

## Three Cord Bond

### Propaganda

Huh

And I watched them covet our style, our confidence, natural rhythm  
Our terms of endearment, but not our struggle  
And them products of the ghetto, what poverty can produce  
And oddly enough, we giggled when you mimicked us, sweet revenge  
Homies not stupid can tell the difference between  
Admiration and mockery, please  
So we protected our music because truthfully  
We thought it was all we had  
And watched y'all make a killing off it, hip hop to jazz  
Elvis, to Fats Domino, Patra to Gwen Stefani  
And the fact them names are foreign that's just what I'm pointing to  
You imitated Jamaicans, attempted to grow dreads and  
Commodified reggae, that's Marley's face on everything  
Your children uses faith as an excuse to smoke weed  
So we grew angry unaware of God's plan for rescue  
But we ain't know better, got a flawed version of personhood  
Identifying only by being victims of oppression  
A true story

And I watched them covet your camaraderie, your sense of family  
Your food and work ethic, but not your struggle  
And we were jealous you had a homeland, a native tongue  
And your parents spoke in it, we were just the offspring of the broken  
Hopeless, so we all learn Swahili as if we knew we were from that region  
Silly, we know, but what you supposed to do when all you know  
Your closest cultural customs are similar to your captors?  
Huh, pastor?  
Easier to blame them economic woes on  
Filth filtering through our borders  
Immigrant job hoarders  
We should all just deport them all on one bus  
It's stupid us, broad brush  
We thought you were all Mexican, it's dumb, I know  
I'm sorry, it's embarrassing, forgive us, we were jealous  
We ain't know better, selfish, angry, prideful  
Willie lynching, fighting over the same piece of mud pie  
Cómo se dice? Lo siento mucho. Por favor  
We all need grace much more  
That's a true story

And we coveted your privilege, your generational wealth  
Your unquestioned personhood, but not your struggle  
And we felt it wasn't fair, we wanted your options  
Your grasp on proper doctrines and literature, it's silly huh?  
Your American dream, apple pie, worked for you  
So we worked for you  
You made it seem so easy - grit your teeth, you could succeed too  
We ain't know your story, shoot we thought white was white  
Not Irish or Celtic, or the Bolshevik plight  
Or the pain of bearing stains inherited  
You said you wasn't there, it ain't fair  
You wouldn't dare, but we ain't care  
But we ain't know better, you told us you struggle too -  
Rednecks and trailer parks, me and you are cool  
I hurt like you  
But that was fire for the fuel that boiled into them riots

Y'all was so confused and truthfully so were we  
But now we understand we suffered the same stain  
We gain from a shared ancestor, we all descend from Adam's sin  
Riddles every inch of us, but now we see clearly  
That Crimson Cord is one rope made from many strands  
And each its own color, but now it clearly stands  
Dyed the color red from our Savior's blood shed  
And a rope finds its strength from multiple lines wrapped  
Around each other until they're all perfectly intertwined  
So let's just call it even and walk through life knowing  
That a Three Cord Bond is not easily broken