

Hunger Strike

Linkin Park

I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled.
But it's on the table
The fire is cooking
And they're farming babies
While slaves are working.
Blood is on the table
And the mouths are choking.
But I'm growing hungry

I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled.
But it's on the table
The fires cooking
And they're farming babies
While the slaves are all working.
And it's on the table
The mouths are choking.
But I'm growing hungry
I'm going hungry