

## 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...