

Black Soot And Red Blood

Panopticon

Tonight, the dis-harmonic symphony of the cicadas plague
my ears...
Drifting off to the mind numbing hum of grinding gears.
Families starving in the eerie silence of the hills...lie
exposed to the elements so fierce...
Hold out just one more day...say the same tomorrow...say the
same tomorrow.
For the union, hold out, for a fair wage and a living,
this sorrow.
Living and dying union men.
Meet them in the streets, meet them in the hollers, meet
them in the hills and don't back down.
Fight for what is right, for every working man to earn
his keep.
Fight for what is right till they meet your demands...in
Bloody Harlan...lives laid down for the union.
Scarlet red around your neck.
Black lungs and broken backs in Bloody Harlan, in Bloody
Harlan...in Bloody Harlan.
The years go on and the mountains crumble.
The right to live and work, sacrificing body and land.
From Kentucky to West Virginia, the workers rise and fall
while wringing hands profit off of it all...