

Never-Ending War Song

Subhumans

There's someone on the doorstep with a button in his hand
All this western culture fix has blown apart his land
Until we make connections with the way it's all been planned
His hate for us is something we'll never understand

Advertise democracy then offer it for sale
The price goes through the roof much like the bombs if payment fails
To pay the interest on the loan to build some factories
And extra jobs for the boys back home as burger franchises

So when your nation's starving 'cos the wages that we pay
Means you can't afford to eat the food they cook 12 hours a day
Or wear the shoes they make so our teenagers can stay cool
We'll keep the cycle going till you've military rule

And then, my friend, the arms we've got will cost you more than debt
An everlasting friendship that we won't let you forget
All this global enterprise truly goes two ways
You give us your resources - we give you bigger chains

It's a war against war against war against war
With words about words about words on the wall
Stances taken, dealers shaking
Hands on the arms deal, here's some more

Money exchanges, there go the wages
There go the jobs, and here comes the poor
White man trade and we all get slaves
Making the trainers we can't afford

We look to the sky when we want to know why
We go to the ground to get profound
Here comes a plane to deliver again
And we get to our knees and pray that it's food

Nobody explained who didn't have a suit on
Nobody complained 'cos we didn't understand
More worried about the rains and where to get the food from
They may say they run the country
But it's us living off the land

We saw the ad and bought the box
And saw the ad and lots of clocks
And ties and tightness, so much tightness
The money key fits all the locks

Importation ran amok
When all this greed escaped the box
We learnt to feed for more than what we needed
And then the value dropped

We took for granted all we'd had
But prices only raise the cost
Of living without joining in
Such soul-degrading culture loss

So then we had to fight to save ourselves from losing proper jobs

Then fight again to get the ones where corporations were the boss
You'd recognize the household name
It's on your t-shirt and your socks
Or skyward advertising gas on baseball hats in parking lots

Business rang the businessman
Who rang around, said "here's the plan
We use up everything we can
Then raise the price and get some more"

Overseas where by degrees
Their leaders carry guns, I see
Dictatorships and poverty
And what we're looking for

Oil and aid a fair exchange
Yet all these guns get in the way
Well, I flipped a coin
And either way
It's time to go to war"
To go to war

Now I've just my anger left to keep me half alive
Below that 50/50 line it's worthless to survive
And worth the chance of an afterlife of peace and silent nights
Just one more thing I have to say and do before I die

Here is what you get for forcing us to buy your civilisation
War's the global empty face of loss and its retaliation