

# 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 repeat 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, raise up  
any flag we fly  
any war we buy it  
any war Will 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  
yet The 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 grows 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?

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