

## **Paint It Black**

### **"The New Brutality"**

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They've got an army of accountants counting  
matchsticks,  
And an arsenal of distraction tactics.  
They'll use our senses against us:  
Manipulating desire and consensus.  
And they'll use guns,  
They'll use tear gas.  
I can hear the sound of boots on broken plate glass.

We'll use song as inspiration.

To be the rust in their machines is our intention.

It's time.

We've got to set it right, but these devils can't be  
fought with fists.  
Dissent; they want to shut it down.  
Just run your mouth, boy, you've made their list.  
I lie down with one eye open now,  
I know that sleep is the cousin of death.  
The hammer's swinging down...

Fight back until your last breath.

You wonder why we always play it safe?  
Our comforts are tying us down,  
And holding us back.

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