

Closet Monster, Plummet Of The Americas

You can dub me "stupid";
and you can tag me "dumb";
but when our tear soaked eyes were washed away
the truth was still as thick as it comes.
How can I be proud of a country
that trades democracy in for a fence
and six thousand cops, our "nation's finest";
rob me of the little freedom I thought I had left.
You can believe what the headlines read
and every corporate funded news anchors you see on TV.
But the fact still remains I was there that day
to witness so many people simply wanting a say.
After all, their royal treatment and pepper spray
stripped a piece off my pay.
What are we fighting for? you ask.
We were fighting for you.
Armed with nothing but the idea
of putting people before profit and business,
the interest of the rich elite.