

(Patrick Andrews)  
And the band marches  
on and on and on  
without slowing  
And their leader leads  
them on and on and on  
without knowing  
Never looking back to see  
the mess that they had  
left behind  
The media mediates  
between the masses and  
the myth it creates  
But it never knows the  
damage grows the more  
it bends the truth  
They tell us what they  
want us to hear  
They patronize our  
aching ears  
It's all too clear the  
wealths of violence and  
sexual perversion  
Offer more than just  
some innocent  
psychological diversion  
They have left so many  
bleeding, needing help  
from Christ the King  
We don't have to watch  
what they want us to see  
Yet we've let them bind  
our hands and feet  
How can you say, "let's all  
remain unaffected," when  
No lines were drawn, the  
band just marches on  
And they forget you  
when you fall down