

Michigan Hammers

Protomartyr

From a pious west
To the wooded north
Where the real freaks live
In the east

They're beating out a line
They're kicking in a hole
They're beating out a line
Kicking in a hole
In the sides of the brazen bull
A calf of gold
Champagne bath half-full

Dignity or toil
Syndicate or gang
Rose and thorn
Not all of them on pills
A chant from the end of the bar
Being reborn
In this soil, in this ground

The Michigan hammers
Are on their way
A chant from the end of the bar
Not all of them on pills
Break apart the surface lot

What's been torn down
Can be rebuilt
What has been rebuilt
Can be destroyed

Off the coast of Veracruz
They threw them overboard
Some made it to shore
What a hardy mule
To work without reward
Carrying the load
Till they drop amongst the stones
They sleep beneath the waves
Extraction of a life for debt
Extraction of a life for debt

Michigan hammers
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Beating out a line
Kicking in a hole
In the side
Brazen bull
Calf of gold
Dignity or toil