

Rage Against The Machine **"Memory Of The Dead"**

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Wealthy vampires
With the cold hands of executioners
Execute
Executive decisions
Determined to destroy
What 1 million women, children, and men
1910
Died, drowning in the rage of battle.
Mothers, half naked
Infants clutching thier necks
Running frantically
Tripping over the bodies of their sons
Teeth gnashing
Swinging machete
Spitting blood and mud, and screaming:
Land, and liberty!
Were erased.
Buried and burned
Along with the memory of the dead
Along with the ejido.
With the smooth stroke of a pen
And with the ghost of nixon present in their eyes
They smiled.
And pronounced the omnipitence
Of the free market
The profits of profit
Extending the scourge of columbus and pizarro
The freedom to buy things you can never afford
The freedom for indians to buy corn that once
flourished overgrown in their backyards
The freedom to die of curable disease

The freedom to watch their children's stomachs swell
and burst
The freedom to starve and die
Without land
Or liberty
But ramona, with eyes of obsidian
Peering through her blood and sweat drenched mask
Darding, unseen
Changing direction with the swiftness of a bird
Through the shanty's of the canyon

With every coyote, every insect, every phylum of life
Urging her, propelling her forward.
The leaves and branches of the forest
Part for miles, clearing her path
The voices and screams of the dead beneath her feet
Echo in the deepest chasm of her soul
Hurling her, toward the city
History surging through her veins
Pulsing through her fingers
Hurling her, towards the city
She caresses her trigger
And the words of magome fulfil her being
And with each shot she fires, she affirms her
movement
Saying:
Enough! enough!
No!
I will see my own blood flow
Before you take my land...or my liberty

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