

King Swamp "The Mirror"

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This is the story of an American hero,
Born in the ghetto in poverty,
Taken in by the white man, cleaned up, given a home,
Became the salvation of every modern mother's son.

Worked in a factory, worked on the land,
Steel work and dust bowl dirt staining his hand,
Shot down in Memphis, Iwo Jima made me a man,
Now I gotta look in some comic book,
Just to find out who I am.

IT HURTS,
CAN'T YOU SEE ME BLEED.
IT HURTS,
CAN'T YOU FEEL THE NEED,
THESE FLOWERS OF EVIL
AND THESE GODS WITHOUT GRACE,
YOU TOOK THE MIRROR,
NOW YOU'RE PUSHING IT IN MY FACE.
It's the American way into the twenty first century,
It rides a motorbike alone down the interstate,
It wears dark glasses and dates thin girls,
Uses strong arm tactics all around the world,
It's the noble savage at the edge of the forest
With Oedipus eyes and Icarus wings,
It's a Soul Train coming, it's savage and keen,
And it's spitting Coca-Cola from the barrel of an M16.

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