

# Sweatshop Union, The Thing About It

This is a time of growth for those that know,  
And it's a time of hope for those that don't,  
But if your mind is open you'll get shown,

We've had our sights blinded, all of my like-minded,  
People need to get up and discover the right time is,  
Now, so start opposing the powers that arose,  
In ancient days and paved the way to this load,  
It's so controlled, it's sitting in most, just sit and stare,  
At a television with a distant glare,  
And I'm ashamed to admit it, I'm a slave to this shit,  
As much as anybody but I'm not afraid of it,  
This is where the change comes, and this is where we make some difference,  
Embrace what's within us and escape from this prison,  
All it takes is a little bit of faith,  
And a little bit of love, to get rid of all the hate,

Chorus:

But the thing about it is we can't just sing about it,  
We can't just sit around and wait until they thin us out,  
We figure out where we're going while we live in doubt,  
If you want my truth, listen now and just think about it,  
The thing about it is we can't even think about it,  
Can't afford a minutes time to figure how to bring about a change,  
So, take a second, and shake your head,  
And take a step ahead and think about it,

Now the ball is in our court, while we sit and watch passively,  
The face of the earth changes drastically, after we,  
Clear space at this rate for strip malls and factories,  
We risk take a crew fate at a pace beyond gradually,  
No more crops for us to harvest and feed,  
Self-sufficiency replaced by clone-copy written seeds,  
Now ask yourself, how can we be free,  
When the water that we drink is owned by some company,

I hear the weep up the streets, and cries up in the skies,  
The weakness is disguised with deceitful lies,  
Well we all eat to survive, and sleep through our lives,  
Repeat in for high, all shit and no pride,  
Never speak of our lie, let the fear fortify,  
My insides are dying, trying to fit in the design,  
I'm reminded daily, of a world gone crazy,  
Guns mean safety for orphan babies,  
Ignore the distortion you're forced to perceive and believe,  
What supercedes is love, but who agrees?

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Could you survive in the wild, with a wife and a child,  
A whole human history, a line a type and a file,  
So live your life in denial, or try to live on your own,  
Without your colour TV, heat, fridge or the phone,  
Well the average guy lives an elaborate lie,  
Waste days on slave wage beneath the passionate eye,  
Now we ovulate, copulate and over-populate,  
Never stop to think about the things that we were taught to hate,

Now the stage is set, watch the players place their bets,  
Take a sec, shake your head, feel alive, make you sweat,  
Realize that the system can't exist without belief,  
Appreciate your true potential, untwist your mouth and speak,  
We're working on building a world our children can live in,  
Understand, I can't be free, while you're still in this prison,  
And I could spend my days preaching, so on and so forth,  
But it won't change, until we don't want to go on, no more,

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