

Elemental Zazen

"Handcuffs"

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Sick children on television wishing
someone would just give them some money
so they don't have to be the victim
Behind them Christian televangelists
make it the mission
deny the aid unless they kneel and pray submission
Jesus saves
as long as you pay the bishop for permission
Repent the fact that you're abused
by the human condition
There's room for addiction
in every lower class tradition
Masking friction between
so called "masters" and the "wicked"
Poverty's fingers reaching everyone
without forgiveness
At least if you're not white
or in line to inherit riches
Everyone witnesses what is and isn't fiction
And goes home at night denying
that they contributed to the sickness
White people act like they're not racist
cause they have a friend that's black
Or cause they've struggled
with their economic situation
Blaming minorities for what they call "complacency"
Facing openly racist conversations by administrations
The expectation that the jail is always waiting
breeds hatred
making reparations the logical compensation
First step is equalizing education
so the concentration camps we call the ghetto
are home to more than desperation

Throw your motherfucking hands up!
If you wanna see the president in handcuffs
If you think television has no answers
If you'll never be a slave to the cancer

The elected are puppets, figurines
speakers for the invisible leaders of the regime

Felons who live on selling the american dream
Scaring the people with evil extremes till they scream
I've seen armies of human machines
march in green fatigues
Fight for the love of the blood
and their obscene beliefs
Ignoring others that grieve
brother and mothers receive
A punishment that exceeds all
but the wickedest greed
Never a choice to concede
we'd rather struggle to breathe
Fight till we drown and recede
than sit around and mislead
I'll spit a round in the seed
of who's not down to defeat
delete clowns and the sheep
till we surround the elites
Show them the aftereffects
of all the taxes and debts
All the iraq's that reflect
the way their facts are suspect
I'll be unmasking the threat the everlasting regret
Those little bastards will get
when we start blasting the set

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