Guerilla Radio (Rage Against the Machine)

Richard Cheese

Transmission third world war, third round
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground
Ain't no shelter if you're looking for shade
I lick shots at the brutal charadeAs the polls close like a casket on truth devoured
A silent play on the shadow of power
A spectacle monopolized
The camera's eye on choice disguisedLights out, Guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out, Guerilla radio
Turn that shit upWas it cast for the mass who burn and toil
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?
A spectacle monopolized
They hold the reins and stole your eyesThe fistagons, bullets and bombs
Who staff the banks? Who staff the party ranks?
More for Gore or the son of the drug Lord
None of the above, fuck it, cut the cordLights out, Guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out, Guerilla radio
Turn that shit upLights out, Guerilla radio
Turn that shit upGuerilla radio
Quit it now

Songwriters
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