

872-1000
No progress

Sometimes i feel like
We've done nothing
No progress
No change
Look at us
We're so deranged
Parents clamor
To buy a gun
Close their eyes
When their kids run
Through the halls
Of the local school
America i say
What fools we are
To think
That we have made
Such great progress
Laurels
Laurels
And wreaths
And flowers
On another grave
Save us
From our hubris
Some say
We're made progress
And i
Call bullshit