

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

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Just like the noose wound
Over new ground

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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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