

Sentimental Dole

David Keenan

There's a foe living among us masquerading as a friend
When you stare into the flashlights you must look to comprehend
For they want to keep you docile, hence the boot upon your head
Then they put you in a chokehold, keep you down until your dead
This is mass discrimination on every colour every creed
For to them you're just a number both the cattle and the feed
It may be sunny in the country but the sun can come and go
There's still an anger in the stomach, collective hunger in the soul

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Where is the trust in the truth of equality, oh
Wrapped in a flag and then sold as democracy
Constant hypocrisy, draw the poison from the wound
Reversing the blame, no longer a pleb to be played
Like a pawn in their game

There are many banners blowing, being carried by the mob
Tears forever flowing through the concrete and the sod
And the news provide the static, as reports come flooding in
About the riots of confusion between the women and the men
Loneliness the silent killer takes and never gives you back
For it steals and cant stop stealing, a twisted kleptomaniac
Rid yourself of their agenda, wash your spirit with some hope
See the mad collaborations like De Valera and the Pope

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