

# Freedom

Amos Lee

Don't wanna be a martyr in this war  
Don't wanna hear the same excuses anymore  
That everything's a threat  
And it's only gonna get worse if we let it

Don't wanna blame the rich for what they got  
Don't point a finger at the poor for what they have not  
Though the politician and the priest  
Live in the belly of the beast because we fed it

Freedom is seldom found  
By beating someone to the ground  
Telling them how everything is gonna be now, yeah

Now if the tables were turned tell me how you would feel  
Somebody busted up into your house telling you to stay still  
While the leaders will deny defeat  
Innocents they testify by dying in the street

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