

## Bite the Hand

ABC

With a little faith, we could raise the land  
With a little hope, we could move as planned  
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With a little hope, we could move as planned

Farm the ghetto up, feed the famine down  
With our nose to the grindstone  
Ear to the ground, find a steady job  
Build a happy home

Farm a steady crop then depose the throne  
We could irrigate thirst quenching lake  
Make a fertile place, thus the desert spake

Spill the feathers up  
Slash the silk might as well, stop, boo  
Hooing over all that spilt milk  
Empty trap, screaming eye

Seething lip, stop wondering  
Why butter mountains here? Better motivate, it's getting late  
Assassinate the grain, co, co, co, co, commotion  
Before a global war, we'd better bridge the ocean

Just like an open wound that  
Forever bleeds just like an open plain  
In scattered seeds or the foolish man  
Believing all he reads, he begs, he pleads