

every city got an artery
where the blood breaks down
an avenue or a boulevard and a
boy who wears a crown
indignant live styles implies simply lack of means
dogmatical authoritarians dictate the cities remains

a promise
to go to heaven wont put salvation in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me

when the factory shut down
so did the place he lived
blood money for junk bonds
by a white collar fugitive
all the tax free insentives ain't going
to help him now
generations of job security
gone out like the horse and plow

a promise
to go to heaven won't put salvation in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me

my old man worked his troubled life
in a nowhere dead end
he drank the pain away i'll be damned
if that's me having my dreams robbed
the working class carries a country
that has been rotting inside for years
the rigs cuffed my old man in the front yard
i saw through my eyes of tears
a promise to go to heaven wont
put salvation in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me