

Rage Against The Machine

"March Of Death"

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(Rock and Roll music is the main weapon)

Check... 1, 2

Alright, watch this

I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm

Lightning the function, the form,

Far from the norm I wont follow like cattle I'm more like
a catalyst

Calm in the mix of battle

Who let the cowboy on a saddle, he don't know a
missile from a gavel,

Para terror troopin flippin loops of death upon innocent
flesh, but I'm,

Back in the cipher my foes and friends with a verse and
a pen against a line I won't toe or defend,

Instead I curse at the murderous men, in suits of
professionals who act like animals

Man child, ruthless and wild,

Who gonna chain this beast back on the leash? This

Texas furor for sure-a, compassionless con who serve a,
lethal needle to the poor the cure for, crime, is
murder?

Well, I was born, voice of a riot, a storm

Lightning the function, the form,

Far from the norm I wont follow like cattle I'm more like
a catalyst

Calm in the mix of battle

Who let the cowboy on a saddle, he don't know a
missile from a gavel

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, Uhh, On the Left, left, right

(OK, you're lookin' good, you might just move a little
left,

just a little left, about 170)

I read the news today, oh boy, a snap shot of a
midnight ploy

vexed and powerless, devoured by hours, I'm
motionless with no rest

Cause a scream now holds the sky, under another
high-tech drive-by
A lie is a lie is a God, an eagle is a condor of war, and
nothing more
Islam peace, Islam stare into my eyes brother please
off our knees
to beef now we feed their disease, interlocked our
hands across seas
A flag is a rag is a shroud out loud, outside, a faceless
crowd
A cowering child just took their last breath, one snare in
the march of death.

Uhh, come on
Get up

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left
On the Left, On the Left, left, right left
On the Left, On the Left, left, right left
On the Left, Uhh, On the Left, left, right

Here it comes the sound of terror from above
he flex his Texas twisted tounge
the poor lined up to kill in desert slums
for oil that boil beneath the desert sun
Now we spit flame flip this game
All the targets are taking aim
All targets are taking aim
We're the targets are taking aim

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