

Democracy In Kind

State Radio

There's a U.N. white and blue
Fell from half mast,
now half covering a red shoe.
Half asked if they were us,
what would we do?

Mr. Newsman, send your wire,
Let Washington conspire.
You know the company men
wait for you in their lair.

But a moment is calling, calling us all.
As your one time supporters hang from media walls,
and outside the gates, fate is closing in.
You can turn us down but you can't deny the din.

From the farmlands to the townships,
the masses are classless.
War cries rise with every hour that passes.
The trampled voice of the past are seizing us,

Go ahead and load the magazine
cause them bullets are treasonous.

quiet!
Your leader is going to speak now,
everyone turn off their minds.
quiet!
You're listening to a raid on the state of your
Democracy in Kind.