

Numbers Game

Illy

Trading floors exploded, down arrows, red numbers
People losing everything, convinced that their world was ending, no small thanks to a lotta chest thumping
And paranoia, but thats a sensitive topic
Cause on one hand homie lost his home, on the other hand, the ones who caused it go in and post record profits
That was just the tip of it, the icebergs vanished, species vanished daily
Countries literally drowning, under the threat of an ecosystem failing
To cope, gave us enough rope, we were swaying by the days end
Big business dollars bought slaves, blind eyes, coastlines, goldmines of ambivalence, digging our own graves then
No lie, oil fell from the sky, suffocated oceans blackened
Eyes of the world on a room of conspirators, not one knew what happened
Not one stood and hacked it, noone took blame
Global crisis justified for private gain a world insane (that's what it is to be a slave

Every city
In every building
Sits another like me
Watching, waiting, watching, waiting

They pushed us, tested our indifference, just to see how far they could milk it
And its funny cause the ones with the money didn't care long as it was the one without who felt it
Ha, they felt it alright, for lifetimes across all borders
Smooth talkers, cold blooded, exploit it, export it
My generation, was caught between caring more than all that came before us
And a self induced apathy that almost tore us, destroyed us and brought us to the brink, then we stopped to think, its crazy in age where
We could drop bombs via satellite we were too blind to the forces at play there, to stand up against their
Willpower, to quick to cower in the face of conglomerates
And as the world hung there in the balance, enough said enough is enough about time we put a stop to this
Straw by straw till they had a haystack, only took one more
To break the cycle, united took to the streets, to the halls of power, to the governments doors

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It's all a numbers game, but all the corporate wallet flashes
Of financial strength couldn't counter the power of the masses
When it came to the crunch, when the lust and greed threatened everything we love
Divided they had us but fuck that man, push came to shove
And we beat the fucking cowards back, and under a shining sun
Showed we could silence their influence, but try as they might they couldn't silence love

Can't silence love, let history shown how hard that war was won
So we may never know how close we'd really come, how close we'd really come

Quite an experience to live in fear isn't it?
That's what it is to be a slave