

Rage Against The Machine "New Millenium Homes"

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Hungry people don't stay hungry for long
They get hope from fire and smoke as they reach for
tha dawn
Tha spirit of Jackson
Now screams through tha ruins
Through factory chains
And tha ghost of tha union
Tha forgotten remains
Disappear to their new homes
Tha knife tha thrust
Tha life burns to tha raw bone
Tha blood on tha floor of tha tear is still dryin'
Cover tha spread sheets
Tha Dow Jones skyin'
Tha cell block live stock
Tha bodies they buyin'
Old south order
New northern horizon

Violence is in all hands
Embrace it if need be
Livin' been warfare
I press it to CD

A fire in tha master's house is set

Check tha high tech terror
Of tha new order athletes
Peering into tha eyes of tha child already on trial
These armies rippin' families apart
Get 'em on file
Convictions fit tha stock profile
All tha while films of dogs
Ripping through homes
Ripping skin from bones
Yes tha new millennium homes
Privatizing through private eyes
An era rising
Of tha old south order
New northern horizon

Violence is in all hands

Embrace it if need be
Livin' been warfare
I press it to CD

A fire in tha master's house is set

11.Ashes in the Fall
A mass of hands press on the market window
Ghosts of progress
Dressed in slow death
Feeding on hunger
And glaring through the promise
Upon the food that rots slowly in the aisle
A mass of nameless at the oasis
That hides the graves beneath the master's hill
Are buried for drinking
The river's water
While shackled to the line
At the empty well

This is the new sound
Just like the old sound
Just like the noose wound
Over the new ground

Listen to the fascist sing
"Take hope here
War is elsewhere
You were chosen
This is god's land
Soon we'll be free
Of blot and mixture
Seeds planted by our
Forefather's hand"

A mass of promises
Begin to rupture
Like the pockets
Of the new world kings
Like swollen stomachs
In Appalachia
It's the priests that fuck you
As they whisper holy things
A mass of tears have transformed to stones now
Sharpened on suffering
And woven into slings
Hope lies in the rubble of this rich fortress
Taking today what tomorrow never brings

This is the new sound
Just like the old sound

Just like the noose wound
Over the new ground

Ain't it funny how the factory doors close
Round the time that the school doors close
Round the time that the doors of the jail cells
Open up to greet you like the reaper

Ain't it funny how the factory doors close
Round the time that the school doors close
Round the time that the doors of the jail cells
Open up to greet you like the reaper

This is the new sound
Just like the old sound
Just like the noose wound
Over the new ground

Like ashes in the fall

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