

Goldfinger, Iron Fist

Standing in the road and its rush hour
Wishing I was far from this scene
Standing in the road and Im freezing
Its hard to breathe

This morning I was dreaming of angels
Covered in the warmth of their wings
This morning was a different lifetime Ive come to believe

So now Im answering a million questions
Racking up my legal fees
Everyones assuming Im guilty

So now Im watching as my house is raided
Like Im some sort of terrorist
I thought that they were democratic, not an iron fist
More like an iron fist

Sitting on my couch like a leper
Interrogated sociopath
One hand is resting on their holster the other their staff
In my life Ive been trained to respect them
Bred only to protect and serve
Now I know that they are paid by the wealthy
The meek wont be heard

If I become what they had taught me that is wrong
I lose allegiance to the country that Im born
The country that I am born

I always knew that they would find nothing
No weapons, just a mind of my own
This country was built only on treason
These homes for the slaves
Homes for the slaves