

Zearle, Penalty Of Death

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Suburban ghetto,
country meadow
city slum, or barrio
we're goin schizo
in the nation of frustration

people waitin'
we're dissapatin'
getting high to deny
degeneration of the nation
confusion at the station
alienation on every occasion

reality hits us like a bomb
where's it gonna come from?
there's no room at the top
Just cops slappin' Hand cuffs
echelonwhat a con
depends what drug you're on

what a joke
meth, booze and coke
that Gin has got you juke
your nuclear family's been nuked
Now yer venting spleen
in high denial

Never coming cleanit's not in style
me and the boys are doing fine
I'm gonna be like Prime Time
Pressures building up relentless
brothers beating brothers senseless
knockin the boots of those defenseless

homie love is up for sale
cash is king, the holy grail
watch the brother show his tail
selling out for heavy mail

female rights are unprotected
children neglected, their love has been rejected
being poor is a crime
no matter what color,
some brother will fake you
take you out and break you

Macho man will win and lose you
eat your welfare check up, too, foo'
hope you got some macaroni
feeds those kids on some more bologna
welfare nickel welfare dime
powdered milk and buttered slime
eternal victim's sad sad song
dead end street? just dead and gone

penalty of death, murder by the state
if life was chess, it's checkmate
penalty of death, murder by the state
psycho killer had a court date
penalty of death, murder by the state
now his bones are a paper weight
penalty of death, murder by the state

he's the one we love to hate
penalty of death, murder by the state

This is how we operate
the element of fate
Justice delayed
democracy betrayed
dirty rotten politics
and a court case charade

flippin the switch
make 'em jump and twitch
finally the state
wipes you off the slate
it's legal assassination
power concentration
the state does the deed
the rest of us are freed
from guilt and shame

we didn't even know his name
blitzed and he's fritzed
blip and he's fried
electricity applied
maybe it's some gas
whatever kills your ass
we can't mask
the truth
do like the murderer does,
but without all the blood

you feel abused, feel real bad,
doped up strung out psycho mad
you're Mr. Nice
your heads in a vise
flip the switch and you'll feel alright
Turn the knob, it's somebody's else's job,
in cold blood,
your name is mud.

it stands to reason, work it out
the state is what it's all about
The state commits treason
it goes against reason
killing the killers and lettin' their killers go
mopping up the boys on death row
mostly poor dark with a curly 'fro
killing to be killed is the name of the game
murdering's their one claim to fame

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naked and shittin
my man
the end is fittin
the crime is brutal murder
you can't go much further

hancuffed
shakled and shufflin'
hackle hairs rufflin'

they shave your head
no vanity when you're dead
a man on death row
Quenten or devil's island
all these cops are stylin
it's the ultimate twist
no more slapping on the wrist
they do you in for real
part of their package deal

when a dog has no master
it bites even faster
without justice, society's rigged
so the bigger get big
and you're all alone
capital punishment
is not what the Bible meant
eye for an eye?
maybe that's why
justice is blind and deaf
to the cries of the innocent

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Transcribed by: Visi0niZSick