

As I walk the streets of Cairo
I empathize as I go
And I feel ashamed
Of the land from where I came

Where we think different people
Are the ones that harbor evil
But you gotta think harder
Cause we're all the same

Stop fearing people
Before you meet them
And don't keep enemies
Until you must defeat them

My country, love it or leave it
That's shit and I don't believe it
A decaying standard
And it's begging for a change

Freedom is relative
I feel relatively free where I live
But down in Cairo
Freedom is not ours to give

With our birds up high and their sons below
You don't know where every bomb will blow
With their sons below and our birds up high
Are you made to be friends in heaven when
You die?