

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