The unfortunate are abused by those who roll in their riches an d wealth

Shit to us all they're only concerned about ones our self Kept in our place, divided, their authorities rule We are made to grovel and beg, in their eyes we're the dumb foo 1

The people are tormented by the ones who hold the most power Confused and frustrated, so still show the dove or the flower Ignored and disregarded, then made to look the joke In their eyes we're the shit, who they love to provoke

As I look at life, it seems so unfair
So many f\*\*ked up bastards that just don't care
How much ore of this shit can you take, before you start to thi
nk

That the ones that abuse are the ones that stink That the ones that abuse are the ones that stink

The people are divided, police and army their forces ridicule Forced to stay in line, forced not to break a rule The ones most concerned, are the ones made to feel the most pain

A child dies of cold and hunger, still they show no shame

How fare will they go, just how far will they take it As provoked and tormented people aren't going to take no more s hit

Centuries of lies, deceit, death from those at the top Well those bastards will deserve all they get if they refuse to stop

As I look at life, it seems so unfair So many f\*\*ked up bastards that refuse to care How much more of this shit can you take, before you start to th ink

That the ones that abuse are the ones that stink That the ones that abuse are the ones that stink