

## **Left?ver Crack**

### **"Gringos Son Puercos Feos"**

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Stamping out the acient cultures to spread a new  
disease  
sailing on a dollar sign across the seven seas  
the banner is white, blue & red  
the locust's flight to swarm the dead  
a buzzing plague to cage the lost  
the spreading web breeds holocost  
the third world's in your sweaty hands  
you bleed 'em dry & rape their lands  
you loan 'em cash to kill their soils  
white bureaucrats divide the spoils  
Swirling red & blue lights flash upon the housing walls  
my back against the lockless doors of countless  
bathroom stalls  
sifting through a puzzled life until the pieces click  
wading through america-the hate, the lies, the sick  
(I'm) spittin'at the flag you wave  
(I'm) pityin'the life the life you gave  
the propaganda zombifies  
to stuff your head with hateful lies  
(&) violence really keeps the peace  
all across the middle east  
with diligence we scorch the soil  
and siphon out their prcious oil  
All these patriotic lies oft sicken me to wake  
how much shit & disrespect are we supposed to take  
while you chant amongst the bleachers "U.S.A. is #1"  
we'll cheer the empire crumbling down to rot beneath  
the sun  
We have to be the winning team  
democracy's a dying dream  
& everything is classified  
to keep our terror justified  
we have to keep our engines filled  
so what if forign blood is spilled  
I'm blind to the reality  
if the media lies, it's news to me  
This is what you're proud of when you have your little  
flag  
a sovereign nation brutalizing a wetted paper bag  
And all the worlds a cage

we're locked upon the stage  
(In a)Capitalist society  
we're threatend by autonomy  
their labor must belong to us  
in cash & greed & god we trust  
(it's) just another policy  
to cripple their economy  
bury them in endless debt  
to the world-bank & the I.M.F.  
(so)I'm burnin' up the flag you wave  
I'm dancin' on your fuckin' grave  
you're sellin' devastating death  
you're suckin' souls & robin' breath  
& your greed's a blasphemy  
you're profitin' from misery  
where will all this madness end  
when the money burns & cities rend  
(The Rain)  
A golden sunset in darkest night  
it melts the skin & blinds the sight  
a fungal cloud of blackened ash  
the rain floods down to spark the rash  
into your mind the sickness bores  
while underground they lock the doors  
you glide into abysmal deep  
escape, escape, to sleep

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