

# American Steel, Rogue's March

I'm ashamed that you're not more angry  
It's a mans world but it's falling apart  
No we don't share a thing we kill and rob and anthropomorphize God  
Battle drums of the Rogues March  
Rattle my bones for the ghost  
Of revolutionaries biding their time recruiting at the local bread line  
Idle hands burn the midnight oil  
Muscles ache  
Sweat on your brow

Oh the Rogue's March  
-We're the heart and soul of this heartless country-

Now I'm a happy voter, free wheelin' like General Motors  
Pero, No Trabajo  
Come on come on now lets think twice people aren't made of sugar and spice  
It's a long dark road to suffer disgrace  
-We're the heart and soul of this heartless country-