

Machete

Sick of It All

Why are you still sleeping through these terrible times?
Disempowered slumber through the terrible crimes

When the time comes the highest up will fall down hard
The fall of the empire - the one who tried to lock us down

The rich will just get richer at our expense
Let our lives of sweat and toil be recompensed

When the time comes the highest up will fall down hard
The fall of the empire - the one who tried to

Bust

I return every hundred years. every hundred years
When the people awaken

I return every hundred years. every hundred years
When the people wake and see my machete raised up proudly

Machete - my machete
Machete - my machete

Untouchables. now touchable. will beg for kindness
Above the law no more. we're no longer under their spell