

The Ranks of The Masses Rising

Anti-Flag

Times up!
You're outta luck and your back's up against the wall.
From Tunisia to Washington the people are calling: "No!"

Your gas n guns, your clubs n thugs, your lies on the TV,
None of that can save you now as your reign is swept away.

Get up! Get up!
Your voices are needed.
Become, become the pulse of the revolution,
In the ranks of the masses risin'.

Another shakedown and a slap in the face,
and he know he'd had had enough.
He doused himself in gasoline, took a breath, and lit a match.

She said: "I will go down to Tehrir Square and I will stand alone,

And if you have any dignity, I won't be on my own."

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