

# The Go Set, Eastside Burning

While the city sleeps the world is turning around  
and the prison on the east side, is burning to the ground.  
Riot squads and police, had closed the city streets  
they could take no more, and all hell had been unleashed (they say)  
Rebels are we, and we'll burn in anarchy our bones  
will go to hell but our souls will be set free.  
Walls and bars and wire, stone and concrete floors  
and the spirits of our forefathers and the drums of ages roar.  
Burn fucker burn, its liberty or death, ashes are to ashes man,  
until theres nothing left (they say)  
Rebels are we, and we'll burn in anarchy our bones  
will go to hell but our souls will be set free.