

Calm Like a Bomb

Rage Against the Machine

I be walkin' God like a dog my narrative fearless
Word War returns to burn like Baldwin home from Paris
Like steel from a furnace, I was born landless
Yes, it's the native son born of Zapata's guns
Stroll through the shanties and the cities remains
Same bodies buried hungry but with different last names
The vultures robbin' everything, leave nothin' but chains
Pick a point on the globe, yes the picture's the same
There's a bank, there's a church, a myth and a hearse
A mall and a loan, a child dead at birth
There's a widow pig parrot, a rebel to tame
A white hooded judge, a syringe and a vein
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
We're calm like a bomb, we're calm like a bomb
This ain't
subliminal, feel the critical mass approach horizon
The pulse of the condemned sound off America's demise
The anti-myth rhythm rock shocker, yes I spit fire
Hope lies in the smolderin' rubble of empires
Yes, back through the shanties and the cities remains
Same bodies buried hungry with different last names
The vultures robbin' everyone, leave nothin' but chains
Pick a point here at home, yes the picture's the same
There's a field full of slaves, some corn and some debt
There's a ditch full of bodies, the check for the rent
There's a tap, the phone, the silence of stone
The numb black screen that be feelin' like home
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?
Calm like a bomb, we're calm like a bomb
Calm like a bomb, we're calm like a bomb
Calm like a bomb, we're calm like a bomb
Calm like a bomb
There's a mass, a prison to fill
There's a country soul that reads post no bills
There's a strike and a line of cops outside of the mill
There's a right to obey and a right to kill
There's a mass without roofs, there's a prison to fill
There's a country soul that reads post no bills
There's a strike and a line of cops outside of the mill
'Cause there's a right to obey and there's the right to kill

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