

# We Do Not Resist

## Orphaned Land

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Hail to Satan, Lord of the wind!

On the pulpit the false messiah speaks

Hand them your papers now cease and desist

Spreading false news and selling such lies

'Twas the night the lie rose and truth finally died

Our slavery ends only when we are deceased

Our lives are their meat, all partake in the feast

They put us to sleep with a lie and a kiss

And when the keys lock our chains

We say: We do not resist!

Poverty - rise! Children die while we read the news of gossipmongers

Our lives pieces in a game

The naked emperor walks, to his new clothes we clap our hands

Blinded by fortune and fame

They play the saints in our daily lives

And we do not care at all

And our children march to the sound of their drums

While to war we lose our fathers and sons

The only prophet they trust in is the profit from their guns

They care not for the old the weak or the sick

Masters of speeches and measuring their dicks

Breaking our bones with maces not sticks

And when their poison reaches our brains

We say: We do not resist!

Poverty - rise! Children die while we read the news of gossipmongers

Our lives pieces in a game

The naked emperor walks, to his new clothes we clap our hands

Blinded by fortune and fame

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