

# You're Fired

## Tactical Sekt

In these days our crimes are paid  
by our wasted sweat on the killing maze  
with freedom stains upon your hands  
what do you do for a living ?  
and how does it feel  
to watch the bosses rise  
while people fall  
patriots to comfort delusional  
another time, in another place  
for better life than this rat race  
Our labor's lost  
too many lifetimes wasting  
how many words did it take  
and when was the first time  
it stuck your heart with fear  
was it worth it to salute the culture  
that takes the life out of us  
to oil their weapons  
rise or rust  
our labor's lost  
Release us now  
before we forget what we are  
lift up our souls in union  
Inside us there's a nation  
hidebound and unaware  
A people's insurrection  
of the soul to kill despair  
release us now from the distance  
A promise that takes our power  
A people together in this  
the burning hour

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