

So you really want to force my hand
For the sake of some old plan
It's theivery.
Because you're taking from us
What we need the most
Some soul and dignity
I said it's thievery

So many chains have been broken
So many chains that remain
It could be like ammunition
Fear in people, superstition, who's the richer
The bigger picture is that in the end
Aint nobody can hold back the rain

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Spoke to an old friend
Who's running out of faith
He's been running this here race for so long
Kinda seems a little out of place
More and more out of focus
With the weight upon his shoulders
Politician, Television, can't you see it's all a fake

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