

The Unseen, Children Of The Revolution

Father looks down to his son
says "I was like you when I was young";
Son looks up to father's plans
Works in the factory with his hands

Says "I wanna be just like you,
organize the work for the collective few";
But as he grows up he sees no change
Systems won't let you rearrange!

Some day people will say
"Do we have to live this way?";
"Is this how we have to exist?";
And the people will rise up, and resist!

A majority class dominates
A world that the lower class creates
media confusion hides the fact
that we work with the rich man's knife in our back
we're killing ourselves for a profit gain
a profit off life what a fucking shame
we burn that flag for the values sworn
some day we'll burn it to keep warm

What we have done will not be lost
to all eternity
everything ripens at its time
and becomes fruit eventually!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION