

Boy Sets Fire "The Force Majeure"

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On shift from 9 to 5, then from 6 to 3
Steals the soul machine forever tuning
Class rebellion under noses the boss
Is feeding on the living corpses

Their broken backs call for us to rise
But for now we'll all, just smile and sympathize
Denied movement now lost replaced by fear
We ask nothing less then settle for nothing more

Behold the capitalists bathing in the blood of the
working class
Martyrs bleed until spoken to
Vultures get fat from the harness coup
Revolution another empty promise, of the leftist elite

Frustration another soul is crushed, under the rulers
feet
And as the boot is forced into their teeth, our safety is
their defeat
Your station has been assigned your rebellion will be
confined
Tired doctrines killing, just as many as he leaders they
decry

Their backs all well patted
For a job well done without the shackles
Callused hands and drying hearts
Rise up and destroy the disease that stole your soul

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