

Rage Against the Machine, Darkness Of Greed

I be walkin god like a dog
My narrative fearless
Word war returns to burn
Like Baldwin home from Paris, Uh
Like steel from a furnace
I was born landless
Yes its tha native son
Born of Zapatas guns
Stroll through the shanties
And tha cities remains
Same bodies buried hungry
But with different last names
The vultures robbin everything
Leave nothing but chains
Pick a point on the globe
Yes tha pictures tha same
Theres a bank, theres a church, a myth and a hearse
A mall and a loan, a child dead at birth
Theres a widow pig parrot
A rebel to tame
A whitehooded judge
A syringe and a vein
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
Calm like a bomb
This aint subliminal
Feel the critical mass approach horizon
Tha pulse of the condemned
Sound off Americas demise
Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker
Yes I spit fire
Hope lies in the smoldering rubble of empires
Yes back through tha shanties and tha cities remains
Same bodies buried hungry, uh-huh
With different last names, uh-huh
The vultures robbin everyone
Leave nothing but chains
Pick a point here at home
Yes the pictures tha same
Theres a field full of slaves
Some corn and some debt
Theres a ditch full of bodies
Tha check for the rent
Theres a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone
The numb black screen
That be feelin like home
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
Calm like a bomb
Theres a mass without roofs
A prison to fill
Theres a countrys soul that reads post no bills
Theres a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill
Theres a right to obey
And a right to kill