

Human Waste Project

"Proletarian Song"

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There's a new war overseas, it's no different from the last.
Send in jet planes and marines, we're still not learning from the past.
In the army national guard you can be a killer, become the terrorist

Open your eyes and see that we're just toys
Hanging from the strings of a government

But they won't hold you up or watch your back on the front line
While you're fighting for their wealth.
They'll throw you into battle to protect the freedoms of
The owners of the companies that made the enemies the slaves
Through factories and capitalistic practice
No more respect. No more respect for individuals
There's no respect for the people

Big Brother says jump and we scream "how high?"
He tells us to fight, we don't question why.
Big Brother says jump and we scream "how high?"
He tells us to fight and we scream "I'll die!"

We will not fight in the skies
We will not die on your shores
We will not believe these lies
Two plus two still equals four

We will not fight in the skies
We will not die on your shores
We will not believe these lies
Two plus two will always equal four

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