

Kill The Power

Snowden

The cities brown with the corporate decay.
There's no water for my lips much less for my face.
They say 'quiet or we'll take it away', but it was never
ours anyway.

We are small men, tend to your gardens,
light up your houses, for new years and Christmas.
The sun is rising on our red stained shirts,
none of them are coming down,
none of us are coming up, we've got to

Kill the power,
kill the power... with their own hands.

Something wrong has come over this crowd,
through all the furrowed brows I can't smell the flowers.
Step out of the ranks and you'll see
there is only a uniform between you and me brother.

I had a dream that the house was on fire
and you were the only one in it.
I had a dream that the house was on fire
and I was the one who started it.

All hail the Goddess.