

Boy Sets Fire "When Rhetoric Dies"

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We raise the flags and statues to our mission we've
spoken out
In slogans and in campaigns
Talked and talked on almost every issue
Where oppression of the masses is the constant theme
But what does this mean to a little town in Iowa
Where the jobs have gone downstream down south
down and out
Where their fingers used to work to the bone all day
Profits rise and fall and starvation is a game
Where is the food that used to cover their table
Where is the sense of pride at the end of the day
To the face of a thriving corporation what could a dying
family possibly say
On the face of every American worker
Is the constant fear that their job will not remain
As the C.E.O is planning his vacation
To kill or be killed is a nature of the beast
Where is the food that used to cover their table
Where is the sense of pride at the end of the day
To the face of a thriving corporation what could a dying
family possibly say
Stand in line
Take a number
You sell your soul then watch it crumble
Into a pile of rubble that used to be
Your job
Your life
Your family's daily bread dry and stale malnourished
kids
The house is sold for a degrading bid
Do we continue to talk or do we take a hammer to their
chains
To their chains...
To their chains.....

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