

# In Comes the Flood

Machine Head

All hail  
Praises be to thee  
Oh ye paper deity  
As we hail our sacred cow  
To the bankers we will bow  
Endless profit from their wars  
Making slaves of all the poor  
Our new god is on the hill  
"The Almighty" Dollar Bill

I want to burn down Wall Street, baby  
And fan the flames of discontent like Hades  
Saints of Red, White, and Blue  
Pass bonds of junk to you  
Our flag has all but bled to green

In comes the flood  
Wake up America  
In comes the flood  
Wake up America

Live to buy or time to die  
It's all for sale on credit lines  
Until the fucking end of time  
Shackled to the dotted line  
Oh the market may be free  
But not for you and me  
Succumb as we forget  
To the Angel Of Debt

I don't give a fuck if I'm rich, motherfucker  
We bought that line 'cause we're a bunch of suckers  
We're fighting for the scraps  
We've let our conscience lapse  
By turning cash into a god

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Moneytheistic religion  
Saints of the red, white, blue, and green  
Who dare to inflate my life's interest rate  
'Til their rich bellies burst at the seams  
Our lives nothing more to them  
Than a snap of financial decision  
Blinded by a TV screen  
All hail the American Dream

And woe to thee  
Our life empty  
If we hold this dear  
Then lose our fear

America  
Wake up

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