Never no accountability, it goes on to no end.
Kings locked in their palaces, streets boil with discontent.

You can`t deny it, when you`ve derived to it,
youÂ´re blown to bits, when you finally get a clue.
ItÂ´s no pretty picture, some kill for a scripture.
And hate breeds like rabbits, war is in the morning news,
and that`s all we wake up to!

What kind of world?
This fallen world, what kind of world do we live in?
What kind of world?
This fallen world, what kind of world do we live in?

SUPPORT THE GENERATORS BY JOINING THEIR CONCERTS OR BY BUYING THEIR STUFF.
WE HAVE TO MAKE A CHANGE!

Lyrics submitted by Phil TheGun.

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