

# Elegy, The Grand Change

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Money your life you say,  
it holds off your dying day.  
No questions, resistance can't silence the cries,  
the hunger you feel

They're pulling the strings out there,  
Fatmen in golden chairs.  
Their castles come thumbling down from the sky,  
if we now unite.

Now, look what they are doing.  
Open your eyes, don't you see that you're treated like slaves.  
It's time to stand tall.

Religion and lethal sin, look more like a synonym.  
Stand up and fight it, that part that they play,  
is the system we fear.

They promised equality, the perfect society.  
The trainload of power is moving our way,  
and freedom is here.

The time has come to do or die, to laugh or cry.  
This is your chance to become who you are,  
not what they want.  
Dismay and fear, obeyed commands,  
but now it's near.  
Bring up the courage you showed in the past,  
The grand change is here.