

Anti Flag "Ink and the Quill (Be Afraid)"

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The water turned black and it's just getting darker
So be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare
The Neo-Christian Theocrats pray on a Sunday
afternoon
Then welcome in Pinochet's men to intimidate to kill
All that we know, all we know

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare
Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare

So filled with exhilaration and feels like intoxication
There's nothing like a firefight to get your blood
pumping
We get off to the rhythm of the trigger and destruction

Fallujah to New Orleans with impunity to kill
We are the hidden fist of the free market
We are the ink, we are the quill
What have you learned through the years?
What have you learned from your fears?

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare
Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare

Water tastes like arsenic, feel it pumping coursing in
your blood
Your throat gets tight, you can't quite breathe
Room spinning, kiss your ass goodbye
Now you're off, you've been taken on a ride
We've been sold, been sold a bill of lies, a bill of lies

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming

nightmare

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid

Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid

Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming
nightmare

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid

Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid

There's a storm cloud gathering overhead ominous,
black, reigning hell

When it drops jackboot down on your streets

You're gonna pray like hell that you're armed to the
teeth

Built on a corporate welfare scam, rums field doctrine
stealing wealth

Profits so saccharine sweet, the wall street bankers
weep

As the storm gains strength the aging levees break

The ancient ground does quake

And your lungs fill with your spineless apathy

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