

Boy Sets Fire

"Power Remains the Same"

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Spineless bastards Blood caked bones to bang their
drums Resonates in all of us as we dance like suckers
In blind delusion Kissing the master's feet Kissing the
master's ring Sacrifice ourselves and others to their
charm We cheer with every bomb blast ripping through
every village Mourning our parents of disemboweled
children We split their faces We laugh in their faces Kill
yourself with a noose of your own device Strangle off
the flowers and leave the thorns to fight Let the
peasants eat shit They're surely used to it Our lives
grow on And when the next group of unfortunates get
their turn at the gas chambers How loud will you cheer
for the soldiers marching them on The rich stay rich
And the poor die of quietly The power remains the
same.

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