In Comes the Flood

Machine Head

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

All hail
Praises be to thee
Oh ye paper deity
As we hail our sacred cow
To the bankers we will bow
Endless profit from their wars
Making slaves of all the poor
Our new god is on the hill
"The Almighty" Dollar BillI want to burn down Wall Street, baby
And fan the flames of discontent like Hades
Saints of Red, White, and Blue
Pass bonds of junk to you
Our flag has all but bled to greenIn comes the flood
Wake up America
In comes the flood
Wake up AmericaLive to buy or time to die
It's all for sale on credit lines
Until the fucking end of time
Shackled to the dotted line
Oh the market may be free
But not for you and me
Succumb as we forget
To the Angel Of DebtI don't give a fuck if I'm rich, motherfucker
We bought that line 'cause we're a bunch of suckers
We're fighting for the scraps
We've let our conscience lapse
By turning cash into a godIn comes the flood
Wake up America
In comes the flood
Wake up AmericaMoneytheistic religion
Saints of the red, white, blue, and green
Who dare to inflate my life's interest rate

'Til their rich bellies burst at the seams
Our lives nothing more to them
Than a snap of financial decision
Blinded by a TV screen
All hail the American DreamAnd woe to thee
Our life empty
If we hold this dear
Then lose our fearAmerica
Wake upIn comes the flood
Wake up America
In comes the flood
Wake up America
In comes the flood
Wake up America
In comes the flood
Wake up America

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