

# The New Fury

## VERSE

They've got themselves a new spin  
On the story, twisted for one-sided glory. Devastation soon  
Becoming fuel for the masses new fury. A greedy hand in  
The guise of a good man. So threatening. So deafening.  
So silencing, that familiar stance. The burden now passed  
To us, we lose our footing but still try to stand.

No control.

No more rules.

"Perpetual war for perpetual peace", turn a  
Blind eye to poverty while manufacturing new enemies. The  
New slave's south of the border, murdered or overseas. We  
Still struggle with the fact that one percent has ninety-nine  
On their knees. Washington's drawing up war plans, while  
There's still no hope for the homeless man. No one should  
Have to live under these men, iron fists with gun in hand.

No more control.

No more rules.

They try to make you  
And me live life by their design: No free thought. No free  
Speech. No peace of mind. They make a move to confine.  
But they'll never silence me as long as I can Breathe!

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