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 chldren 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