

# The Force Majeure

BoySetsFire

On shift from 9 to 5  
And then from 6 to 3  
Steals the soul; machine forever turning  
Class rebellion  
Under our noses  
The boss is feeding on living corpses

Their broken backs  
Call for us to rise  
But for now we'll all just smile and sympathize  
Denied our movement  
Now lost, replaced by fear  
We ask nothing less than settle for nothing more

Behold the capitalist  
Bathing in the blood  
Of the working class  
Martyrs bleed  
Until spoken to  
Vultures get fat from the harness coup

Revolution  
Another empty promise  
Of the leftist elite  
Frustration  
Another soul is crushed  
Under the rulers' feet

And as the boot is forced  
Into their teeth  
Our safety  
Is their defeat

Your station has been assigned  
Your rebellion will be confined  
Your rebellion will be confined  
Your rebellion will be confined  
Your rebellion will be confined

Tired doctrines  
Killing just as many  
As the leaders that they decry

Their backs  
All well patted  
For a job well done  
Without the use of their spines

Indentured servants  
Without the shackles  
Calloused hands and drying hearts  
Rise up and destroy  
The disease  
That stole your soul