

# Boysetsfire, The Force Majuere

On shift from 9 to 5 then from 6 to 3 steals the soul  
machine forever tuning  
class rebellion under noses the boss is feeding on the living corpses  
their broken backs call for us to rise  
but for now we'll all just smile and sympathize  
denied movement now lost replaced by fear  
we ask nothing less then settle for nothing more  
behold the capitalists bathing in the blood of the working class  
martyrs bleed until spoken to  
vultures get fat from the harness coup

revolution another empty promise of the leftist elite  
frustration another soul is crushed under the rulers feet  
and as the boot is forced into their teeth our safety is their defeat  
your station has been assigned your rebellion will be confined  
tired doctrines killing just as many as he leaders they decry  
their backs all well patted  
for a job well done without the shackles  
callused hands and drying hearts  
rise up and destroy the disease that stole your soul