March of Death

Zack De La Rocha

I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm
Lightening the function, the form
Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle
I'm more like the catalyst,
calm in the mix of battle
Who let the cowboy on the saddle?
He don't know a missile from a gavel
Para terror troopin' flippin' loops of death upon innocent flesh
But i'm back in the cipher my foes and friends
with a verse and a pen
against a line I won't tow or defend
instead I curse at murderous men
in suits of professionals who act like animals
This man child, ruthless and wild
Who's gonna chain this beast back on the leash?
This Texas fuhrer, for sure a
compassionless con who serve a
lethal needle to the poor, the cure for crime is murder?
Well I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm
Lightening the function, the form
Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle
I'm more like the catalyst,
calm in the mix of battle
Who let the cowboy on the saddle?
He don't know a missile from a gavelon the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left, left, right, left (but it's just a march of death)
on the left
on the left, left, rightI read the news today
oh boy
a snap shot of a midnight ploy
Vexed and powerless
devoured my hours I'm motionless
with no rest
'Cause a scream now holds the sky
under another high-tech driveby
A lie is a lie this God is an eagle
or a condor for war nothing more

Islam peace, Islam stare into my eye brother
please off our knees
To beef now we feed their disease
interlocked our hands across seas
What is a flag is a rag but a shroud out loud
outside my window is a faceless crowd
'Cause a cowering child just took her last breath
one snare in the march of deathon the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left, left, right, left (but it's just a march of death)
on the left
on the left, left, right, left
on the left
on the left, left, righthere it comes the sound of terror from above
he flex his Texas twisted tongue
the poor lined up to kill in desert slums
for oil that burn beneath the desert sun
now we spit flame to flip this game
all the targets are taking aim
all targets are taking aim
we're the targets are taking aim

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