

Rage Against the Machine, March of Death

Rock and Roll music is the main weapon

Check, 1,2

Awright, watch 'is

I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm

Lightening the function, the form,

Far from the norm I wont follow like cattle I'm more like a catalyst, Calm in the mix of battle,

Who let the cowboy on a saddle, he down know a missle from a gavel,

Para terror troopin flippin loops of death upon innocent flesh, but im,

Back in the cipher my foes and friends with a verse and a pen against a line I won't toe or defend,

Instead I curse at the muderous men, in suits of professionals who act like animals

Man child, ruthless and wild,

Who gunna chain this beast back on the leash? this Texas Furor for sure-a, compasionless con wh

Lethal needle to the poor the cure for, crime, is murder?

Well, I was born, voice of a riot, a storm

Lightening the function, the form,

Far from the norm I wont follow like cattle I'm more like a catalyst

Calm in the mix of battle

Who let the cowboy on a saddle, he down know a missle from a gavel

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, Arr, On the Left, left, right

*OK, you're lookin' good, you might just move a little left,

just a little left, about 170*

I read the news today, oh boy, a snap shot of a midnight ploy

vexed and powerless, devoured by hours, im motionless with no rest

Cause a scream now holds the sky, under another high-tech driveby

A lie is a lie is a God, an eagle is a condor of war, and nothing more

Islam peace, Islam stare into my eye brother please off our knees

to beef now we feed their disease, interlocked our hands across seas

what is a flag but a shroud of loud, and outside, a faceless crowd

A coverng child just took their last breath, one snare in the march of death.

Ogh, c'mon

Getup

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, On the Left, left, right left

On the Left, Arr, On the Left, left, right

Here it comes the sound of terror from above

he flex his Texas twisted tounge

the poor lined up to kill in desert slums

for oil that boil beneath the desert sun

Now we split flame flip this game

All the targets takin aim

All targets are takin aim

We're the targets are taking aim