## Rage Against the Machine, Darkness Of Greed

I be walkin god like a dog

My narrative fearless

Word war returns to burn

Like Baldwin home from Paris, Uh

Like steel from a furnace

I was born landless

Yes its tha native son

Born of Zapatas guns

Stroll through the shanties

And tha cities remains

Same bodies buried hungry

But with different last names

The vultures robbin everything

Leave nothing but chains

Pick a point on the globe

Yes tha pictures tha same

Theres a bank, theres a church, a myth and a hearse

A mall and a loan, a child dead at birth

Theres a widow pig parrot

A rebel to tame

A whitehooded judge

A syringe and a vein

And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard

What ya say? What ya say? What?

Calm like a bomb

This aint subliminal

Feel the critical mass approach horizon

Tha pulse of the condemned

Sound off Americas demise

Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker

Yes I spit fire

Hope lies in the smoldering rubble of empires

Yes back through tha shanties and tha cities remains

Same bodies buried hungry, uh-huh

With different last names, uh-huh

The vultures robbin everyone

Leave nothing but chains

Pick a point here at home

Yes the pictures tha same

Theres a field full of slaves

Some corn and some debt

Theres a ditch full of bodies

Tha check for the rent

Theres a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone

The numb black screen

That be feelin like home

And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard

What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?

Calm like a bomb

Theres a mass without roofs

A prison to fill

Theres a countrys soul that reads post no bills

Theres a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill

Theres a right to obey

And a right to kill