

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 then 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