

# Wishing Chair, September

Maybe God's at the river playing with jacks  
When you're up in the sky and you don't come back  
There's a hole in the city  
A hole in the land  
Fear in the eyes of the golden children

Stand and deliver

You claim you're a prophet, call us a sin  
Then you send in the jackals and the hyena men  
You murder with money  
Buried in lies  
Deaf to the hungry babies cries

You're only a killer

You woke up a Giant, see how she waves  
In the land of the free and the home of the brave  
There's flag on the buildings  
Flags in the air  
Flags on the graves of the bright young soldiers

We will remember

September