

Steve Mason

"Fight Them Back"

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I'd like to write a letter to you all,
And the contents will ensure that I must fall.
I gathered all you people here today,
To have you read aloud the words I cannot say.
The words, you see, are written in my blood
I scratched them as you pushed me in the mud
I feel sad to say the words here that must fall,
Upon my lips, you see I f*cking hate you all.

You get up, fight them back
A fist, a boot and a baseball bat
[x2]

A weapon has been drawn upon your face since you
were born.
Not in shining steel but all their currency, it's porn
It wants you and desires you and it draws you through
its gate.
As the heavy doors behind you slam, I hope it's not too
late.
Do you never think to gaze inside a book?
And run your eyes across the life this money took.
At what point do you think it's time to act?
Will it be the loaded muzzle on your door that makes a
crack?

You get up, fight them back
A fist, a boot and a baseball bat
[x3]

On and on and on we go
Pleasure never coming and the pain won't go
On and on and on we fall
Religion and the currency, I hate you all
On and on and through the gate
Enslaving with a debt they push you to your fate
Forward, forward now attack!
I could remind you of a time when we could fight them
back.

You get up, fight them back

A fist, a boot and a baseball bat
[x2]

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