

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
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

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