

# Bad Religion, Let Them Eat War

There's a prophet on a mountain  
And he's making up dinner  
With long division and writing crop  
Anybody can feel like a winner  
When it's served up piping hot  
But the people aren't looking for a handout  
They're America's working corps  
Can this be what they voted for?  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
That's how to ration the poor  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
There's an urgent need to feed, declining pride  
From the force to the union shops  
The war economy is making new jobs  
But the people who benefit most  
Are breaking bread with their benevolent hosts  
Who never stole from the rich to give to the poor  
All they ever gave to them was a war  
And a foreign enemy to deplore  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
That's how to ration the poor  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
There's an urgent need to feed, declining pride  
We've got to kill them and eat them  
Before they reach for their checks  
Squeeze some blue collars let them bleed from their necks  
Seize a few dollars from the people who sweat  
'Cause it's freedom or death and they won't question it  
At a job site the boss is God like  
Conditioned workhorses park at a stoplight  
Seasoned vets with their feet in nets  
A stones throw away from a rock fight  
But not tonight, feed them death  
Here comes another ration  
(Feed them death)  
'Cause they're the finest in the nation  
(Feed them death)  
When there's nothing left to feed them  
When it's freedom or it's death  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
That's how to ration the poor  
Let them eat war, let them eat war  
There's an urgent need to feed