

Saigon Kick, Freedom

She talks to me. Outside she screams.
But somewhere there's a little child locked up inside your alibi's.
So take a bow for what you've done.

Freedom

They light the sky. So many die for what they see is wrong or right.

Your world it seems a puzzle piece. So close but we never see.
Life goes by but the pain you'll never see from the scars your world has put on me.
Our statue reads the words of peace. Those written before my time.
She holds the light for those who died, so die for me and pray for me.