

Rich Man's War

John Trudell

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hay ah iy ya hey iy ah hey.....

rich mans war,
industrial streets, class lines
money talks, turning language to paper pieces
rich man's war free man's society.
raging violent insecurity
nuclear man, nuclear woman
unclear how to act.

rich man's war
Persians cruising Europe.
America Russia
governmental nuclear views
industrial allies cutting the world
as though they cannot see blood flowing

rich man's war
Central America bleeding
wounds same as Palestine and Harlem
Three Mile Island in El Salvador
Pine Ridge in Belfast

rich man's war
the poor, starving for food
starving for land, starving for peace,
starving for real.

rich man's war
attacking human, attacking being
attacking earth, attacking tomorrow

rich man's war
thinking of always war

thinking of always war.

with machines for ancestors
new unborn generations
chemical umbilical chords are only wiring
in your electrical progress
human lives burnt offerings to the god greed
with lies for ancestors

there is no truth in some futures
rulers of minds feeding next generation's souls
to the control machine.
sacrifice ritual for the proper technology
with isolation for ancestors

there is only the present bought by the credit material uses
forging chains binding you to destruction
compliments of your deities
the industrial priest.

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hay ah iy ya hey iy ah hey.....

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no more than neon flash
trying hiding in neon mask
have to face who we really are
at some point we had no choice.
distant star distant light

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in real world we are human being
in shadow of real world we are
being human.

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neon mask for neon flash.
distant thunder distant cloud
passions reign
drenched in possession
what we take is hard to do
what we do is hard to take
some ones are crazy or maybe we take turns
dreaming about some kind of life we say
"it could have been different".
but it wasn't because we weren't
no matter what, it turns out the same
a lot of things we said weren't true

industrial stories in an electric instant
neon mask neon flash neon flash.

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thing is nihilistic desires
civilized gone insane
didn't imagine it turning like this
some things start good and go bad
some things get bad and stay bad.
are we caught in between living a lie or
not living at all?
eliminated choices lost in dreams we let go
memories we never got to have
something else to think about...
waking up in industrial society
surrounded by angry days,
going through motions
of not being.
wanting the best but not expecting it.
surviving paid for in dreams
feeling like a world alone
serving god with the devil to pay.
feeling like something in no place
what goes on in hell anyway?

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thing is, it has to do with heart.
we have to understand what hearts are for
before we can get back to heaven or paradise
or the power in OUR MIND.

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hay ah iy a hey e ya hay.....

Lyrics submitted by sharla whimmed.

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