

**RageAgainstTheMachine**

**COLLABORATORS**

	<i>TITLE :</i> RageAgainstTheMachine		
<i>ACTION</i>	<i>NAME</i>	<i>DATE</i>	<i>SIGNATURE</i>
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## Chapter 1

# RageAgainstTheMachine

### 1.1 Rage Against The Machine

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                                "Rage Against The Machine"
1.50
    Bombtrack
    1.50
    Killing in the name
    1.50
    Take the power back
    1.50
    Settle for nothing
    1.50
    Bullet in the head
    1.50
    Know your enemy
    1.50
    Wake up
    1.50
    Fistful of steel
    1.50
    Township rebellion
    1.50
    Freedom
```

### 1.2 Bombtrack

```
Perf   / Wykon:      Rage Against The Machine
Song   / Piosenka:   Bombtrack
Plate  / Płyta:      Rage Against The Machine
Send   / Przysłał:   Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)
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It's just another bombtrack
And suckas be thinkin' that they can fade this
But I'm gonna drop it at a higher level
'Cause I'm inclined to stoop down
Hand out some beat-downs
Cold runna train on punk ho's that
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Think they run the game  
But I learned to burn that bridge and delete  
Those who compete at a level that's obsolete  
Instead I warm my hands on the flames of the flag  
As I recall our downfall  
And the business that burned us all  
See through the news and views that twist reality  
Enough  
I call the bluff  
Manifest destiny

Landlords and power whores  
On my people they took turns  
Dispute the suits I ignite  
And then watch 'em burn

The thoughts of a militant mind  
Hardline, hardline after hardline

Landlords and power whores  
On my people they took turns  
Dispute the suits I ignite  
And then watch 'em burn

Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn

Another funky radical bombtrack  
Started as a sketch in my notebook  
But now dope hooks make punks take another look  
My thoughts ya hear and ya begin to fear  
That ya card will get pulled if ya interfere

With the thoughts of a militant mind  
Hardline, hardline after hardline

Landlords and power whores  
On my people they took turns  
Dispute the suits I ignite  
And then watch 'em burn

Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn  
Burn, burn, yes ya gonna burn

### 1.3 Killing in the name

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Killing in the name  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Przysłać: Rafał 'Muck' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Huh!

Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
They justify those who die, for wearing the badge take the chosen way

Now ya do what they tell ya  
Now ya do what they tell ya  
Now ya do what they tell ya  
Now ya do what they tell ya

Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Some of those that work forces are the same that burn crosses  
Huh!

Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
Those who die or justify, for wearing the badge take the chosen way  
They justify those who die, for wearing the badge take the chosen way

Now ya do what they tell ya (and you're under control)  
Now ya do what they tell ya (and you're under control)  
Now ya do what they tell ya (and you're under control)  
Now ya do what they tell ya (and you're under control)

Fuck you I won't do what you tell me  
Fuck you I won't do what you tell me  
Fuck you I won't do what you tell me  
Fuck you I won't do what you tell me

## 1.4 Take the power back

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Take the power back  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Prześlij: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

In the right light, study becomes insight  
But the systems that dissed us  
Teaches us to read and write

So-called facts are fraud  
They want us to allege and pledge  
And bow down to thier God  
Lost the culture, the culture lost  
Spun our minds and through time  
Ignorance has taken over  
We gotta take the power back

Bam! here's the plan  
Mother fuck Uncle Sam  
Step back, I know who I am  
Raise up your ear, I'll drop the style and clear  
It's the beats and lyrics they fear  
The rage is relentless  
We need a movement with a quickness  
You are the witness of change  
And to counteract

We gotta take the power back  
We gotta take the power back  
We gotta take the power back

The present curriculums  
I put my fist in 'em  
Eurocentric every last one of 'em  
See right through the red, white and blue disguise  
With lecture, I puncture the structure of lies  
Installed in our minds and attempting  
To hold us back  
We've gotta take the power back  
'Cause holes in our spirit are causin' tears and fears  
One-sided stories for years and years and years  
I'm inferior? Who's inferior?  
Yea, we needa check the interior  
Of the system who cares about only one culture  
And that is why  
We gotta take the power back

The teacher stands in front of the class  
But the lesson plan he can't recall  
The student's eyes don't perceive the lies  
Bouncing off every fucking wall  
His composure is well kept  
I guess he fears playing the fool  
The complacent students sit and listen to the  
Bullshit that he learned in school

Europe ain't my rope to swing on  
Can't learn a thing from it  
Yet we hang from it  
Gotta get it, gotta get it together then  
Like the mother fuckin' weathermen  
To expose and close the doors on those who try  
To strangle and mangle the truth  
'Cause the circle of hatred continues unless we react  
We gotta take the power back

No more lies

## 1.5 Settle for nothing

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Settle for nothing

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Plate / Piyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Przysiaa: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

A jail cell is freedom from the pain in my home  
Hatred passed on, passed on and passed on  
A world of violent rage  
But it's one that I can recognize  
Having never seen the colour of my father's eyes  
Yes, I dwell in hell but it's a hell that I can grip  
I tried to grip my family  
But I slipped  
To escape from the pain and an existence mundane  
I gotta 9, a sign, a set and now I got a name

Read my writing on the wall  
No one's here to catch me when I fall  
But death in on my side  
Suicide

A jail cell is freedom from the pain in my home  
Hatred passed on, passed on, passed on  
A world of violent rage  
But it's one I can recognize  
Having never seen the colour of my father's eyes  
Yes, I dwell in hell but it's a hell that I can grip  
I tried to grip my family  
But I slipped  
To escape from the pain and an existence mundane  
I gotta 9, a sign, a set and now I got a name

Read my writing on the wall  
No one's here to catch me when I fall  
Caught between my culture and the system  
Genocide

Read my writing on the wall  
No one's here to catch me when I fall  
If ignorance is bliss  
Then knock the smile off my face

If we don't take action now  
We settle for nothing later  
We'll settle for nothing now  
And we'll settle for nothing later

## 1.6 Bullet in the head

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Bullet in the head  
Plate / Piyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Przysiaa: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

This time the bullet cold rocked ya  
A yellow ribbon instead of a swastika  
Nothin' proper about ya properganda

---



Fools follow rules when the set commands ya  
They said it was blue  
When the blood was red  
That's how you got a bullet blasted through ya head

Blasted through ya head  
Blasted through ya head

I give a shout out to the living dead  
Who stood and watched as the feds cold centralized  
So serene on the screen  
You was mesmerized  
Cellular phones soundin' a death tone  
Corporations cold  
Turn ya to stone before ya realize

They load th clip in omnicolour  
They pack the 9, they fire it at prime time  
Sleeping gas, every home was like Alcatraz  
And mutha fuckas loast their minds

Just victims of the in-house drive-by  
They say jump you say how high  
They load the clip in omnicolour  
They pack the 9, they fire it at prime time  
Sleeping gas, every home was like Alcatraz  
And mutha fuckas lost their minds

No escape from the mass mind rape  
Play it again jack and then rewind the tape  
Play it again and again and again  
Until ya mind gets locked in  
Believin' all the lies that they're tellin' ya  
Buying all the products that they're sellin' ya  
They say jump  
Ya say how high  
Ya brain dead  
Ya got a fuckin' bullet in ya head

Just victims of the in-house drive-by  
they say jump you say how high

Ya standin' in line  
Believin' the lies  
Bowin' down to the flag  
Ya gotta bullet in ya head

## 1.7 Know your enemy

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Know your enemy  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Przysłać: Rafał 'Muck' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Born with insight and a raised fist

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A witness to the slit wrist  
As we move into '92  
Still in a room without a view  
Ya got to know  
Ya got to know  
That when I say go, go, go  
Amp up and amplify  
Defy  
I'm a brother with a furious mind  
Action must be taken  
We don't need the key  
We'll break in

Something must be done  
About vengeance, a badge and a gun  
'Cause I'll rip the mike, rip the stage, rip the system  
I was born to rage against 'em

Fist in ya face, in the place  
And I'll drop the style clearly  
Know your enemy

Word is born  
Fight the war, fuck the norm  
Now I got no patience  
So sick of complacence  
With the D E F I A N C E  
The mind of a revolutionary  
So clear the lane  
The finger to the land of chains  
What? The land of the free?  
Whoever told you that is your enemy

Something must be done  
About vengeance, a badge, and a gun  
'Cause I'll rip the mike, rip the stage, rip the system  
I was born to rage agaisnt 'em

Now action must be taken  
We don't need no key  
We'll break in

I've got no patience now  
So sick of complacence now  
I've got no patience now  
So sick of complacence now  
Sick of sick of sick of sick of sick of you  
Time has come to pay

Yes I know my enemies  
They're the teachers who taught me to fight me  
Compromise, conformity, assimilation, submission,  
Ignorance, hypocrisy, brutality, the elite  
All of which are American dreams

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## 1.8 Wake up

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Wake up  
Plate / Pięta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Prześlij: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Although ya try to discredit  
Ya still never edit  
The needle, I'll thread it  
Radically poetic  
Standin' with the fury that they had in '66  
And like E-Double, I'm mad  
Still knee-deep in the system's shit  
Hoover, he was a body remover  
I'll give ya a dose  
But it'll never come close  
To the rage built up inside of me  
Fist in the air, in the land of hipocrisy

Movements come and movements go  
Leaders speak, movements go  
When their heads are flown  
'Cause all these punks  
Got bullets in their heads  
Departments of police, the judge, the feds  
Networks at work, keepin' people calm  
You know they went after King  
When he spoke out on Vietnam  
He turned the power to the have-nots  
And then came the shot

Wit' poetry, my mind I flex  
Flip like Wilson, vocals never lackin' dat finesse  
Whadda I have to do to wake ya up  
To shake ya up, to break the structure up  
'Cause this blood still flows in the gutter  
I'm like takin' photos  
Mad boy kicks open the shutter  
Set the groove  
Then I stick and move like I was Cassius  
Rep the stutter step  
Then bomb a left upon the fascists  
Yea, the several federal men  
Who pulled schemes on the dream  
And put it to an end

Ya better beware  
Of retribution with mind war  
20/20 visions and murals with metaphors

The networks at work, keepin' people calm  
Ya know they murdered X  
And tried to blame it on Islam  
He turned the power to the have-nots  
And then came the shot

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What was the price on his head

WAKE UP!

## 1.9 Fistful of steel

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Fistful of steel  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Przysiać: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Silence  
Something about silence makes me sick  
'Cause silence can be violent  
Sorta like a slit wrist

If the vibe was suicide  
Then you would push da button  
But if ya bowin' down  
Then let me do the cuttin'

Some speak the sounds  
But speak in silent voices  
Like the radio is silent  
Though it fills the air with noises  
Its transmissions bring submission  
As ya mold to the unreal  
Mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel

Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel

Yes, it's time to flow like the fluid in ya veins  
If ya will it, I will spill it  
And ya out just as quick as ya came  
Not a silent one  
But a defiant one  
Never a normal one  
'Cause I'm the bastard son  
With the visions of the move  
Vocals not to soothe  
But to ignite and put in flight  
My sense of militance  
Groovin', playin' this game called survival  
Status the elite, the enemy, the rival  
The silent sheep slippin', riffin', trippin'  
Give ya a glimpse of the reality I'm grippin'  
Steppin' into the jame and I'm slammin' like Shaquille  
Mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel

---

Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel  
Fistful of steel

A .44 full of bullets  
Face full of pale  
Eyes full of empty  
A stare full of nails  
The roulette ball rolls alone on the wheel  
A mind full of fire  
And a fistful of steel

If the vibe was suicide  
Then you would push da button  
But if ya bowin' down  
Then let me do the cuttin'

## 1.10 Township rebellion

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Township rebellion  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Prześlij: Rafał 'MucK' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Rebel, rebel and yell  
'Cause our people still dwell in hell  
Locked in a cell  
Yes, the structure's a cell  
Mad is the story I tell  
How long can we wait  
Come on, seein' what's at stake  
Action for reaction  
If your mind's in a somewhat complacent state  
Get a check-up  
This is a stick-up  
Our freedom or your life  
I wish I could be peaceful  
But there can be no sequel

Now freedom should be fundamental  
In Johannesburg or South Central  
On the mic, 'cause someone should tell 'em  
To kick in the township rebellion

Yea, so you thought you could get with the hardlines  
That fill your mind  
The thoughts, battles fought  
And lessons taught  
Ans I'll display the fitness  
And flip like a gymnast  
Raise my fist and resist  
Asleep, though we stand in the midst  
Of the war  
Gotta get mine

Gotta get more  
Keepin' the mic warm against the norm  
'Cause what does it offer me  
I think often it's nothin' but a coffin

Gotta get wreck  
'Till out necks never swing on a rope  
From here to the cape of no hope

Now freedom should be fundamental  
In Johannesburg or South Central  
On the mic, 'cause someone should tell 'em  
To kick in the township rebellion

Why stand  
On a silent platform  
Fight the war  
Fuck the norm

## 1.11 Freedom

Perf / Wykon: Rage Against The Machine  
Song / Piosenka: Freedom  
Plate / Płyta: Rage Against The Machine  
Send / Prześlij: Rafał 'Muck' Wawrzycki (rwawrzycki@bacon.umcs.lublin.pl)

Solo, I'm a soloist or a solo list  
All live, never on a floppy disk  
Inka, inka, bottle of ink  
Paintings of rebellion  
Drawn up by the thoughts I think

It's set up like a deck of cards  
They're sending us to early graves  
For all the diamonds  
They'll use a pair of clubs to beat the spades  
With poetry I paint the pictures that hit  
More like the murals that fit  
Don't turn away  
Get in front of it

Brotha did ya forget ya name  
Did ya lose it on the wall  
Playin' tic-tac-toe

Yo, check the diagonal  
Three brothers gone  
Come one  
Doesn't that make it three in a row  
Anger is a gift

Brotha did ya forget ya name  
Did ya lose it on the wall  
Playin' tic-tac-toe

---

Yo, check the diagonal  
Three million gone  
Come on  
'Cause they're counting backwards to zero

Environment  
The environment exceeding on the level  
Of our unconsciousness  
For example  
What does the billboard say  
Come and play, come and play  
Forget about the movement  
Anger is a gift

Freedom, freedom, yea right

---