

Flag Burner Torch Bearer

Panopticon

Rise up, spirit of my ancestry.
Fill me with vigilance again.
No longer will we watch from our posts.
Torches of war burn this eve.
For those who possess undue power lurk in our midst,
with innocent blood on their sleeves.
Their slaves labor into nothingness,
lost in the abyss of factories.
The gods are replaced with commodities
unfit to occupy their thrones.
Their rightful place.
We bow our heads to mere currency.
Our apathy allows capitalism to enslave.
The price of our freedom is the essence of our slavery.
The master I've served will never repay me.
There's poison in the communion wine.
In this theocracy we will all die.
Worship false idols.
Currency in our veins...
The bow breaks in this ship of fools.
Capitalism enslaves
Paid in blood.....
Tonight, all flags must burn in place of steeples.
Autonomy must return into the hands of the people.
This is war on our oppressors.
The concept of capitalism robs us of our very nature.
Destroys our tribes, torn apart our families.
Gagged and bound, we slit the throat of the henchman
then laugh at the contradiction.
Falsify our inspiration, numbed by media.
The tools for complacency market our f**king rebellion.
Behold, the chains of profit.
There is nothing sacred!
We are convinced that we are free because we are not
starving.
But our souls starve for something more than profits
and convenience.
We starve for truth, we starve for earth,
we starve for freedom and untainted skies.
How long will we swallow the shit that they feed us?
How long will they rape our ears with their lies?
I will not surrender my heart to anyone but me.
There are only a few things that I believe:
that people are born free
and slavery is murder,
property is theft
and government is tyranny:
anarchy is liberty.
Liberation!
Tonight all flags must burn in place of steeples.
Autonomy must return to the hands of the people!