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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