

Call Me

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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