

## Tragic Vision

Lagwagon

In this faltering nation  
the future belongs  
to the children in school  
There's something wrong  
Sixth grader on crack  
Handgun overflowing in his hands  
Now he is just further demand  
We search for the source  
and still that child is left watching  
Inhumanity, bloodshed  
as the tele-violence feeds his head

R: Only if he knew  
the consequence of greed  
A contious state of mind  
T.V. is not reality  
Never a victim the role model said  
Bang bang, the bad guy is dead  
Always a rockstar on eMpty T.V.  
The lesson complete  
Now the child has needs  
Of competition they bleed  
Oh beautiful for bills of green  
Nevermind spacious skies overhead  
Bleed the earth and butter your bread

R:

Chils turns on T.V.  
What dose he see?  
Nature of man, dishonesty  
That child grows old  
Story be told  
as he sits behind bars  
and his soul grows cold