You're Fired

Strike Anywhere

In these days our crimes are paid
by our wasted sweat on the kiling maze
with freedom stains upon your hands
what do you do for a living ?
and how does it feel
to watch the bosses rise
while people fall
patriots to comfort delusional
another time, in another place
for better life than this rat race
Our labor's lost
too many lifetimes wasting
how many words did it take
and when was the first time
it stuck your heart with fear
was it worth it to salute the culture
that takes the life out of us
to oil their weapons
rise or rust
our labor's lost

Release us now
before we forget what we are
lift up our souls in union

Inside us there's a nation
hidebound and unaware
A people's insurrection
of the soul to kill despair
release us now from the distance
A promise that takes our power
A people together in this
the burning hour

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