

# Rage Against the Machine, Born Of A Broken Ma

I be walkin' god like a dog  
My narrative fearless  
My word war returns to burn  
Like Baldwin home from Paris  
Steel from a furnace  
I was born landless  
It's tha native son  
Born of Zapata's guns  
Stroll through tha shanties  
And tha cities remains  
Same bodies buried hungry  
But with different last names  
These vultures rob everything  
Leave nothing but chains  
Pick a point on tha globe  
Yes tha pictures tha same  
There's a bank a church a myth and a hearse  
A mall and a loan a child dead at birth  
There's a widow pig parrot  
A rebel to tame  
A whitehooded judge  
And a syringe and a vein  
And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard  
Calm like a bomb  
This ain't subliminal  
Feel tha critical mass approach horizon  
Tha pulse of tha condemned  
Sound off America's demise  
Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker  
Yes I spit fire  
Hope lies in tha smoldering rubble of empires  
Back through tha shanties and tha cities remains  
Tha same bodies buried hungry  
But with different last names  
These vultures rob everyone  
Leave nothing but chains  
Pick a point here at home  
And tha picture's tha same  
There's a field full of slaves  
Some corn and some debit  
There's a ditch full of bodies  
Tha check for tha rent  
There's a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone  
Tha numb black screen  
That be feelin' like home  
And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard  
Calm like a bomb  
There's a mass without roofs  
A prison to fill  
A country's soul that reads post no bills  
A strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill  
There's a right to obey  
And a right to kill