- When the authorities march through the gates of hell into the neighborhoods we know so well, and with blazing guns scream that you're the ones they came for — you're in their cross-hairs — Who cares?
- 2. And when they drag you away and shoot your mother in the face, partners slap 'em on the back and say, "Perfect shot, ace!" without a speck of self-shame, and no sense of disgrace mark my words, they are coming for you in pairs the crowd just stares.
- 3. And they'll charge you with their violence, they do it all the time, turn the tables, flip the script, it was a "terrorist" crime, but it's you held with no bond, as they wave their magic wand, making you the perpetrator, agitator, screaming "unfair!" but no one's there.

## [INSTRUMENTAL]

4. When they crash again through the gates of hell will anyone stand? Anyone be there to tell? — what they witnessed, of their beloved ones who fell, will you ring the bell? — would you dare? — oh Americans! blind, misguided, unaware...

## [INSTRUMENTAL, TO FADEOUT]

[END]

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