

# Fight With Tools

## Flobots

Echo, echo, one-nine  
Hear the call through fault lines  
Smoke signals, old rhymes  
Shorted lights in store signs  
Spelled in a broken code  
Find that it is time to  
Breathe, build, bend, and refine you  
We sky tenants  
Give it all but won't give up  
Radio soul antennas  
Radio to lift spirits  
Call sign commando  
M.O. is independence  
Scream 'til the walls fall  
Dissolve all the limits  
Occupied minds  
Unemployed skills  
Desolation  
Worn out  
Torn down  
Just for now thrill seekers  
Slanging  
Test tube babies in beakers  
Where gun blasts pump straight from the speakers  
The system where the  
Poor get poorly paid  
To hold the ladder  
Where the rich get ricocheted  
Into the stratosphere  
And in between people are rushin' like Vladimir  
With metals to make their status clear  
Get us outta here  
We need heroes  
Build them  
Don't put your fist up  
Fill them  
Fight with our hopes and our hearts and our hands  
We're the architects of our last stand  
There's a war going on for your mind  
Those who seek to occupy it will stop at nothing  
The battlefield is everywhere  
There is no sanctuary  
There are no civilians

You have two choices:  
Surrender or enlist  
What kind of person are you?  
Always the first to argue  
Or never down to stick your neck out  
'Cause it hurts you far too much  
To see your rep suffer?  
Set you up a buffer  
Well neither is enough for us cut from a tougher brand of duct tape  
The propaganda's stuck on us like sock pajamas  
Spread like a virus  
Through accepted thoughts and proper manners  
But off the cameras  
Something's simmering across the land  
About to bubble up  
And knock the lids off of the pots and pans  
We are non-stop juggernauts  
Stomp ziggurats  
Spit manifestos  
By terabytes and gigawatts  
Shock paradigms  
Give sense to a score  
Throw thoughts through the sky  
Activate twenty more  
In these high and dry times  
Expectorate on dogma  
Pragmatic sycophants  
Divide and conquer  
We build bridges offa  
Hard work and prosper  
As hand made heroes brought to you by no sponsors  
All free minds to the front  
All minds to the front  
We call upon the women  
We call upon the children  
We call upon the handicapped  
The infirm  
The weak of heart  
We need your courage  
Your dedication  
Your passion  
Your commitment  
Gather up your platinum  
Melt it down  
Gather up your gold  
Melt it down  
Gather up your bronze  
Your silver  
Your aluminum  
Melt it down  
Melt it down

Melt it down

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>