Insurrection

Sick of It All

Resentful, I'm sure the feeling is mutual
Power for those with the most capital
Upper echelon not in touch at all
Grabbing at straws, desperationWhat you gonna do about it?
Where are you gonna run?
What you gonna do about it
That you haven't already done?No more joy in the lives of the skuoned and exited
Screaming from silence
Pent up inside us, all this frustration
Has bred all this violenceIn the commotion power was at hand
In the confusion wealth was up for grabs
Both looked appealing we took all that we could
Control was ours and then we understoodHelpless, I'm sure the feeling is typical
Glory for those with the most capital
Upper echelon we rule with an iron hand
Crushing any insurrectionWhat you gonna do about it?
There's nothing you can do

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