

Eliza Doolittle

"A Beast Caged"

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Rusted irons trap mental, thought's essential
Mask meticulous movement towards central
Sip from holy grail to breath eternal, but time's
Concurrent
Displace visual with iller words, I'm slurring
Inferred meaning missed target, Minute margins
Make the most hardened crumble when they're forced
Silent
Our only virtue left is pure violence
Remain defiant
Incarcerated souls sold to build empires
I grow tired of tyrants passed as presidents
Evidence to theft swept under oval carpet
As inmates and children kept starving
True criminals walk free with presidential pardons.

Somber note takes hold of optimistic
Mind that tongue they surveillance visits
Nostalgic visions bring us back to days of backspins
When trivial infractions got your jaw fractured
Shattered lineage from land of US sanctions
Indebted servants to democracy
Feed their families with mere pennies
There's that truth you seek...
Knew you wasn't ready
Implications too heavy
The stickup kids I fear wear three-piece suits
Subdued murders lose their meaning when you stand
Accused
Most my people was born with their necks in noose
So now I wander own streets verses packed in twos

Some succumb to pressure
Resort to drastic measures
Modern slavery sanctifies corporate greed
Economies solely based on prison industries
Becomes reality
Dilutes humanity
Our common enemy has long since won
Paint melanined as monsters for years to come
Brushstrokes evoke sage in this heathen MC

A beast caged in the heart of the city

This beast caged in the heart of the city
Circumvents common speech
Gutter tongue kept filthy
Histories passed in handshakes
Wisdom achieved
Victory's always fleeting for these pseudo MC's
Trapped by narrow minds
Eyes blinded
Political prisoners terrorized in confinement
Confirms what we learned of US police state
Asphyxiate the people they claim to liberate
While you debate Democrat Republican...
They ran the game on poor again
Latins and Africans
Chained at wrists and ankles
Create profits for world bankers
This heart filled with rancor
Resurrected by this modern Rome
Where hate's condoned
Inherent anger strangles what night has shone
Found shelter when conscienceness faltered
We've all been offered as Abraham's son on ruined
Alter.

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