

The Call

"The Hand That Feeds You"

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You trust in money, you trust in gold
You pray for riches from heaven above
You build a mansion from a pile of sand
You trust in power
But you bite the hand that feeds you
The hand that feeds you

You bow to leaders with a mindless voice
You honor rumor with a vicious quote
You vow allegiance to a fool's command
You trust in Country
But you bite that hand that feeds you
The hand that feeds you

You trust religion and an honest face
Television and outerspace
You trust in words that you don't understand
You trust in glory
but you bite the hand that feeds you
The hand that feeds you
The burden of freedom in a broken world
The hand that feeds you

You're obsessed with pleasure, obsessed with fame
Outer beauty and royal names
You trust in image and a promised land
You're a slave to comfort
But you bite the hand that feeds you

You trust in money, you trust in gold
You trust in soldiers, and the ways of war
You're a slave to victory and violent stands
You cry for freedom
But you bite the hand that feeds you
The hand that feeds you

To bear the burden of freedom in a broken world
The hand that feeds you

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