

Die Young

"The Story Of Our Lives"

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Bow to your masters malevolent
Challenge their control and you shall repent
They possess the means of production,
The fruits of your labor, the moments of all our lives!

As we toil down below,
We're raped of the crop which grew from seeds we've
sown
This is the story of our lives
I beg you - open your eyes!

Blessed in this age: the economy which maintains the
modes of power
Our labor and our dollars fuel their industries
While those atop the pyramid leave us to rot!

The pursuit of liberty - rhetoric which means nothing
The pursuit of liberty - in pursuit we shall remain
This is the story of our lives

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