Crisis Of Man

Better Than a Thousand

I walked down to the park where I once played The trees have been uprooted No grass, just brick, a factory And a stench that fills the air And the stream nearby Where we laughed and cried Has sadly been polluted I stand stunned, my body is numb Nobody seems to care CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

I walked to the church in the village green The church it seemed deserted The shiny mall, it attracts us all It's the center of our town Outside look around, it's upside down It seems so perverted Technology-has it made us free? What we found?

CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

We are disenchanted with our situation And disenchanted with our modern dream Yeah, disenchanted with our generation Now's the time for us to intervene