

Death Or Fight

Star Fucking Hipsters

They're marching up and down
The streets of every town
Their boots clamp on the ground
And it's a terrifying sound

'Cause soon these soldiers will break our doors
It's the orders handed down
And when they find us hidden here
They'll beat us to the ground
They'll hand the shovels in the woods
For us to dig our graves
...and you say "Jesus Saves"

They'll put us on the trains
They'll pull tight on the reins
They'll strip us in our pain
They'll bash us in our brains

And some may find a way
To survive through the cold
They'll separate the families
And execute the old
The rest of us will starve and die
The sickness comes in waves
...and they say "Jesus Saves"

The bodies burn each day
But we're freezing anyway
And there's nothing left to say
In this good ol' U.S.A.

The day our armies marched on us
We swore they'd gone insane
The president ordered his soldiers
To clean up the fruited plains
And so from sea to shining sea
In the land of feudal slaves
...the papers read that "Jesus Saves"

And when they sort the populace
Our dignity turned to shame
Protection is the omnibus
The families are the same
The soldiers drown in alcohol
But no one misbehaves
...they think that "Jesus Saves"

And it could happen here
In a nation full of fear
The prefabricated tears
Are cried out through the years

And what's the cost of discontent
We're dissidents that scream dissent
Will we let the pigs break down our doors
Or fight 'em back, against the antipoor
These darkened days will corner us all

And stuck behind the penitentiary walls
We'll have to choose our death or fight
We'll have to stand up for human rights

Stand up, for human rights
Stand up, it's death or fight

Living the lies and the laws of the land locked down in a police state
As all of the pigs with the power and money get fatter from our fate
Look at the world 30 years ago and the future's plain to see
They smother us all in so many lies through the media TV

Stand up, for human rights
Stand up, it's death or fight

And somewhere beyond the thunder-dome
Someday we just might find a home
Autonomistic paradise
Worth all the world without a price
And we can all be happy there
Eat Soylent Green, breathe Soylent air
And never rest our weary heads
We can all sleep when we're dead
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
We all sleep when we're dead
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
We all sleep when we're dead