

Boysetsfire, When Rhetoric Dies

We raise the flags and statues to our mission
We've spoken out in slogans and in campaigns

Talked and talked on almost every issue
Where oppression of the masses is the constant theme

But what does this mean to a little town in Iowa
Where the jobs have gone down-stream, down-south, down-and-out

Where their fingers used to work to the bone all day
Profits rise and fall and starvation is a game

Where is the food that used to cover their table
Where is the sense of pride at the end of the day

To the face of a thriving corporation
What could a dying family possibly say

On the face of every American worker
Is the constant fear that their job will not remain

As the CEO is planning his vacation
To kill or be killed is the nature of the beast

Where is the food that used to cover their table
Where is the sense of pride at the end of the day

To the face of a thriving corporation
What could a dying family possibly say

Stand in line, take a number, you sell your soul
Then watch it crumble
Into a pile of rubble that used to be
Your job
Your life

Your family's daily bread
Dry and stale malnourished kids
The house is sold for a degrading bid
Do we continue to talk
Or do we take a hammer to their chains
To their chains ...