

Land of the free, land of the free,
Land of the fuckers with souls full of greed,
Home of the brave, home of the brave,
A home that will leave us in gutters and graves.

Our money's all spent on sick weapons and war,
But we don't give a damn about health or the poor,
We'd rather jail Blacks over ounces of weed,
Then deny them the chance to leave jail and succeed.

Any morals we had are long gone, out of whack,
Like when the CIA filled up our cities with crack,
Or when Oliver North got a sick gig on Fox,
Using missiles he sold to get a rise out of hawks.

Our country owned slaves for like two hundred years,
Then Jim Crow lasted for a hundred, in fear,
And now some have the gall to say racism's done,
After forty white Presidents, the "others" got one.

Take a look at our Senate, and tell me it ain't fucked,
Miles and miles of corporate dick they have sucked,
Sex work is work, but not like Congress's shill,
And corporations ain't people with blood you can spill.

But we can't fix our problems in this cesspool of hate,
And the Right wants to drag down an uglier fate,
My grandad fought the Nazis, but his hat he'd've tossed,
Because seeing us now, he would think that we lost.