

Fight With Tools

Flobots

Transmission
Signals comin' through, okay
Echo, echo one-nine
Hear the call through fault lines
Smoke signals, old rhymes
Shorted lights in store signs
Spelled in a broken code
Find that it is time to
Breathe, build, bend
And refine you
We sky tenants give it all
But won't give up radio
Soul antennas, radio
You lift spirits
Call sign, 'Commando'
M.O. is independent
Scream till the walls fall
Dissolve all the limits
Occupied minds
Unemployed skills
Desolation, worn out
Torn down
'Just for now' thrill seekers
Slangin' test tube babies in beakers
Where gun blasts pump
Straight from the speakers
The system where
The poor get poorly paid
To hold the ladder
Where the rich get ricocheted
Into the stratosphere
And in between people
Are rushin' like Vladimir
With metals to make their status clear
Get us out of here
We need heroes, build them
Don't put your fist up, fill them
With our hopes, with our hearts and our hands
We're the architects of our last stand

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There's a war goin' on for your mind
Those who seek to occupy it will stop at nothin'
The battlefield is everywhere
There is no sanctuary, there are no civilians
You have two choices, surrender or enlist
What kind of person are you?
Always the first to argue
Or never down to stick your neck out
'Cause it hurts you far too much
To see your rep suffer
Set you up a buffer
Well, neither is enough for us cut
From a tougher brand of duct tape
The propaganda's stuck
On us like sock pajamas
Spread like a virus
Through accepted thoughts
And proper manners
But off the cameras
Something's simmerin' across the land
About to bubble up and knock
The lids off of the pots and pans
We are non stop juggernauts
Stomp ziggurats
Spit manifestos
By terabytes and gigawatts
Shock paradigms
Give sense to a score
Throw thoughts through the sky
And activate twenty more
In these high and dry times
Expectorate on dogma
Pragmatic sycophants
Divide and conquer
We build bridges
Offer hard work and prosper
As hand made heroes
Brought to you by no sponsors
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All free minds to the front
All free minds to the front
We call upon women
We call upon children
We call upon the handicapped
The infirmed, the weak of heart
We need your courage, your dedication
Your passion, your commitment
Gather up your platinum, melt it down
Gather up your gold, melt it down
Gather up your silver, your bronze
Your aluminum, melt it down
Melt it down, melt it down

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