

# Never-Ending War Song

Subhumans

There's someone on the doorstep with a button in his hand  
All this western culture fix has blown apart his land  
Until we make connections with the way it's all been planned  
His hate for us is something we'll never understand

Advertise democracy then offer it for sale  
The price goes through the roof much like the bombs if payment fails  
To pay the interest on the loan to build some factories  
And extra jobs for the boys back home as burger franchises

So when your nation's starving 'cos the wages that we pay  
Means you can't afford to eat the food they cook 12 hours a day  
Or wear the shoes they make so our teenagers can stay cool  
We'll keep the cycle going till you've military rule

And then, my friend, the arms we've got will cost you more than debt  
An everlasting friendship that we won't let you forget  
All this global enterprise truly goes two ways  
You give us your resources - we give you bigger chains

It's a war against war against war against war  
With words about words about words on the wall  
Stances taken, dealers shaking  
Hands on the arms deal, here's some more

Money exchanges, there go the wages  
There go the jobs, and here comes the poor  
White man trade and we all get slaves  
Making the trainers we can't afford

We look to the sky when we want to know why  
We go to the ground to get profound  
Here comes a plane to deliver again  
And we get to our knees and pray that it's food

Nobody explained who didn't have a suit on  
Nobody complained 'cos we didn't understand  
More worried about the rains and where to get the food from  
They may say they run the country  
But it's us living off the land

We saw the ad and bought the box  
And saw the ad and lots of clocks  
And ties and tightness, so much tightness  
The money key fits all the locks

Importation ran amok  
When all this greed escaped the box  
We learnt to feed for more than what we needed  
And then the value dropped

We took for granted all we'd had  
But prices only raise the cost  
Of living without joining in  
Such soul-degrading culture loss

So then we had to fight to save ourselves from losing proper jobs

Then fight again to get the ones where corporations were the boss  
You'd recognize the household name  
It's on your t-shirt and your socks  
Or skyward advertising gas on baseball hats in parking lots

Business rang the businessman  
Who rang around, said "here's the plan  
We use up everything we can  
Then raise the price and get some more"

Overseas where by degrees  
Their leaders carry guns, I see  
Dictatorships and poverty  
And what we're looking for

Oil and aid a fair exchange  
Yet all these guns get in the way  
Well, I flipped a coin  
And either way  
It's time to go to war"  
To go to war

Now I've just my anger left to keep me half alive  
Below that 50/50 line it's worthless to survive  
And worth the chance of an afterlife of peace and silent nights  
Just one more thing I have to say and do before I die

Here is what you get for forcing us to buy your civilisation  
War's the global empty face of loss and its retaliation