

Beaten for the Possibility

Master

At crossroads I made some mistakes, decisions were all made in vain.

Fighting for justice and change, everything remained the same.

Faces had all sympathized, they wanted me dead or alive. Then I just simply escaped, eluded all with my own fate.

Discouraged with false hopes, caught in the crossfire of insecurity.

Encouraged to revolt, held down beaten for the possibility.

Behind the bars I was chained, it's the American Way...

Guilty of sins I was charged, prejudged was feathered and tarred.

With only moments to spare, a miracle that I was cleared. Another culprit confessed, the last seven years I had wept.