

# Blood

Algiers

For all your love of soma  
All my blood's in vain  
You say your history's over  
All of my blood's in vain  
Your television coma  
All my blood's in vain  
It's gone too far to change  
All of my blood's in vain

Flash across your screen  
They got you in their hand  
Fifteen minutes of freedom  
Still 3/5 a man  
Sterilize your conscience and  
Disgrace your name  
A healthy simulation  
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Liquor stains your table  
Women change your bed  
You rise on Sunday morning  
Just like the living dead  
Your Hell is fornication  
Your Heaven is the same  
But master is complacent  
So all my blood's in vain

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Four hundred years of torture  
Four hundred years a slave  
Dead just to watch you squander  
Just what we tried to save  
Now death is at your doorstep  
And you're still playing games  
So drown in entertainment  
Cause all our blood is in vain