

The Word Justice

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A man stands up before his God and country
Raises his right hand and takes an oath
Swears he has acted in the line of duty
And he more than anyone wants to tell the truth

But there is a need to keep somethings a secret
Some weapons shipments, some private wars
In the future democracy will be defended
Behind closed doors

Now the men of Congress who convene to determine
If covert war is a business or a crime
Are the same men who routinely give their permission
For the shedding of blood in security's name

And there is a need to keep some things a secret
The names of some countries, the terms of some deals
And above all the sound of the screams of the innocent
Beneath our wheels
Does the word justice mean anything to you?
Are the features of a lie beginning to come through?

In the streets of America the children are buried
Caught in an avalanche of weapons and drugs
They live and they die in the bowels of a business
That disguised as a war between The Crips and The Bloods

And there is a need to keep some things a secret
The C.I.A. deals protecting the source
And the government policies directly connecting the drugs and o
ur wars
Does the word justice mean anything to you?
As the battlefield comes home and democracy falls through

I am waiting for the time to come
When the word will be real for everyone
And not just a word but a thing that can be done
Justice must be won

Oh, oh, oh justice
Justice
Justice
Oh, oh, oh justice
Justice