

Rage Against the Machine, Ashes In The Fall

A mass of hands press on the market window
Ghosts of progress
Dressed in slow death
Feeding on hunger
And glaring through the promise
Upon the food that rots slowly in the aisle
A mass of nameless at the oasis
That hides the graves beneath the master's hill
Are buried for drinking
The river's water
While shackled to the line
At the empty well
This is the new sound
Just like the old sound
just like the noose wound
Over the new ground
Listen to the fascist sing
"Take hope here
War is elsewhere
You were chosen
This is god's land
Soon we'll be free
Of blot and mixture
Seeds planted by our
Forefather's hand"
A mass of promises
Begin to rupture
Like the pockets
Of the new world kings
Like swollen stomachs
In Appalachia
Like the priest that fucked you
As he whispered holy things
A mass of tears have transformed to stones now
Sharpened on suffering
And woven into slings
Hope lies in the rubble of this rich fortress
Taking today what tomorrow never brings
This is the new sound
Just like the old sound
Just like the noose wound
Over the new ground
Ain't the new sound
Just like the old sound
Look at the noose now
Over the, Over the, Over the burning ground
Ain't it funny how the factories doors close
Round the time that the school doors close
Round the time that the doors of the jail cells
Open up to greet you like the reaper
Ain't it funny how the factories doors close
Round the time that the school doors close
Round the time that a hundred thousand jail cells
Open up to greet you like the reaper
This is the new sound
Just like the old sound
Just like the noose wound
Over the new ground
Like ashes in the fall