

## Anti-flag

# "The 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 and 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, coarsing in your blood.

Your throat gets tight, you can't quite breathe.

Room's spinning, kiss your ass goodbye.

Now you're off, you've been taken on a ride.

We've been sold, been sold a billion lies, a billion lies.

Be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be afraid, be  
afraid

Be very afraid of the coming nightmare.

Be afraid, be afraid (oh no), be afraid, be afraid (oh no)  
Be afraid, be afraid, be very afraid of the coming nightmare.  
Be afraid, be afraid (oh no), be afraid, be afraid (oh no)  
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.  
Rumsfeld doctrine stealing wealth.  
Profits to 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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