March of Death

Zack De La Rocha

I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm Lightening the function, the form Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle I'm more like the catalyst, calm in the mix of battle Who let the cowboy on the saddle? He don't know a missile from a gavel Para terror troopin' flippin' loops of death upon innocent flesh But i'm back in the cipher my foes and friends with a verse and a pen against a line I won't tow or defend instead I curse at murderous men in suits of professionals who act like animals This man child, ruthless and wild Who's gonna chain this beast back on the leash? This Texas fuhrer, for sure a compassionless con who serve a lethal needle to the poor, the cure for crime is murder? Well I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm Lightening the function, the form Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle I'm more like the catalyst, calm in the mix of battle Who let the cowboy on the saddle? He don't know a missile from a gavelon the left on the left, left, right, left on the left on the left, left, right, left (but it's just a march of death) on the left on the left, left, rightI read the news today oh boy a snap shot of a midnight ploy Vexed and powerless devoured my hours I'm motionless with no rest 'Cause a scream now holds the sky under another high-tech driveby A lie is a lie this God is an eagle or a condor for war nothing more

Islam peace, Islam stare into my eye brother
please off our knees
To beef now we feed their disease
interlocked our hands across seas
What is a flag is a rag but a shroud out loud
outside my window is a faceless crowd
'Cause a cowering child just took her last breath
one snare in the march of deathon the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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