Modern Democracy

Biohazard

As I look up at the sky
I wonder why Momma always cried
Was it for how fast we lived and died
Or because we never got our piece of the pie?Busting at the seams, the American Dream
Like Meth said cream, Boulevard of Broken Dreams
Parents with good intentions never mention
The Brooklyn House of DetentionFree to fly and free to try
To get our peace before we die
Free to fly and free to try
To get our piece of the pie and dieLocking us down, we got cops all around,
The sound of sirens drown your own heart's pound
But you only wanted a piece of the pie
And in your mind's eye, Momma's still gonna cry
No matter how hard you tried, whether it's truth or lies
On the day that you die but we're free to fly
And free to try to get our piece of the pie and dieFreedom, liberty, the KKK
Modern democracy, we have no say
American Dream, The American Way
Land of the Free, Home of the SlaveFree to fly and free to try
To get our peace before we die
Free to fly and free to try
To get our peace before we dieFree to fly and free to try
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