

Miss Liberty turn in a Jezebel  
All the dreams you go sell, the whole them turn in a hell  
Her bed of roses are filled with thorns  
Her righteous robes are tattered and torn

If she had only stood for love, that would have been enough  
She wouldn't have to hide her shame  
If she had only stood for love, that would have been enough  
But now she's burnt us all with her flames

Amerimacka, oh what a beautiful life  
Amerimacka, is like licking honey off a knife  
Amerimacka, oh what a beautiful sight  
Amerimacka, don't be blinded by the light

The land of the free built on slavery  
Our consciousness in captivity  
Promise land is the liar's den  
Your culture of greed has got to end

Now we're laying in the mud, looking up above  
Tear wather just ah drop from the sky  
They try to keep us in the mud, separating us from love  
But me nah go let them conquer the I

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