

Sons of Privilege

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America, blaring in my ears all day
America, I don't see the glory of your ways
The oldest money flows through a bloodline
Let's see if your empire stands the test of time

Don't wanna
I don't wanna
Be a slave to the sons of privilege
Don't wanna
I don't wanna
Be a slave to the sons of privilege

Sweet lady liberty
You are lost, though you are free
And what hides beneath
Can't tell the wolves from the sheep

America, grit and bear the resentment of the world
With all your ugliness and arrogant self-worth
Desperate to grease the gears of the hideous machine
They swine, they writhe and praise the infallible regime

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Lost though you are free
In America
Lost though you are free
In America
Lost though you are free

It's time to justify your pride
In America
It's time to justify your pride
In America

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