

Sick Of It All "Insurrection"

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Resentful, I'm sure the feeling is mutual.
Power for those with the most capital.
Upper echelon not in touch at all.
Grabbing at straws, desperation.

Whatcha' gonna do about it?
Where are you gonna run?
Whatcha' gonna do about it
that you haven't already done?

No more joy in the lives of the skinned and exited
Screaming from silence,
pent up inside us. All this frustration,
has bred all this violence.
In the commotion power was at hand,
in the confusion wealth was up for grabs,
both looked appealing we took all that we could,
control was ours and then we understood.

Helpless, I'm sure the feeling is typical.
Glory for those with the most capital.
Upper echelon we rule with an iron hand.
Crushing any insurrection.
Whatcha' gonna do about it
There's nothing you can do...

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