

Abc "Bite The Hand"

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With a little faith, we could raise the land
With a little hope, we could move as planned
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With a little hope, we could move as planned

Farm the ghetto up, feed the famine down
With our nose to the grindstone
Ear to the ground, find a steady job
Build a happy home

Farm a steady crop then depose the throne
We could irrigate thirst quenching lake
Make a fertile place, thus the desert spake

Spill the feathers up
Slash the silk might as well, stop, boo
Hooing over all that spilt milk
Empty trap, screaming eye

Seething lip, stop wondering
Why butter mountains here? Better motivate, it's
getting late
Assassinate the grain, co, co, co, co, commotion
Before a global war, we'd better bridge the ocean

Just like an open wound that
Forever bleeds just like an open plain
In scattered seeds or the foolish man
Believing all he reads, he begs, he pleads

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