

The New Fury

Verse

They've got themselves a new spin
On the story, twisted for one-sided glory. Devastation soon
Becoming fuel for the masses new fury. A greedy hand in
The guise of a good man. So threatening. So deafening.
So silencing, that familiar stance. The burden now passed
To us, we lose our footing but still try to stand.

No control.

No more rules.

"Perpetual war for perpetual peace", turn a
Blind eye to poverty while manufacturing new enemies. The
New slave's south of the border, murdered or overseas. We
Still struggle with the fact that one percent has ninety-nine
On their knees. Washington's drawing up war plans, while
There's still no hope for the homeless man. No one should
Have to live under these men, iron fists with gun in hand.

No more control.

No more rules.

They try to make you
And me live life by their design: No free thought. No free
Speech. No peace of mind. They make a move to confine.
But they'll never silence me as long as I can Breathe!

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