

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

05/05/2026

# hotel industrial complex

Par Floralis

*Album : Saboteur Club Anthems Vol. 1*

A child walks home alone inside a holiday pamphlet photograph standard,  
She runs to the beach after school, where 20 years later, she's cut from the canvas,  
She finds a wired fence, and looks at the white man stood with a lanyard  
"No locals beyond this point", he screams at the girl, she resigns in sadness,  
Runs through the sugarcane doused in blood, 300 years and it's not cleaned up,  
Master to CEO, she's marked by them all, covered in scars and cuts,  
How many hotels would it ever take for a white man to reclaim his old stakes?  
Well it's one for the IMF, one for the oil, and one for the tourists to cleanse the whole place  
Yes your uncle hates me, 'cause I tell him get fucked en route to Haiti,  
On a business trip, his overwaged team, run the place into debt and claim the whole streets,  
With his World Bank fees, enforcing slavery, but they think I'm rude, exclaiming to me  
"Why should I be made to leave when my business deals can sway the damn trees?"

**Sugar's melting down, and clings right to the wound,**

**When the scar tissue has branded you, they'll make you vacate soon,**

**Hotels scrape the sky, your family home's a tomb,**

**When they kick you from the motherland, they'll tear you out the womb,**

**So burn the planes, before they burn you too**

**So burn the planes, before they make you fuel,**

**Oh girl, oh girl**

When I say I hate landlords, it means I fucking hate landlords,  
It means that the friends that rent your place could all be homeless if you all felt bored,  
It means that the hotel owners privatise beaches, made our folk homeless,  
And it means that the colonised people had enough shit, you're dead in our focus  
You look at me in the face, like where are you from? I'm acting so dazed,  
When I tell you, you get excited, pina coladas over the island,  
And you sing Bob Marley on karaoke, half drunk and you're all smiling,  
And you yell at the waiter, look like John Major, mate I'm 'bout to get violent,  
Don't wanna hear no UB40, sunburnt, corny, acting appalling,  
Mate says he's almost a local, where are you from, he says he's from Tourquay,  
I know he's turned 40, claims his wife his 20, mate I know you tell porkies,  
And he jokes that his skin is almost my shade, but mate you're crispy and chalky,  
I see you've got appetite, well we'll treat you right,  
Lace dessert with some cyanide, no more jokes tonight,  
And I know they say you're so funny, but mate we just want your money,  
And now that you're gone, we're taking your home, like baby, am I not cunt?

**Sugar's melting down, and clings right to the wound,**

**When the scar tissue has branded you, they'll make you vacate soon,**

Hotels scrape the sky, your family home's a tomb,

When they kick you from the motherland, they'll tear you out the womb,

So burn the planes, before they burn you too

So burn the planes, before they make you fuel,

Oh girl, oh girl

ICIBILLET.COM