

# American Man

## Swampdawamp

Freedom, the naked power, weakened by the ages  
Raped but not forgotten, all its supple secrets  
Gods and liberations, those that try to use it  
Are those that try to sheath it, wide awake  
    Yes, I am the American man  
    Free men haunted by the music  
Ghosts of generations beat the drums for freedom  
    Those that toiled and suffered  
Now, those that try to smother, wide awake  
    Yes, I am the American man  
    Where to begin? Bred to win  
Where do I go? The soul worn off my skin  
Sad [Incomprehensible] I cut out the hole in my soul I know is you  
    So are we ready? Ready to lose, I know I feel, feel, feel  
        Inside the walls, inside the walls  
The iron walls protect the soles of my old boots  
    Yes, I am the American man  
    Yes, I am the American man

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