

# 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 ...