

# Truth

## SR-71

Blood and dust have changed  
All the colors in my mind  
Black has made me see  
But the truth has made me blind To the fears  
To the lies  
They were here  
All the time In your sympathetic Sunday nights  
I don't belong  
'Til all the hate that lines the face  
Of my enemy is gone All the fears  
All the lies  
They were here  
All the time The mouth of New York City talks  
Spitting dust from streets to sidewalks Pictures soaked in gasoline  
Twisting through the steel and concrete The smoke has cleared but I can't breathe The new day's a prison  
For the souls who've lost hope  
But I've been taught change  
Comes to the one's who need it most All the fears  
All the lies  
They were here  
All the time The mouth of New York City talks  
Spitting dust from streets to sidewalks Pictures soaked in gasoline  
Twisting through the steel and concrete The smoke has cleared but I can't breathe The mouth of New York City  
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