

# The Death of Neoliberalism

Lowkey

Freedom!  
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it  
Freedom?  
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't  
Freedom!  
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of  
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise  
Cross the T's, dot the I's  
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized  
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified  
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?  
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies  
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise  
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side  
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?  
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets  
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers  
Can't cage the alternative that now exists  
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment  
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment  
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors  
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma  
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!  
We sing!

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History favours the trail blazers  
The taste for change is contagious  
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages  
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours  
Then when the rage cascades  
These sadists claim that their blameless  
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here  
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere  
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality  
Until now politics, merely a practicality  
They deify celebrity  
What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it [?] no necessity  
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died  
Potential unrealised  
Atomisation had us  
Distant and deafened  
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant  
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma  
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