

## Bigger Cages Longer Chains!

### The Famine

The swine are circling and they've tasted blood.  
Poster children for manifest destiny, and they have become  
a farm team of rednecks with cable TV and nothing better to do;  
Rows of teeth waiting patiently to take the place of the newly  
lost.

The sound of the footsteps outside are loudest at this time of  
night.  
They have strength in their numbers and god on their side,  
waving guns in the air using pride as a guise.

Paralyzed masses with fear in their eyes, overreaching, overrea  
cting now the spirit of the times.  
Fair-weather captains directing these ships of fools.  
If their hands do touch blood: "I am innocent! They were innoce  
nt! I am innocent!"

The sound of the footsteps outside are loudest at this time of  
night.  
They have strength in their numbers and god on their side,  
waving guns in the air using pride as a guise.

It takes more than a minute to make you a man.  
Arming corn-fed confederates, is that what we call a plan?  
Pilate standing with one foot in his own grave, our hands are a  
s filthy as they have ever been.