

From the Source
(Mutiny on the Westlands)
(© 1990 - Jorge Palomarez)

Someone is risking their lives for our children
While someone is feeding the mouths of their own
Dollar signs making fast tracks to the Southlands
Through the backyards of those who can't pay off their loans

And someone is kicking the walls in his mother
Pleading only for what he deserves
No one is listening as she moves through the alleys
Searching for something to calm down her nerves

Bullets are flying somewhere in the Eastlands
Bodies lay prone with their mouths towards the coast
One side is feeding the needs of the other
And no one is certain which one is the host

A man from the Northlands is stripped from his glory
Science the serpent has bitten its tail
A man not so Manley in full pomp and mounted
Magdalena resurfacing, to no avail
And we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing is changing at all

Chorus

So wake up tonight, wake up tonight
Wake up tonight someone's weeping
Wake up tonight, keep your loved ones in sight
There's a menace rapidly creeping
And we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing is changing at all

We're focusing blindly with one eye in our pocket
Depth and perception eluding our course
Deceiving ourselves out of facing the Westlands
Evading the prospect of staring at the source

We seldom respect the ideas of our leaders
They're sometimes rejected without a cause
Others with influence will feed what's convenient
Capitalize on the glory as they bow for applause

Their eyesight is focused away from their closets
Content to derail all the scrutiny and loathe
Sincerity's sold for the price of a ticket
Prosperity's gauged by the menace in growth

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Argentite screens fulfilling their fantasies
Conceal their deception beneath their facade
The menace is fueling the lights and the glitter
As we cast rave reviews and we stand, we stand and applaud
And we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing is changing at all

Chorus

Wake up tonight, wake up tonight
Wake up tonight someone's weeping
Wake up tonight, to a faltering plight
The menace is rampantly sweeping
And we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing is changing at all

You swallowed your goals in ten different pieces
Forsaking your friends one at a time
You pledged your allegiance to those with disguises
As they're making their rounds through your colleagues in rhyme

Gyroscope fingers that never point toward you
Casting their shadows on a scene they impede
You assume you're immune to the sneers and the loathing
The stress and your name justifying your deed

If science were to judge your ultimate victory
Would all the participants wait in the halls
Your symbol of excellence unclaimed in the trenches
Enticing the victors to vacate the stalls

The man from the Northlands must sit on a corner
While the man not so Manley must pay for his sins
And the man from the Westlands receives his acquittal
The serpent asleep, and saliently grins
But we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing is changing at all

Chorus

So wake up tonight, wake up tonight
Wake up tonight someone's weeping
Wake up tonight, now the Westlands' in flight
There's a menace triumphantly reaping
And we're coining phrases make it all seem so trivial
And nothing, nothing, Ahhh nothing is changing at all

