

# The Iron Heel

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2007

Boxcar, rusts on the track  
It'll never go forward and never go back  
Wagon wheel, in the dirt by the road  
Never again to bear any man's load

Trash fires, provide the only light  
In a day with no morning and a day with no night  
Parasites, spread and consume  
Feeding away until left with our doom

Government controls what we make  
All that we love and all that we hate  
Through fear and blood, pleasure and lust  
To the things that we buy controlled by the Trust

"In God We Trust" though God doesn't care  
About the state of the union or the state of affairs  
He's too busy, with celebrity reports,  
Winning awards, and winning at sports

And the people are working harder today  
In the worst of jobs for the worst of pay  
While life all around you dies and decays  
And the clothes for your kids are on layaway

The latest surveillance is fixed on your face  
Decoding your history, your manner, your race  
Speak aloud, and you're bound to get killed  
Or month by month when your drowning in bills

Welfare, "fare thee well"  
To papa in prison, stuck in a cell  
As cell fill out of control  
You die from a virus through a glitch in your soul

And people are working harder today  
Eliminate those, who further delay  
Increase the hours and cut their pay  
So that the rich can sit in a yacht on the bay

Diet plans, to help you lose weight  
When take a look at what comes on your plate  
"Happy Meals" that are really so sad  
In either case they'll make you feel bad

About what you wear, and the car you drive  
You need these things and those, just to feel "alive"  
To be alive, means they can rape you some more  
And use your face to wipe up the floor

Working, working, working today  
The cries for change have long been delayed  
When millions of voices have only to say:  
I'm not your puppet in this pitiful play

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