Leeway, Tools For War

Farrakhan semetic death raids
Black man wants jews on a plate
Fascist religions, noxious parades
Turning racism into charades
Evil minds are learning
Constantly churning
A negative approach
Burying your hopes

Tools for war
Chemical Gore
Rich control, sympathy for the poor

Kill or be killed ways
All to your dismay
Terrorists in action
World unsatisfaction
That's the way they want it to be
You know that things ain't easy
But you can hold your breath until you're blue in the face
You want to take my life
Draft me; abduct me
What does all this mean?
How can I even the score?
Tools for war

Now I'll have to suffer
Say goodbye to mother
Pay your last respects
Cause I have no regrets

That's the way they want it to be
You know that things aint easy
The button is red
So let it be said
In a matter of time
We'll all be dead