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

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

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Why must we kill our own child?

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You kill the god your child has born

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You kill the god your child has born

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