

P.O.D., Tell Me Why

A day with no glory
A heart filled with fear
Still repeating his-story to make ourselves clear
A voice is unheard when it shouts from the hills
Your king in his castle never died on these fields
There's blood on you hands
A smile on your face
A wicked intention when there's money to be made
A room with no windows and a heart that can't feel
Shame with no convictions and a view to a kill.

Tell me why?
Why must we fight?
And why must we kill in the name of what we think is right?
No more! no war!
Cause how do you know?

The hate in your eyes
The lies on your tongue
A hand that kills the innocent
So quick to do wrong
Your belly is full while we fight for what remains
The rich getting richer while the poor become slaves
We kill our own brothers
The truth is never told
If victory is freedom then the truth is untold
Surrender your soul just like everyone else
If love is my religion, don't speak for myself

[chorus]

How do you know?

[chorus]

I'm living this life
I'm given these lies
And how do I die for the name of what you think is right?
No more! oh Lord!
How do we know?