

King or Slave?

Here is a man who is not a slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave:

He was born in America where he lives like a king
And he honestly believes he can do anything.

Nobody tells him what to do,
Except for some leaders he listens to.

After all, he is not a slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And besides some taxes he's compelled to pay
He does what he wishes from day to day.

He gets to decide what he thinks is true
And support the causes he chooses to.

He is grateful he is not a slave
In the land of the free and home of the brave.

For the love of money and stuff to buy,
He'll work all day long and sometimes he'll lie.

And he will be content without ever knowing
Where the fruits of his labors end up going.

Because that's how it works when you're not a slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

So he'll follow their statutes and follow their codes,
Believing his taxes are building the roads.

And he will be happy though he's never known
What freedom is like, because he's never been shown.

He honestly believes he is not a slave
In the land of the free and home of the brave.

Although he believes he's truly a king,
He needs a permit for everything;

A permit, a license and regeneration,
Or the fear of a fine or of a citation.

Yet he goes on believing he is not a slave
In the land of the free and home of the brave.

So without ever thinking what his taxes support
And because no one wants to fight it in court,

He'll go to church and worship God,
And then go to work and add to the fraud.

But it's no sin, because he's not a slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

So to you, my friend, I pose this riddle:
Is this man free, or is he free just a little?

What few people know and what fewer will see,
Is a slave will be happy as happy can be,

As long he thinks he is not a slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

So regardless his knowledge and regardless his age,
He refuses to acknowledge the walls of his cage.

No matter how high the walls are risen,
He will never say that he is in prison.

He is convinced that he's not slave
In the land of the free and home of the brave.

To you, my brother, I issue this call:
Do it for you, and do it for all;

Abandon your comfort; abandon your ease,
Come break loose those that are seized.

For, there is a way to free the slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Assemble yourselves and answer the call,
The de jure will live, the de facto will fall.

Shake off the lies that keep us bound,
And create a land where freedom is found!

With The Creator — we're destined to save
The land of the free and home of the brave!"

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