

Bad Religion

"Let Them Eat War"

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There's a prophet on a mountain and he's making up
dinner

With long division and writing crop

Anybody can feel like a winner

When it's served up piping hot

But the people aren't looking for a handout

They're America's working corps

Can this be what they voted for?

Let them eat war [x2]

That's how to ration the poor

Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed

Declining pride

From the force to the union shops

The war economy is making new jobs

But the people who benefit most

Are breaking bread with their benevolent hosts

Who never stole from the rich to give to the poor

All they ever gave to them was a war

And a foreign enemy to deplore

Let them eat war [x2]

That's how to ration the poor

Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed

Declining pride

We've got to kill 'em and eat 'em

Before they reach for their checks

Squeeze some blue collars

Let them bleed from their necks

Seize a few dollars from the people who sweat

Cause it's freedom or death and they won't question it

At a job site the boss is god like

Conditioned workhorses park at a stoplight

Seasoned vets with their feet in nets

A stones throw away from a rock fight

But not tonight, feed 'em death

Here comes another ration (feed them death)
Cause they're the finest in the nation (feed them death)
When there's nothing left to feed them
When it's freedom or it's death

Let them eat war [x2]
That's how to ration the poor
Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed

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