

Avail "N30"

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to steal without lifting a finger it's quietly kept the real
terrorist by way of the west one by one, one hundred
thousand starved, their eyes glazed stare westward
see something want it-put a figure on it abandoned for
triple the profit longer for less imperialist by way of the
west, one by one, one thousand jobs lost greed so
profound crimes of gold deep want for everything
exactly what does wealth bring a class filled with resent
one wrench can break the machine stripped clean and
torn down tired of kneeling the tide is rising now fed
these lies so long the mind craves to believe them one
by one, one blantan muth king controls pawn deep
want for everything exactly what does wealth bring? a
class filled with resent one wrench can break the
machine output could slow down tired of kneeling the
tide is rising now remember who works the land gloves
on hands it seems they have been forgotten from
jaurez and through the panhandle it takes one wrench
to leave you crippled

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