Speak To Our Empty Pockets

Strike Anywhere

The preachers from the pulpits of power
leaders of cloth
they preach to our empty pockets
and the same gang with different colors
plays up to the dialect
of establishment
Will you take our pain
will you throw bread
to us from high above?We will stay true to trust
on these streets
but I won't be corrupted
or stuck on repeatThe preachers from the pulpits of power
leaders of cloth they preach
to our empty pockets
and the same gang
with different colors
plays up, raise up
any flag we fly
any war we buy it
any warWill you take our pain
and will you throw bread
to us from high above?Will you take our pain?
Will you throw bread
to us from high above?We will stay true to trust
on these streets
but I won't be corrupted
or stuck on repeat
yetThe workers' rage in the empire days
The ratchet thrown in the children's mills
the bootstrap lies in the Patriot Plays
The burning fires on these hills
this road growsThe preachers from the pulpits of power
leaders of cloth
they preach to our empty pockets
and the same gang with different colors
plays up to the dialect
of establishmentWill you take our pain?
Will you throw bread
to us from high above?

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