

Afilio

"The Golden People"

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A Slave put to work in the field of the dreams, breaking
his back just know what it means, I say Hispanic and
then they panic in a worrystore rage, the people of the
sun people were once people of the cage, from
gardens to ditches and riches to rags, I say Hispanic
and then they panic in a worrystore rage...

Dont You stop, Dont ever stop, as long as the sirens
sing (loudly and proudly and consistanly in this city)
From our seed grew production of the west coast ways,
Through crops and the crime we were lost in a daze,
The people are ecstatic and they're words are
emphatic, Magnetic false hope and unequally paid,
second to first isnt how we were raised.

Dont You stop, Dont ever stop, as long as the sirens
sing (loudly and proudly and consistanly in this city)

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