

When you're lying on your back under the foot of brutality
and gagging on the stockpile of junk
left by past generations and apathetic mentality
you can't help feel like you got the short end of the stick
when will we ever walk without a crutch
and live to exist and finally put away our fists
be a thief or a pauper, the choice is up to you
if the cause is sincere we're already halfway through

Thieve back! what they've stolen from you
Give back! the shit they've given to you
Attack! confront the problems they make
Don't react! cause we're lost if we wait

Cold war? No war? it's all the fucking same
It's done a little bit quieter so no one will complain
their structure has nothing to do with matter, time and space
so to live within a system is such a fucking waste
If you look inside yourself, at everything that's real
you see systems are two dimensional, they soon lose their appeal
Systems are incorporeal they don't really exist
They're unnatural constructions that are natural to resist!

Thieve back! what they've stolen from you
Give back! the shit they've given to you
Let's fight! let's fight with our hearts
Unite! we shouldn't be apart

It's up to us, anarchists believe in a higher order
and a non-coercive way of life.
To litter our over crowded decaying cities with our literature
to heckle and drown out the speeches of corrupt leaders
that come to our towns and spew forth their wretched de-evolutionary
bullshit.
And hold demonstrations, as small as they may be,
to let the state know we're still here in 1996
and we're not going to sit back
and watch them destroy what little we have left to grasp onto.
LET THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE!
Some nights I dream of mutilated politicians on poles
headless officers of the almighty law
bloated bankers choking on money
the hungry feeding off pigs' corpses
the wonderful smell of racist's rotten flesh on fire
OPPRESSORS BE WARNED: ALL DREAMS COME TRUE SOMEDAY