What We’re Marching Toward

Share with me scriptures and help me to know

It’s easier to sink than to rise

The black and white bullets that fly from my mouth

Are hand-picked tired old lines

My shoes have worn through from this walking around

It’s time to stand still and fight

Even the loudest of words will not make a sound

Compared to the sound of what’s right

I saw a man on the news tonight

Crying for his child in the war

He looked at the camera and asked with his eyes

Do we know what we’re marching toward

In the halls and the courts the dead kings cry out

Power is a slow turning wheel

Oh it came around for us and it’ll come around for you

It only gives what it can then steal

And the high headed men who built the engine that runs

Are cold and dead in the ground

What they built when they lived when they died was undone

Except for what’s holding us down

I saw a man on the news tonight

Crying for his child in the war

He looked at the camera and asked with his eyes

Do we know what we’re marching toward

Now choose to believe in that silver tongue dream

Or try to rightly see

That the strings you feel at the end of the day

Are the same strings pulling on me

And if the truth can be beaten and tied to a chair

And made to say whatever we want

Then the words that we serve are nothing but ours

And our god is not god after all

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Crying for his child in the war

He looked at the camera and asked with his eyes

Do we know what we’re marching toward