

# Call Me

Marcos Hernandez

Here we are in confusion  
Could be it's all an illusion  
Who knows the times to come  
The years to face, the race to run

We believe in the graven image  
We believe in the fight to the finish  
We desire the almighty dollar  
The pound of flesh, the golden collar  
Lick the hand, we give our land to dogs

Here we are in the years  
The blood, the sweat, the tears  
Have made us bondage slaves  
In a world that we never made

The politicians lick your bones  
The tacticians, hearts of stone  
They turn us against our brothers  
Make us fight and kill each other  
Locked in lust we put our trust in dogs

Now here we are again  
The dead still look the same  
Who cares they're soon forgotten  
Nobody gonna miss a corpse that's rotten

Your fathers, daughters, mothers and sons  
Have been taken by the chosen ones  
But don't forget you made the choice  
You made your mark, you raised your voice  
They're all the same, you're all to blame  
They're all the same, you're all to blame  
They're all the same and you're to blame, you're dogs, dogs