

Insurrection

Sick of It All

Resentful, I'm sure the feeling is mutual
Power for those with the most capital
Upper echelon not in touch at all
Grabbing at straws, desperation

Whatcha' gonna do about it?
Where are you gonna run?
Whatcha' gonna do about it
that you haven't already done?

No more joy in the lives of the skinned and exited
Screaming from silence,
pent up inside us
All this frustration, has bred all this violence.

In the commotion power was at hand,
in the confusion wealth was up for grabs,
both looked appealing we took all that we could,
control was ours and then we understood

Helpless, I'm sure the feeling is typical
Glory for those with the most capital
Upper echelon we rule with an iron hand
Crushing any insurrection
Whatcha' gonna do about it
There's nothing you can do...