

journeys

we found england
we saw the rising sun and we heard the beating drum
within the stones, the ancient sacred stones
we found innocence savaged and torn
on display - childhood porn
makes you wish you'd never been born
never had to witness the cold, grey dawn
of cruelty inflicted on someone's firstborn
consigned to the shadows forever withdrawn
pleasure taken and pleasure worn
by the unspeakable, the devil's spawn

we wanted to believe
in the mysteries that we came across
we longed for some relief
from the other things, the unremitting
chaos, chaos, chaos
we measured up our lives
not as bright and clean as they were before
thankful we've survived
but stained and shamed and hurting
more and more and more

we found india
we found a holy mother and we found a loyal brother
we found a soul, an ancient sacred scroll
we found poison in the water in the ground
deformed children in a toxic playground
dr mengele hanging around
the silence of death the only sound
in union carbide's ghastly compound
silence coming from the corporate hellhound
silence from the dead underground
shame, america's shame resounds

chorus

we found america
we found the swift lakota and we found the proud dakota
amongst the black hills, the ancient sacred hills
we found freedom flowing one way
from the patriot act to guantanamo bay
the government heavy on the threat of doomsday
while it peels layers of liberty away

hides the coffins from display
afraid of the glaring light of day
they walk in the shadows as they betray
the concept of freedom that once held sway

chorus

we found africa
we sang the song of life and touched the afterlife
the thunder and the rain on the ancient sacred plains
we found hunger haunting the land
children scarcely able to stand
why their bellies are swollen they don't understand
disease sucks at them like quicksand
the old man fighting the barren wasteland
the young man fighting in a murderous band
the woman in the end cannot withstand
the terminal illness she's got from her man