

American Man

Glitter Rose

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

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