

If you see me at the crossroad with my freshly broken heart  
I'll be searching for a world in which my God can play a part  
But please don't call me a Christian, that's become a term of art  
As we once said woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees

I wish I had the energy that I wasted in my youth  
Praying for a future in which all men saw the truth  
But where now the preacher follows me into the voting booth  
To help send the right man to that whited sepulcher

Last night the ghost of Socrates spoke to me in my dream  
He asked where is my flying car, where is my time machine  
I begged him please forgive us, we're not as simple as we seem  
But he said wait is that a country filled with refugees

When tomorrow looks upon us I hope they can be kind  
But will they say we shut our eyes from fear of being blind  
Or that we spoke the magic curse that clouded our own minds  
On the day we made the one-eyed simpleton our king

When I think of my children and the world my fathers made  
Remembering my freedom and the ransom that they paid  
I have that homesick feeling as I watch their glory fade  
Forgotten history is the seed of revolution