

California Redemption

"Armaghetto"

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The sun never shines downtown it seems, for looming
glass towers eclipse the skies,

but the financial district fortress gleams like the twinkle
in a dead mans eyes.

Black limos lurk on the freeways like fierce chariots off
to battle

unaware of the poor on the MTA or the bums
scrounging for precious metals.

It?s funny how the boss sells his stocks just before the
market crashes.

Like the factory gates that are locked forever, the
workers thrown out on their asses.

Class war profiteers are making cash, off of human
despair and urban strife.

They would rather pay for more tear gas than
rejuvenate a ghetto back to life.

The streets here aren't paved with gold. They are kept
tidy with the bomb and gun.

Tidy never kept anyone from the cold when they?re
living off of California Redemption.

Who would think twice or hesitate before running a
poor man through?

It's he can imagine life from a homeless point of view

And the woman who once knew that life and acutely felt
the pain

of being, hungry, cold, alone and standing in the rain.

But now she lives the "good life" with a place where

she can sleep.

Some would call it squalid but for it she works all week.

People come to give her help; they see how hard she tries.

And still people that have it worse are ignored and denied.

There are endless chances to labor but no opportunity to work.

If you won't bend for the slavers you'll get treated as a shirk.

So many people sleep in a cardboard bed or toil away their lives in the pit.

When the starving millions beg to be fed the rich will say "let them eat shit".

Yet the people still have hope. Through fear and famine people persist

?till capitalism sells us the rope we use to hang them with.

Now and again I catch a gleam, for looming glass towers can't smother all.

And when the lights flicker on at night, there is not much further we can fall

Black limos exit the freeway and pass the homeless without care.

One bum smiles and gives a wave, anticipates when he'll be there.

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