System Of A Down, Boom! (Everytime)

I'm walking through your streets Where all your money's earning Where all your buildings crying And foolish neckties working Revolving fake lawn houses Housing all your fears Desensitized by TV

Overbearing advertising
God of consumers
And all your crooked pictures looking good
Mirrors filtering information through the public eye
Designed for profit sharing
Your neighbor, what a guy

Boom!, Boom!, Boom!, Every time you drop a bomb You kill the god your child has born Boom!, Boom!, Boom!,

Modern globalization
Coupled with condemnations
Unnecessary death
Matador corporations
Puppeting your frustrations with a blinded flag
Manufacturing consent is the name of the game
The bottom line is money nobody gives a f**k

4000 hungry children Leave us per hour from starvation

While billions are spent on bombs Creating death showers

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Why must we kill our own child?

Boom!, Boom!, Boom!, Every time you drop a bomb You kill the god your child has born

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Boom!, boom!, boom!, boom! Every time you drop the boom!