

Lack, New American Century.Org

Dead children should haunt your sleep
Dead children don't show in neat balance sheets
When they pay, pay the price for wealth that does not trickle down

So down they all go
And some names ring like curses

Economic miracles only smile upon an elite few
And the lapdog's pups are to starve as well
A merciful reward for political support

All hail, all hail, all hail
Our would-be masters
We will feed their children
While our own dig through the debris

Go, ride us like a mare
We can't hide behind ignorance
As the bombs we fund
Fall on your home

No hail, no hail, no hail
These Architects of Misery
That leave us here to count our dead
While they sleep well fed in their safe bed