

No Justice, No Peace, No Hope

Andrew Jackson Jihad

The lake of dead black children that America created
Is getting fuller than the founding Fathers even wanted
The ghost of great America was underestimated
And now it rages like a cold sore on the lip of this dumb nation
Again we've slipped inside a pit of absolute despair
That's where we live
I used to comfort myself with the myth of good intention
I can't believe that I believed that goodness was inherent
The liars lying constantly, post-truth, post-everything
Some denied humanity, most at least fucked over
Leaders led by nothing-men, dick-first into oblivion
The civil war didn't just begin, they've been blowing us to pieces
Rewarding our worst cruelty, they destroyed our shared reality
And now they upsell us our dignity like some fucked VIP package
Again we've slipped inside a pit of absolute despair
That's where we live
Now
Again we've slipped inside a pit of absolute despair
That's where we live
Until we don't
No Justice
No Peace
No Hope