

Boy Sets Fire

"The 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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