

# We Are the People

Iggy Pop

We are the people without land  
We are the people without tradition  
We are the people who do not know how to die peacefully and at ease  
We are the thoughts of sorrows  
Endings of tomorrows  
We are the wisps of rulers  
And the jokers of kings

We are the people without right  
We are the people who have known only lies and desperation  
We are the people without a country, a voice, or a mirror  
We are the crystal gaze returned through the density and immensity of a berzerk nation  
We are the victims of the untold manifesto of the lack of depth  
Of full and heavy emptiness

We are the people without sorrow  
Who have moved beyond national pride and indifference  
To a parody of instinct  
We are the people who are desperate  
Beyond emotion because it defies thought  
We are the people who conceive our destruction and carry it out lawfully  
We are the insects of someone else's thought  
A casualty of daytime, nighttime, space, and God  
Without race, nationality, or religion  
We are the people, and the people, the people