

The Flobots

"Fight With Tools"

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[Spoken: Transmitted... signals coming through?...
okay.]

Echo echo one-nine
Hear the call through fault lines
Smoke signals, old rhymes
Shorted lights in store signs
Spelled in a broken code
Find that it is time to
Breath, build, bend, and refine you
We sky tenants
Give it all but wont give up
Radio soul antennas
Radio to lift spirits
Call sign commando
M.o. is independence
Scream till the walls fall,
Dissolve all the limits

Occupied minds
Unemployed skills
Desolation
Worn out
Torn down
Just for now thrill seekers
Slanging
Test tube babies in beakers
Where gun blasts pump straight from the speakers
The system where the
Poor get poorly paid
To hold the ladder
Where the rich get ricocheted
Into the stratosphere
And in between people are rushin' like vladimir
With metals to make their status clear
Get us out of here

We need heroes
Build them
Don't put your fist up
Fill them
Fight with our hopes and our hearts and our hands

We're the architects of our last stand
[x2]

There's a war going on for your mind
Those who seek to occupy it will stop at nothing
The battlefield is everywhere
There is no sanctuary
There are no civilians
You have two choices
Surrender or enlist

What kind of person are you
Always the first to argue
Or never down to stick your neck out
Cause it hurts you far too much
To see your rep suffer
Set you up a buffer
Well neither is enough for us cut from a tougher brand
of duct tape
The propaganda's stuck on us like sock pajamas
Spread like a virus
Through accepted thoughts and proper manners
But off the cameras
Somethings simmering across the land
About to bubble up
And knock the lids off of the pots and pans

We are non stop juggernauts
Stomp ziggurats
Spit manifestos
By terabytes and gigawatts
Shock paradigms
Give sense to a score
Throw thoughts through the sky
Activate twenty more
In these high and dry times
Expectorate on dogma
Pragmatic sycophants
Divide and conquer
We build bridges offer
Hard work and prosper
As hand made heroes brought to you by no sponsors

We need heroes
Build them
Don't put your fist up
Fill them
Fight with our hopes and our hearts and our hands
We're the architects of our last stand
[x4]

All free minds to the front
All free minds to the front
We call upon women
We call upon children
We call upon the handicapped
The infirmed
The weak of heart
We need your courage
Your dedication
Your passion
Your conviction
Gather up your platinum
Melt it down
Gather up your gold
Melt it down
Gather up your silver
Your bronze
Your aluminum
Melt it down
Melt it down
Melt it down

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