

# 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