

Bueno

"American Consumerism"

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Celebrate. Suck it up. Swallow it down.
Every good consumer has a feeling they need it.
It's our lasting liberty-the freedom to succumb,
It's all fixed ideals, it's our ramble on and on:
-You think you seen it all, boy?
The best is yet to come!
All desired liberties provided you play dumb.
And somewhere in the middle of the corporate
campaign,
rests the rest of all of us, dependents and de-brained.
-Boasting proud of a location in this sub-divided spin,
loyal to the murderers and all their fruit-full friends.
Conscribed in full acceptance to a possible exchange,
A blood supply, a lubricant to fuel this death machine.
It's beyond me!

Business is booming - the show must go on
Product consuming - at any expense
The public has spoken!
Atrocity is a small price to pay if the prices are good.

-And the market slave hangs by the N.A.F.T.A. (North
American Free Trade Agreement)
And the people are expendable commodities.
They are a wage that fits their economy (a crippled
economy), a sure profit stimuli.
-First world, HAHA Rich agenda Corporate cannon
Human Fodder
-And the model American's a pawn moved by
sentiment,
He's casually confident he's doing all he can.
Buys the products that exploit him.
Casts his vote to who excites him.
When he wants an opinion he turns on the nightly news.

As every soldier - Shone to a trigger,
Follows his orders - Secures his aim.
Warfare engages!
American consumerism responds like a hand grenade.

Realize these values are a debt we can't afford,
when loss of life drives profits up and fuels a corporate

war.

The truth lay dead and buried under foot of industry,
and the public is the product of a marketing campaign.
This portrait prestigious soiled in blood,
gives speechless mouths an anthem, gives our empty
hearts a cause.

See the masses cower, see the rest of you and me,
In the shadow of America everyone concedes.

-It's the biggest killing banquet yet.

The global eight, the corporates.

The public kept ignorant, boost profits for the private
sect,

who own our blood, who own our sweat, the class
system is testament.

And isn't it a miracle, everyone is expendable.

UNTIL WE RESIST!

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