

Notes On Pulling the Sky Down

Strike Anywhere

We are fighting a war
Here we come now living in a new age
Where the roles are set to tear us apart
Here we come now fighting for a living wage

It's time. The pleas from the politicians to the poor
Do nothing but distort the truths they tire of
The system is built to keep us from ourselves

You ask what I can give? I've got nothing for you
But everything for a better way. So you demand
That we/I live under your laws blinded to the fact
We are at war

Do we settle for the system or do we fight for our own voice?
Will we force them all to listen? It's all coming down
To one choice

So I wait for a change to come, and I ask myself why
Does everyday the sky remain over our heads?
Would it be impossible to tear it down?