

America, Why?

Oh the fireworks and paper boats
The milkshakes and Coca-Cola floats
But, with hidden history full of fire and smoke
Why couldn't this have been a joke

A country of hate and crime
Full of people telling lies
Oh why, oh why?
Do we fight for a dime
For burgers and fries

We pretend that we are living a fantasy
But this is real-life, there's no candy-coat
No sugar highs or carnival rides,
Where people believe that everything is "mine"
And forget about the other people's lives

America, oh why, oh why?
Segregation is across the nation
But there's no solution
The way we hide our faults and cracks
Is through false truth and deception

There was never an "American Dream"
No perfection, glamour, or fame
Its makeup is trying to deceive us
Behind those pretty layers
Lies scars and wrinkles that can't be removed
That can't be rubbed off, nor improved
America, the "land of the free",
The "rags to riches"
The "land of success and prosperity"
So many good things about you

But why does that even matter,
When there's people who defy
These supposed sayings
And cry to live a better life
Because they had the false hope
To think that they would succeed
When in reality
They have been set up
To give up and be left to rot in the streets
That's the scars nobody sees,
The illusionary surface of cosmetics

Has left us delusional of what lies beneath

America, oh why, oh why?
To proclaim your the best
To make us think we are better than the rest
Your mistakes and wrongdoings
Should not exist
But you continue to prove me wrong
To prove everyone wrong
And be selfish enough to not listen to the voices
The voices who want you to stop
Because they already know your scars
Your wrinkles of slickness and mystery

America, you're our home
But you treat us like grimy gnomes
You have led us to so many false doors
Each one making us work for more
Until we notice that we're getting poor
But why do we listen, instead we should defy
And prove that your ideology is just a bunch of lies
To tell us that you are so elegant and divine
When in actuality, you are a bunch of coarse, thick vines

America, oh why, oh why?
The childhood memories that we all treasure
To something more appalling beyond measure
Oh Why, oh why?
Did you keep your secrets locked away
To be looked by the world in a certain way
That would never be the same.