

# The Deadly Rhythm

## Refused

This union that made us powerless is talking over our heads  
Claiming prosperity in a downward spiral plan  
Stuck by the deadly rhythm of the production line  
Stuck by the deadly rhythm of the production line

This power that made us unionless is taking out of our hands  
Cheapest labor at our expensive cost, auctioned our lives away  
Stuck by the deadly rhythm of the production line  
Stuck by the deadly rhythm of the production line

We consume our lives like we are thankful for what we are being forced into  
Is it our duty to die for governments and for gods  
Is it our privilege to slave for market and industry  
Is it our right to follow laws set to scare and to oppress  
Is it our gift to stay in line and will it take away the blame

We can no longer pay the price  
We'll get organized  
We will no longer believe that working for you will set us free

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