

# Iron Fist

## Goldfinger

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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