

# Boysetsfire, The Power Remains The Same

Spineless bastards  
Blood caked bones to bang their drums  
Resonates in all of us as we dance like suckers  
In blind delusion  
Kissing the master's feet  
Kissing the master's ring  
Sacrifice ourselves and others to their charm  
We cheer with every bomb blast ripping through every village  
Mourning our parents of disemboweled children  
We split their faces  
We laugh in their faces  
Kill yourself with a noose of your own device  
Strangle off the flowers and leave the thorns to fight  
Let the peasants eat shit  
They're surely used to it  
Our lives grow on  
And when the next group of unfortunates get their turn at the gas chambers  
How loud will you cheer for the soldiers marching them on  
The rich stay rich  
And the poor die of quietly  
The power remains the same