Bite the Hand

ABC

With a little faith we could raise the land
With a little hope we could move as planned
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With a little hope we could move as planned
Farm the ghetto up,
Feed the famine down with our nose to the grindstone
Ear to the ground
Find a steady job,
Build a happy home
Farm a steady crop,
Then depose the throne
We could irrigate thirst quenching lake,
Make a fertile place
Thus the desert spake...Spill the feathers up,
Slash the silk might as well stop boo
Shooing over all that spilt milk,
Empty trap, screaming eye,
Seething lip, stop wondering
Why butter mountains here.
Better motivate it`s getting late,
Assassinate the grain, co co co co commotion
Before a global war,
We'd better bridge the oceanJust like an open wound that
Forever bleeds just like an open plain
In scattered seeds or the foolish man
Believing all he reads,
He begs, he pleads.

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