District

Sick of It All

Purge the district
Scrub it hard
Time to clean up our own backyard.
People standing in the way
Are on the list of people getting paid.
Not just the common thug
Also those up above
Making laws and deciding how the districts run into the ground.
Now the choice is up to us
Between the crooked and corrupt.
Whose made fewer bloody deals
Chose the lesser of two evils.
Soul turns to evil quick
Without love or discipline.
Poison for the destitute
Is also in the silver spoon.
The rain is coming down
But the drugs are dollar signs.
Pads the pockets of the bent
And we cant pay the rent.
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
And clean up the mess.
Locked up
Feeling the common dread
Locked up in our homes and in our heads
Intimidation keeps us prisoners at home
A force that's never felt anything stand up against it.
The sky will open up this time.
We wont overlook a thing.
Criminal, Criminal, Criminal.
We wont overlook a thing.
Criminal, Criminal, Criminal.
And we'll wake up with our spirit
Purified, Purified, Purified
Purified, Purified, Purified.
Someday a real rain is gonna come

Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
And clean up the mess.
Free of the common dread
In our homes and in our heads.
Free of the crooked ways
Woken with our spirit cleansed

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