

Iraq2Chile

Lowkey

This is for the martyrs of hope reaching, yearning, extending their arms towards a freedom which they never quite reach in their lives
This is for you

Neoliberalism kills people, the burden of business
Believe me you never heard a verse as urgent as this is
Merciless merky mercenaries merge with merchants of mischief
Murder wishes, kill dreams and hopes and disturb the infants
It's not about Joker, metro tickets, and WhatsApp
It's about the gap between have lots and do not haves
Your fake bomb detectors can't stop that
Embezzle billions in the name of a non-existent social contact
Analysis to feet hanging, dangling from the leg
Still staggering from expired gas canisters in the head
It's not about pity, hands out or sympathy
It's about employment, water and electricity
Autumn of discontent, the spring was a lost memory
Hybrid war combined with economic shock therapy
Sectarianism buries vision beyond what's revealed
Corruption guards an economic model that kills
Neocon wars make neoliberal utopias
Intergenerational traumas and all forms of phobia
Wrote death into the constitution like snipers in chairs
Birds fall from the sky as tear gas privatises the air
Those that passed, I kiss the soles of your feet, you inspired us
Tireless in the face of violent tyrants till your eyes were shut
Defiant lions every side of the street, you defy the thugs
Rebellion the purest expression of a vital type of love

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The IMF requires death, the snipers fire at a child's chest
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Somebody tell Nixon the economy is still screaming
And tell Milton Friedman that his ideas killed freedoms
Selling state assets to private interests is real treason
Freezing chills deepen, hands of Victor Jara still bleeding
Rigor mortis when we rock the fortress
The ghost of Salvador Allende still washing corpses
More than pawns on a chess board

How couldn't they expect more?
Those with nothing to lose, knock gladly on death's door
Kissinger's dream for Chile was nothing but a nightmare
Legions of doom don't fight fair
They might impair your sight, if you like to stare
Gas canisters slice the air
Neoliberalism born in Chile (It will die there)
Those that passed, I kiss the soles of your feet, you inspired us
Tireless in the face of violent tyrants till your eyes were shut
Defiant lions every side of the street, you defy the thugs
Rebellion the purest expression of a vital type of love

El pueblo unido jamás será vencido
They say: el pueblo unido jamás será vencido
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