

Strike

"Iron Trees"

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To glitter
Like cities
Breathing below
While lights mark time
In the lowest room
Outside
The white man's death
In the hands of violence
Are choking our breath
In the prison parks
Our righteousness
Contains the litter
That we kill in contempt of
Ourselves
We followed these streets
Through the city's red lights
Underneath these iron trees
On rooftops worth burning
Whispers to prayers
In these strange futures
Know your rights

We kill in contempt of kindness
Extricate or obliterate me
Don't let it get so far away
Don't settle
For justice punch it through the screen
And every dead commercial in between
Calls you to be captured
To write you down

We followed these streets
Into the city's red lights
Underneath these iron trees
On rooftops worth burning
Whispers to prayers
In these strange futures
Know your rights

Don't settle for justice
Punch it through the screen

And every dead commercial in between
Calls you, calls you to be captured
To write you
To write you in

We followed these streets
Through the city's red lights
Underneath these iron trees
On rooftops worth burning
Whispers to prayers
In these strange futures
Know your rights

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