

Bad Meets Evil

"Let Them Eat War"

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There's a prophet on a mountain and he's making up
dinner
With long division and writing crop
Anybody can feel like a winner
When it's served up piping hot

But the people aren't looking for a handout
They're America's working corps
Can this be what they voted for?

Let them eat war [x2]
That's how to ration the poor
Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed
Declining pride

From the force to the union shops
The war economy is making new jobs
But the people who benefit most
Are breaking bread with their benevolent hosts

Who never stole from the rich to give to the poor
All they ever gave to them was a war
And a foreign enemy to deplore

Let them eat war [x2]
That's how to ration the poor
Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed
Declining pride

We've got to kill 'em and eat 'em
Before they reach for their checks
Squeeze some blue collars
Let them bleed from their necks
Seize a few dollars from the people who sweat
Cause it's freedom or death and they won't question it
At a job site the boss is god like
Conditioned workhorses park at a stoplight

Seasoned vets with their feet in nets
A stones throw away from a rock fight
But not tonight, feed ?em death

Here comes another ration (feed them death)
Cause they're the finest in the nation (feed them death)
When there's nothing left to feed them
When it's freedom or it's death

Let them eat war [x2]
That's how to ration the poor
Let them eat war [x2]

There's an urgent need to feed

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