Year of the Boomerang

Rage Against the Machine

The sistas are in so check the front line
It seems I spent the '80s in a Haiti state of mind
Cast me into classes for electro shock
Straight incarcerated, the curriculum a cell blockI'm swimming in half thrusts and it makes me wanna spit
Instructor come separate the healthy form the sick
Ya weigh me on a scale I'm smellin' burnt skin
It's dark now in Dachau and I'm screamin' from within'Cause I'm cell locked in the doctrines of the right
Enslaved by dogma, ya talk about my birthrights
Yet at every turn I'm runnin' into hells gates
So I grip the Conan like fanon and pass the shells to my classmates'Cause the bosses right to live is mine to die
So I'm goin' out heavy sorta like Mount Tai
Wit the five centuries of penitentiary so let
The guilty hang in the year of the boomerang

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