

# Camaraderie Of The Commons

Chuck Ragan

Took a gander at the stars above me,  
closed my eyes and took a breath for free.  
Never understood the nature of madness,  
the tragedy of the common so they say.

Are we not the ones that manifest our destiny?  
Are we not the ones to spill blood in the streets?  
Are we not the ones that eat our young,  
destroy the land and sea,  
then cry for help when all is said and done?

I could never gague a world around me,  
I could barely scale the walls that we've built.  
I shy away from hate, or at least I like to say.  
But aren't all men capable of evil?

Are we not the ones that manifest our destiny?  
Are we not the ones to spill blood in the streets?  
Are we not the ones that eat our young,  
destroy the land and sea,  
then cry for help when all is said and done?  
Yeah cry for help when all is said and done.

"Well is there such a thing as revolutions?"  
Said the wax, collecting dust on the shelves.  
Let's make a mockery of the tragedy we sell,  
Camaraderie of the commons must be held.

Shall we be the ones that manifest our destiny?  
Shall we be the ones that clean up all our streets?  
Shall we be the ones that care for young,  
and nurture land and sea,  
and live and die for camaraderie?  
Yeah live and die for camaraderie.