

Sweatshop Union, Labour Pains

(ohright govnah, you ready? C'mon then)

[Conscience aka Treefrog]

We can place the blame, but it stays the same
Remain in chains as we pray for change
Make us all forget about the basic things
Like this place I been where the lakes and streams
Connect as one body of an ancient being
And let the suns hot beams wake your dreaming
Embrace the feeling, taste the freedom
Replace the seedlings that we take from Eden
Cuz they grow to become what we're make-believing
And our souls will be numb if we take this beating
Harass your brain with aspartame, MacDonald's beef, and acid rain
Don't follow sheep, unlatch the gates, and we'll all fall asleep
And pass away
My policy's to relax and play, cuz we'll all be free in the last of days

[Mos Eisley]

Scenes in the withering rain
Seem like a sad movie's refrain
But tame moments in a life obscure
Despite the blur I reply affirmative sir!
My head to the pleasure of clouds
In an effort to move the crowds
Wipe sweat from my weathered brow
Better reload the tank and crank it to loud
Smell the daffodils lying in the grasses
Under shrapment of a cold-blooded fascist
Pay your taxes, release from laxatives
Stuck in class living life like a masochist
Travel the caverns within a psycho babble
Just words from the herds 'a grazing cattle
Fuck it
Change the channel shift the tides
Shake the lives of those who don't abide

[chorus]

We work, we breathe we eat we sleep the earth
The trees we need ta keep observe then breathe in deep
to speak these words
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These words

[Dusty Melodica]

I was born, a child of his own, sworn to exile and a broken home
Dysfunctional prone, I come on like so?
All alone and own the throne through the unknown
Now if only the sun, shined on my sill
I might of cherished love and follow my free will
The evil within, cuz people live in sin
Yo we're like mine a' kin's don't manage a grin
I cannot defend, or even pretend
I like the trend of this life again
So I fight with my pen to enlighten a friend
Niggaz by my right to spy to my defend
And even light can bend I'm type to condemn
And every cent we spend can prevent the end
Extend my hand and defend the plan
We can mend the dam if we understand

[Metty the DertMerchant]

Don't you want more from a lifetime of toil
Than a pension plan, an pipelines or oil?
The right kinda soil, love the earth and grass
Learn the different between old birch and ash
Most working class folks are getting raw
Every fed-end bob's got dead-end job
Go to school for degrees, pay your dues and fees
Diploma on your wall but still short on rent
See you choose to believe all the news that you read
Think you know it all but feel sort of empty
Mortal men bleed and live a cruel joke
While resorts for MC's get ridiculed most
These lyrics show quote ain't false alarms
It's a call to arms, from the mall to farms
Small or large, we're all part of the rhythm
We're all in charge of this garden we're given

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