

## Lockdown

K.Flay

Lock him up and throw away the key  
Let him fill with hopelessness and misery  
Wasting all his days away, never sees the light of day  
Except for a tiny little hole where the sun peeks through  
Well he was doomed from the start, falsely accused  
Questioned for weeks, verbal abuse  
And we condone that crime  
Coerced to confess, strip-searched and undressed  
Out on the streets, yes, now there is one less  
Let him do the time

But how do you expect that man  
To live his life when the bars are gone?  
Make him weak, then break him to pieces  
Faith is all gone, stopped praying to Jesus  
When will this war be won?

Yeah, I see there's nothing left here but the skin and the bone  
And a poem that I wrote for the strangers alone  
Just a skin and the bone, that's all that is left here  
The spirit was once near, now countdown to next year  
Let him cool off, get clear  
In a zone without eyes, without no ears  
It's like the bottom of the sea floor  
Pressure getting dense in a sense like seesaw  
Like a before, after  
The capture, soulless master without laughter  
Ain't no smiles and fun  
When the sun goes down, there's nowhere to run

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