

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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