Messiah Mask

Kyshera

It's hell on earth behind the Cellophane glare
Our supermarket democracy is painted on torture and slavery.
A million severed hands clutching Ballot cards
Where the starving live amongst ashes and sewerage
And there's a factory there, upon the shackled corpses
And a million more guns whenever the white man comes.

This is what they call liberty,
This is what they call prosperity,
This is what they call security,
This is what they call democracy,
Imperialism in a Messiah mask.

You better pray 'cos God has spoken
With Cluster bombs and Napalm B
And his death squads are everywhere
Hacking and burning and shooting and raping and beating.
With no infrastructure left,
He's got a deal you must accept
Sitting in s**t for 36 hours
With no air, no water, no food, no pay, no rest.
Making useless shit
'cos the debt slaves keep on buying it
While they're helpless as they watch their children die
An agonising death of preventable illness that they cant afford to cure.
Welcome to civilisation
Where a dollars more valued than a life.
Where the oil pi**es through the shanty towns
Washing away the carcasses of massacred families whose homes were in the way.

All those pretty packaged things
Don't they look so innocent
They bring horror and desolation
To any nation that cannot defend itself
And everybody here is free
Of any responsibility
The companies that blame the politicians,
That blame the market that blames consumers that blame the...
Whilst the stakes are rising

And the gap is widening
This economic apartheid will ravage anything in sight
How can we sleep at night
Structural adjustment
Is only needed for the rich
Those soulless, bloody handed motherfu**ing scum
Who will stop at nothing to acquire more money and power.

This is what they call an economy,
This is what they call integrity,
This is what we call humanity,
While this is what they say is the only way
Imperialism in a Messiah mask.

Lyrics submitted by Planck.

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