

Sweatshop Union, The Truth We Speak

Well I'm turning 20 in my prime, isn't that divine
I'd dine in the sunshine but it's hard to find the time
Or maybe i try to justify all i do, you can trust i follow through
When i holler at you. And for a dollar or 2, new gear and free brew
We followed something new from a different point of view.
And the few that really cared were all to well aware
of the people at the shows at the bottom of the stairs

Nightmares and dreams, It all just seems
To be one more piece to life's great scheme
And still i fiend for things i don't even need
And it keeps me from these rhymes and beats
that i conceive. My eyes can see everything clear
I treasure what i hear and make pleasure for the ears
this year what's kinda rough's now fit to follow luck
disappear without a buck and let em wallow in the muck
some think i'm dumbstruck but really I'm just stuck
as the last of a breed that still give a fuck

The truth we speak on loose leaf sheets, we mostly communicate through these beats
*4

Babylon must run it's course and from its course will rise again
Self absorbed and self-important,
the sun is scorching the eyes of men
The same system that made victims
of our forefathers teaches us to read and write but
seed and soil we feed and toil we
claim we'd really like to see the light
movements come, movements go
destruction easy improvement slow
you can nod your head, come to the show,
but just stay the same, never truly know,
Dont just say it, know it, feel it, be it, show it,
Stay focused, take notice, and all else will follow
Relax, vibrate, we'll be ourselves tomorrow, ourselves tomorrow

Chorus

You have been listening
To the sounds of the dirty circus
we hope this song
was worth every penny of your purchase