Iron Fist

The Observers

Standing in the road and it's rush hour
Wishing I was far from this scene
Standing in the road and I'm freezing
It's hard to breathe
This morning I was dreaming of angels
Covered in the warmth of their wings
This morning was a different lifetime
I've come to believe
So, now I'm answering a million questions
Racking up my legal fees
And everyone's assuming I'm guilty
So, now I'm watching as my house is raided
Like I'm 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 I've been trained to respect them
Bred only to protect and to serve
Now I know they are paid by the wealthy
The meek won't be heard
So, now I'm answering a million questions
Racking up my legal fees
Everyone's assuming I'm guilty
So, now I'm watching as my house is raided
Like I'm some sort of terrorist
I thought that they were democratic, not an iron fist
More like an iron fist
If I become what they had taught me that is wrong
I lose allegiance to the country that I'm 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

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