N30

Avail

to steal without lifting a finger it's quietly kept the real terrorist by way of the west one by one, one hundred thousand starved, their eyes glazed stare westward see something want it-put a figure on it abandoned for triple the profit longer for less imperialist by way of the west, one by one, one thousand jobs lost greed so profound crimes of gold deep want for everything exactly what does wealth bring a class filled with resent one wrench can break the machine stripped clean and torn down tired of kneeling the tide is rising now fed these lies so long the mind craves to believe them one by one, one blantan muth king controls pawn deep want for everything exactly what does wealth bring? a class filled with resent one wrench can break the machine output could slow down tired of kneeling the tide is rising now remember who works the land gloves on hands it seems they have been forgotten from jaurez and through the panhandle it takes one wrench to leave you crippled

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