

Bullets*In "Compelled"

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From the seams
It comes apart
From Parisian slums
To NOLA's gutted heart

Up from the ground
With the sounds of running in the aftermath
The Blowback and the Fallout

Understand

The implications of a fucked cycle in decay
Symptoms of decline
Your privilege on parade

There comes a point
When the bow bends and breaks
When the Fucked push back against
The cradle of the state

The Spirit of L
'68
'56
'99
2006!

So while you while you while away your days,
The underbell's strain, the back-alley rage
Growing down in the depths of the master's estate,
The communities dispersed where the levies break

You can hear the pins drop
Because they're under the nails of those in Bagram
And Guantanamo Bay - proxy satellite states
In every case, the themes are the same

The same themes remain.

COMPELLED TO PUSH BACK LIKE NEVER BEFORE.

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