

Molotov "In The Red"

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In The Red

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This is the hammer n piston, this is a fist in this system,
if you think this is a metaphor then you ain fuckin
listenin,
this is a mantra, a rant, a chant, from a voice in
dissent,
cause i ain't swallowin or followin these hollow in-cant-
-ations of explitation, that they keep ad-vo-catin',
based upon false foundations, built upon sweatshop
nation,
I say don't wear it down, tear it, take the wealth, share
it round,
without the workers there'd be, no society to be found,
the rich keep theivin but they'd have us believin' that
it's fair,
that the lions share go to those who, have no need for
it'n,
babies r starvin while they're carvin brand names in
their back,
n you wonder why i say, turn n attack, I'm not,
hell yeah I'm a socialist, you know this by the words
that I flow,
this ain't no joke & every word that I've spoken'll show
this
capitalism is a prison of greed, fuck what they want.
I'm interested in what the whole world needs

CHORUS X 2

we're the left, we're the red,
we're the noise , in ya head,
we're the voice, when the poor,
sing, NO FU-CKIN MORE,
this is the sound,
of it all comin' down,
of it all comin down.....
----- " -

see they say,
Just start as u mean 2 go on, well
i don't mean 2 go on But till the wars won
theses no justice in the USA, IRAQ or Australia

in cuba or china or, venezuela.
R u leftist or rightist, blackest or whitest,
a writer a fighter, CIA Or al QUEDA.
Capitalist, socialist, feminist, pacifist,
more hardcore than a fist full o anarchists?,
out in the street, bringing heat with the Molotovs,
till they send the dogs along, 2 knock our blocks off.
Passive resistance or violent insistance,
either way kids, i dont think they're listenin,
time to up the ante, in the cities and the shantys,
show the balance-of-power-ain with the few it's with the
many,
black brown white, united is the key, till
there ain no power like the power of the people,

CHORUS X 4

we're the left, we're the red,
we're the noise , in ya head,
we're the voice, when the poor,
sing, NO FU-CKIN MORE,
this is the sound,
of it all comin' down,
of it all comin down
----- " -

there ain no power like the power of the people,
the voice when the poor sing, NO FU-CKIN' MORE.....

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