

Kobo Town, Blood and Fire

the year was 1999 A.D.
the people kickin' up a scene
in the countryside and in the city
tired of tyranny
so they marchin' in the cold, in the rain, in the heat
in the plaza, in the hall, in the square, in the street
breaking down the walls, unafraid of defeat
unafraid of the powers that be
cause the power that be never cared
the powers that be never shared
when hunger marched and drought parched the land
wealth and power never lent a hand
with nowhere to turn people riot and burn
street clash, broke glass, order overturned
and they wonder when it will stop
cause you can only push the people so far.

From Gaza to Jaffna, blood and fire
Soweto to Rio, blood and fire
La Paz to Chiapas, blood and fire
Karachi to Dili, blood, blood, blood and fire
What must fall to be free, blood and fire
Must fall to be free

independent a half century
people still livin' in misery
so ten thousand strong humanity
marches on the city
where they calling out for bread, out for gas, out for heat
for water, shelter, opportunity
in front of reporters, riot police
they state their demands defiantly
soon the tear gas fillin' up the air
rubber bullets bouncing everywhere
the crowd is told to disperse or expect the worst
if they don't clear out and disappear
ignored and abused, nothin' left to lose
people run up and down, frightened and confused
and they wonder when it will stop
cause you could only push the people so far.