

Rise Against, Collapse (Post-Amerika)

When our rivers run dry and our crops cease to grow
And when our summers grow longer and winters wont snow
From the banks of the ocean and the ice in the hills
To the fight in the desert where progress stands still
When weve lost our will
Thats how well know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
We're crashing into the ground as all fall from grace
When the air that we breathe becomes air that we choke
When the marsh fever spreads from the swamps to our homes
When your home on the range has been torn down and paved and
The buffalo roam to a slaughterhouse grave
What more will it take
For us to know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
Kissing the ground as well fall from grace
This is a chance to set things straight
To bend or break the rules back into place
There is no middle ground, no compromise, weve drawn the line
With perfect aim, we stand back and throw
Glass windows break and its all about to blow
Lights go out as we pass the torch again
In hope that it stays lit
Neutrality means that you dont really care
Cause the struggle goes on even when youre not there
Blind and unaware
Thats how well know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
We're crashing into the ground as we all, yeah we all, all fall from grace