

Flobots

"Fight With Tools"

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Transmission

Signals comin' through, okay

Echo, echo one-nine

Hear the call through fault lines

Smoke signals, old rhymes

Shorted lights in store signs

Spelled in a broken code

Find that it is time to

Breathe, build, bend

And refine you

We sky tenants give it all

But won't give up radio

Soul antennas, radio

You lift spirits

Call sign, 'Commando'

M.O. is independent

Scream till the walls fall

Dissolve all the limits

Occupied minds

Unemployed skills

Desolation, worn out

Torn down

'Just for now' thrill seekers

Slangin' test tube babies in beakers

Where gun blasts pump

Straight from the speakers

The system where

The poor get poorly paid

To hold the ladder

Where the rich get ricocheted

Into the stratosphere

And in between people

Are rushin' like Vladimir

With metals to make their status clear

Get us out of here

We need heroes, build them
Don't put your fist up, fill them
With our hopes, with our hearts and our hands
We're the architects of our last stand

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There's a war goin' on for your mind
Those who seek to occupy it will stop at nothin'
The battlefield is everywhere
There is no sanctuary, there are no civilians
You have two choices, surrender or enlist

What kind of person are you?
Always the first to argue
Or never down to stick your neck out
'Cause it hurts you far too much

To see your rep suffer
Set you up a buffer
Well, neither is enough for us cut
From a tougher brand of duct tape

The propaganda's stuck
On us like sock pajamas
Spread like a virus
Through accepted thoughts
And proper manners

But off the cameras
Something's simmerin' across the land
About to bubble up and knock
The lids off of the pots and pans

We are non stop juggernauts
Stomp ziggurats
Spit manifestos
By terabytes and gigawatts

Shock paradigms
Give sense to a score
Throw thoughts through the sky
And activate twenty more

In these high and dry times
Expectorate on dogma

Pragmatic sycophants
Divide and conquer

We build bridges
Offer hard work and prosper
As hand made heroes
Brought to you by no sponsors

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All free minds to the front
All free minds to the front
We call upon women
We call upon children

We call upon the handicapped
The infirmed, the weak of heart
We need your courage, your dedication
Your passion, your commitment

Gather up your platinum, melt it down
Gather up your gold, melt it down
Gather up your silver, your bronze
Your aluminum, melt it down
Melt it down, melt it down

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