

Burning Heads, Glass Ceiling

I'm stucked in the social elevator,
I cannot reach the upper floor,
I try to touch all the buttons,
But the machine doesn't seem to work,

I know what it's all about,
Now the only way is a way out,
I'll take the stairs, nevermind,
I wanna live so i'm gonna climb,

Seems like we're stucked to the ground,
We're still waiting for the next round,
It's been a mess since we were born,
Maybe it's just because we're brown,

I'm out of the so-called elevator,
I've found the stairs i was looking for,
I see the way but there's a door,
Don't have the key don't have the code,

I've talked to the walls for so long,
But never matched to get a sound,
Just want to make this place a home,
That's why i keep on singing songs,

Seems like we're stucked to the ground,
We've been waiting for too long,
Too many things had been so wrong,
And now there's a riot going on.