

Die Young "Ghost Towns"

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Among the ruins of this city and the thousand more
alike
Livelihoods have been devoured
The streets seem to have been deserted
Only shadows dare stalk the night--
Those human shells discarded by the system

They own nothing, and thus they are less than human
Blessed are the rich who make the wheels turn
As the steamroller rolls right over us

Where were the cops before the fences went up?
They serve and protect private property
We watched our parks become their parking lots,
And the local markets soon closed up shop

Only the strong remain
All I see is death

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