

Gil Scott-Heron, The Klan

Countryside was cold and still
There were three crosses on the hill
Each one wore a burning hood
To hide its rotten core of wood
And I say father, father I hear an iron sound
Hoof beats on the frozen ground
And downhill the riders came
Lord it was a cryin' shame
To see the blood upon their whips
To hear the snarlin' from their lips
And I cried mother, mother I feel a stabbing pain
Blood runs down like summers rain
And each one wore a mask of white
To hide his cruel face from sight
And each one sucked a hungry breath
Out of the empty lungs of death
And I say sister, sister, I need you to take my hand
It's always lonely when it's time to stand
He who rides with the klan
Is a devil and not a man
For underneath his white disguise
I have looked into his eyes
And I say brother, brother, stand by me
It's not so easy to be free
Father, mother, sister, brother, stand by me
It's not so easy to be free
It's not so easy to be free
It's not so easy to be free
Nobody ever said it would be easy
Nobody ever said it would be easy
It's not so easy, no it's not so easy