

It's time we question the things we've ignored
Ravage the blood-bought wealth they've stored
Through genocide

Spirits of the wicked
You stack bills, they stack bodies
Numb to empathy
Spirits of the wicked
You stack bills, they stack bodies
Barbaric camaraderie

You refuse
To clean up the mess you've made
You're leaving land once cherished
Now a desert of graves
Desert of graves
You stack bills and they keep stacking bodies

We lay in false comfort
While the savages take hold
Debt is the currency of slaves
Unless we rise in revolt

Rise in revolt.
Rise in revolt.
Rise in revolt.

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Numb to empathy
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You stack bills, they stack bodies
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We lay in false comfort
While the savages take hold
Debt is the currency of slaves

Stand up!
Rise in revolt!