

## Ashes in the Fall

## Rage Against the Machine

A mass of hands press on the market window  
Ghosts of progress dressed in slow death  
Feeding on hunger and glaring through the promise  
Upon the food that rots slowly in the aisle

A mass of nameless at the oasis  
That hides the graves beneath the masters hill  
Buried for drinking the rivers water  
While shackled to the line at the empty well

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

Listen to the fascist sing  
Take hope here war is elsewhere  
You were chosen this is God's land  
Soon well be free of blot and mixture  
Seeds planted by our forefathers hand

A mass of promises begin to rupture  
Like the pockets of the new world kings  
Like swollen stomachs in Appalachia  
Like the priests that fuck you  
As they whisper holy things

A mass of tears have transformed to stones now  
Sharpened on suffering woven into slings  
Hope lies in the rubble of this rich fortress  
Taking today what tomorrow never brings

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over new ground

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

Ain't the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Look at the noose now  
Over the, over the  
Over the burning ground

Ain't it funny how the factory's doors close  
Round the time that the school doors close  
Round the time that the doors of the jail cells  
Open up to greet you like the reaper

Ain't it funny how the factory's doors close  
Round the time that the school doors close  
Round the time that a hundred thousand jail cells  
Open up to greet you like the reaper

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This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

This is the new sound  
Just like the old sound  
Just like the noose wound  
Over the new ground

Like ashes in the fall  
Like ashes in the fall  
Like ashes in the fall

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