

muscle memory

ella jane

Your hands are in your pockets
Like you're searching for loose change
Like you might just find a movie ticket
You meant to throw away

It's muscle memory
You wake up and brush your teeth
And you crush a man till he can't breathe
You'll be back for lunch by three

You're not taller when he's on his knees
Or stronger cause you made him weak
From your mouth escapes a coward's plea
Is there mercy
Is there mercy for the free?

Are you serving your religion
When you flash your blue and red
Do you feel like you're a prophet
With a gun against his head

They trapped you in a screen
Hanging fruit from modern trees
Put a blindfold on so you can't see
All the bodies on TV

You're not taller when he's on his knees
Or stronger cause you made him weak
Only louder now cause he can't speak
Is there mercy
Beggin' is there mercy for the free?

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