

# Rage Against the Machine, Ashes In The Fall

A mass of hands press on the market window  
Ghosts of progress  
Dressed in slow death  
Feeding on hunger  
And glaring through the promise  
Upon the food that rots slowly in the aisle  
A mass of nameless at the oasis  
That hides the graves beneath the master's hill  
Are buried for drinking  
The river's water  
While shackled to the line  
At the empty well  
This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground  
Listen to the fascist sing  
"Take hope here  
War is elsewhere  
You were chosen  
This is god's land  
Soon we'll be free  
Of blot and mixture  
Seeds planted by our  
Forefather's hand"  
A mass of promises  
Begin to rupture  
Like the pockets  
Of the new world kings  
Like swollen stomachs  
In Appalachia  
Like the priest that fucked you  
As he whispered holy things  
A mass of tears have transformed to stones now  
Sharpened on suffering  
And woven into slings  
Hope lies in the rubble of this rich fortress  
Taking today what tomorrow never brings  
This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground  
Ain't the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Look at the noose now  
Over the, Over the, Over the burning ground  
Ain't it funny how the factories doors close  
Round the time that the school doors close  
Round the time that the doors of the jail cells  
Open up to greet you like the reaper  
Ain't it funny how the factories doors close  
Round the time that the school doors close  
Round the time that a hundred thousand jail cells  
Open up to greet you like the reaper  
This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground  
Like ashes in the fall