

when we were giants 07-25-03

beacon of hope for your tired your poor  
these teeming masses awaiting the chance  
upload their wages to the boardroom floor  
the hungry go starving as the four hundred dance

when we were giants we stood for a cause  
we valued the reasons we valued our choice  
when we were giants we reached for the sky  
when we were giants we stood for a pause  
lifting our difference into one single voice  
when we were giants we always asked why

masses still huddling from each new fear imposed  
children by millions estranged and confused  
tossed by the tempest - multimedia dosed  
growing the storms that will use and abuse

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icons tossed up as the imagery blooms  
swaths being cut through each continent's eyes  
decisions still made by the unchosen few  
and apathy reigns with a burger and fries

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