

Good Riddance, Up The Affiliates

The cities lay plundered
The dusk rattles thick with crimes
Of Violent minds
Defeated, Repeated
We're told its a sign on the times
But we know why

Media lies disguised as the truth
one more time
and spinning right out of control
to alter the choice we make
and our view of the world
We've got to stop before its too late

So often lost in the overage
The silent will soon dissappear
Worse every year
Kept pinned to the margins
By misinformation and fear
and we know why

Still strident
yet seeming to suffer alone
Why cant we see that
through out blind consumption
we condone
systems which train free men
to feel true powerlessness