

## **Sweatshop Union**

### **"Us"**

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The whole world's a sweatshop, a fascist regime/  
With billions of parts, working as a massive machine/  
The goal, keep the masses, passive between/  
Cash, limozines and other fabulous things/  
But, we gotta wake up and notice it's a load of shit/  
It's all about ownership of your soul and who's  
controllin' it/  
Not bout the gold you get, not bout the clothes you're  
in/  
It's not about oil, but we're killing each other over it/  
Like a Doberman, chomping on a cat/  
It's a new world order, and they're bombin on Iraq/  
And it's so fucking heartless, the whole country's  
starving/  
And yet, they've been targeted as a threat regardless/  
This all started in days prior to ours/  
They arrived from the stars, and survived in the dark/  
Now it's time for the hearts of men/  
To march against it/  
And realize that the cycle starts and ends with...

Chorus:

Us, we're the ones that pay for the bombs/  
Us, we built the planes that they're on/  
Us, It's insane all of the ways they conned us/  
But we can change it today, it's just all on/  
Us, we're the ones that pay for the bombs/  
Us, we built the planes that they're on/  
Us, It's insane all the ways we've been conned/  
Into killing millions of innocent people, but it's all on...  
Us.

Trust me friends, it could never just be us, or just be  
them/  
Sometimes I think it just depends, it's just pretend/  
You can never trust a trend/  
Don't rub your eyes, I'd rather you'd adjust the lens,  
look up to them?  
Tell me, who the fuck are they?  
When did they ever give a damn about what you say?  
For what you stand, that's why you gotta trust me man/  
Trust a Bush? That's like saying trust Sadam/

But for real, you gotta love the fam/  
Ask his dad the ex-prez how many drugs he ran/  
So trust us, this shits about to flood the land/  
Cause government hands can no longer plug the dam/  
So fuck the news, fuck the critics, fuck their views/  
And if you sit and let it happen then fuck you too/  
It's up to you, I can't tell you what to do/  
But touch the truth, and don't just judge the few/  
But judge...

Chorus x2

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