

Off The Cuff

by Adam Sifre

Eat the rich.
There's no incoming stitch.
Think twice before you snitch.
Side by side, freshly dug ditch.

Lay them long, stack them high,
'till the Pradas darken the sky.
Make them crawl, where they would fly.
Drag them through our streets by their black ties.

They'll divide us with their lies,
and our APR's will rise.
Until the greed shining in their eyes,
disappears under clouds of flies.

Deny, Depose, Delay
until we give up and lose they day.
But maybe this time we will stay
and it's their turn to fade away.

