

Boom

System of a Down

I've been walking through your streets
Where all your money's earning
Where all your building's crying
And clueless neckties working
Revolving fake lawn houses
Housing all your fears
Desensitized by TV
Overbearing advertising
God of consumerism
And all your crooked pictures
Looking good, mirrorism
Filtering information
For the public eye
Designed for profiteering
Your neighbor, what a guy
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Every time you drop the bomb
You kill the God, your child has born
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Modern globalization
Coupled with condemnations
Unnecessary death
Matador corporations
Puppeting your frustrations
With the blinded flag
Manufacturing consent
Is the name of the game
The bottom line is money
Nobody gives a fuck
4000 hungry children leave us per hour, from starvation
While billions are spent on bombs, creating death showers
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Every time you drop the bomb
You kill the God your child has born
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom
Why must we kill kind
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Every time you drop the bomb
You kill the God, your child has born
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom
Every time you drop the bomb

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