

Rage Against The Machine "Guerilla Radio"

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Transmission third world war third round
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground
No shelter if you're looking for shade
I lick shots at the brutal charade
As the polls close like a casket
On truth devoured
Silent play in the shadow of power
A spectacle monopolized
The cameras eyes on choice disguised
Was it cast for the mass who burn and toil?
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?
Yes a spectacle monopolized
They hold the reins, stole your eyes
All the fistagons the bullets and bombs
Who stuff the banks
Who staff the party ranks
More for Gore or the son of a drug lord
None of the above fuck it cut the cord

Lights out guerilla Radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla Radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla Radio
Turn that shit up

Contact I highjacked the frequencies
Blockin the beltway
Move on DC
Way past the days of bombin MCs
Sound off Mumia guan be free
Who gottem yo check the federal file
All you pen devils know the trial was vile
Army of pigs try to silence my style
Off em all out that box it's my radio dial

Lights out guerilla Radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up

It has to start somewhere
It has to start sometime
What better place than here
What better time than nowAll hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us nowAll hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now

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