

# Rage Against the Machine, Calm Like A Bomb

\*whispered\* Well feel the funk Blast!

\*whispered\* well feel the funk Blast!

Well feel the funk Blast!

Well feel the funk Blast!

Well feel the funk Blast!

yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, check it out yo, yo, yo,

I be walkin' god like a dog

My narrative, fearless

My word war returns to burn,

Like Baldwin home from Paris.

Like Steel from a furnace,

I was born landless,

It's tha native son,

Born of Zapata's guns.

Stroll through tha shanties,

And tha cities remains,

Same bodies buried hungry,

But with different last names.

These vultures rob everything,

Leave nothing but chains.

They Pick a point on tha globe,

Yes tha pictures tha same!

There's a bank, there's a church, a myth and a hearse,

A mall and a loan a child dead at birth.

There's a widow pig parrot,

A rebel to tame,

A whitehooded judge,

A syringe and a vein.

\*Spoken, but Quiet\*

And tha riot be tha rhyme of the unheard

\*Shouted\*

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

well Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

well Calm like A bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

This ain't subliminal,

Feel tha critical mass approach horizon,

Tha pulse of tha condemned,

Sound off America's demison.

Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker,

Yes I spit fire,

Hope lies in tha smoldering rubble of empires.

Yes, Back through tha shanties and tha cities remains,

Tha same bodies, buried hungry,

But with different last names.

The vultures rob everyone,

Leave nothing but chains,  
Pick a point here at home,  
And tha picture's tha same.  
There's a field full of slaves,  
Some corn and some debit,  
There's a ditch full of bodies,  
Tha check for tha rent!  
There's a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone  
Tha numb black screen,  
That be feelin' like home.

\*Spoken, but Quiet\*

And tha riot be tha rhyme of the unheard

\*Shouted\*

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

Whatcha say,

What!

Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Well Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Well Calm like a...BOMB!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

\*\*GUITAR SOLO\*\*

Well Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Well Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Calm like a bomb!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Well Calm like a...BOMB!

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite,

Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite, Ignite

Well calm like bomb!

There's a mass without roofs

A prison to fill

There's a country's soul, that reads post no bills

There's a strike and a line of cops, outside of tha mill

There's a right to obey

And a right to kill

There's a mass without roofs

There's a prison to fill

There's a country's soul that reads post no bills

There's a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill

cause There's a right to obey  
And there's the right to kill!