

# Prisoner Echoes

## Strike Anywhere

Take the banner  
Hang it upside down  
this country's in distress  
from the schools to the factories  
on the dead edge of town  
this dream's a fucking mess  
Our sisters' and mothers' rights to choose  
and powers determined to fake the news  
this poison undertow  
the bigot's power grows when we put our will to sleep  
in the radiation of  
rioting pictures  
we let them  
jail and murder our sisters break out Up on the hill where the road is red  
if you look close enough  
Down in the valley we're the living dead  
while our hands are cracked and rough  
for every deception that the papers print  
to fortify their lie  
Our creativity always wins  
from now to the day we die I see the young revolutionaries changing clothes  
living in condition while the third world grows  
weary of supporting all the costume changes  
all right  
Anthems for New World Disorder  
hammers to the bricks and mortar  
consciousness in crisis  
it's up to you  
So what are you gonna do? When we put our will to sleep  
under the blankets of  
patriot colors  
we let them jail and murder our brothers break out Up on the hill where the road is red  
if you look close enough  
Down in the valley we're the living dead  
while our hands are cracked and rough  
for every deception that the papers print  
to fortify their lie  
Our creativity always wins  
from now to the day we die Take this banner

Hang it upside down  
this country's in distress

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