

# Gat-Rot, This Is Not My America

This is not my America.  
Land of the fleeced and under paid.  
Who is the enemy, corporations or the wage slave?  
This is not my America.  
When hatred is embraced by millions, who do you trust?  
This numb land is out of touch.

The beloved contradiction keeps the American ideal afloat.  
Keep speech free for the masses and whip me with the flag.  
We've built our fortune on expendable backs.  
This is not my America, embracing freedom armed and angered.  
This is not my America, with hostile opposition religion.  
Please be my shield, in this land of selfish sacrifice,  
where we demand convenience and comfort regardless of price.  
Silent-stagnant-sedate in this culture of rape.

Divulge unto yourself feelgood ideologies.  
Overlook four centuries of destruction and catastrophe.  
No freedom in this homeland of the free, America was never America to me.  
Is this what our greedy, sexist forefathers envisioned?  
How can we justify our pride through violence and hatred?

We learn to burn forget what we know, slave to the celebrated status quo.

Strive for America the free not superiority'