

Alexipharmic "Colossus"

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This here's the land of eyes of stripes and star
spangles
And infinite streams of flag draped angels
Limitless dreams that have turned into fables
White-collar fiends still paying for halos
We believe that praying on our knees
Will somehow free the dreams we conceive
Cause this here's America, import the oil
From third world countries we've trained to be loyal
Look in the mirror, then look at Darfur
We helped their division and wonder what they're
scarred for
Created classism, wonder what they sparred for
Provided weapons and wonder what they're carved for
We're not the only ones responsible of course
But how is it we're living without remorse
When death isn't sitting on our own front porch
We only do good to avoid recourse

Give me your tired, weak, and oppressed
Trial by the fire, burn who we neglect
I'm tired, but the weary never rest
And change maintains with each new step

Louis Vaton purses, diamonds that spawn hearses
Anything less is synonymous with worthless
Models perfect, airbrushed and photoshopped
I wonder what would happen if the photo snappin
stopped
And rappers partied without being blunted
But truth is something most have never confronted
Enough ice on their necks to leave Sierra Leone
flooded
They'd catch pneumonia if not already cold blooded
Growth is stunted by the paradigm you're unpatriotic
If you bring up questioning topics
That's beyond nonsense, totally obnoxious
Constantly accepting the status quo is toxic
We need questions to make us honest
Because you see growth is a natural process
Of bettering the self through being truly honest

That's the only way to manifest the land promised

I love our troops, that's why I want em home
But care is something Uncle Sam has never shown
Appendages blown and replaced with IV's
Withdrawal from morphine produces dry heaves
I need to see respect in place of neglect
Before I can elect those who only protect
Their own neck and party and leave the rest stuck
Partisan posturing, who gives a flying make love
And take funds from a pointless crusade
Waged to cover up mistakes that Bush made
You may think the war on drugs is workin
But all it's doin is increasing the burden
On the already poor, turning burbs into ghettos
Into hell. You awake? Hello?
I write this as a patriotic fellow
But am I proud now? The answer's hell no

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