

The Deadly Rhythm

Refused

This union made us powerless is talking over our heads
Claiming prosperity in a downward spiral plan

Stuck by deadly rhythm of the production line
Stuck by deadly rhythm of the production line

This power made us unionless is taking out of our hands
Cheapest labor at our expensive cost, auctioned lives away

Stuck by deadly rhythm of the production line
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We [Incomprehensible] our lives like we are thankful
For what we are being forced into

Is it our duty to die for governments and for Gods?
Is it our privilege to slave for market and for industry?
Is it our right to follow laws, set to scare and to oppress?
Is it a gift to stay in line and will it take away the blame?

Can no longer pay the price, we'll get organized
We'll no longer believe working for you will set us free
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