

# 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

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I'm going hungry