

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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