



BORROWED TIME

Movement I This is freedom

In the land of the free, where the brave still bleed,
they sell you hope, but feed your greed.
A king sits high in a house of white,
but no crown shines, just broken light.

They speak of dreams and stars that shine,
but steal your bread and call it fine.
Who needs a coat, who needs to eat,
when tariffs dance on every street?

This is freedom, dressed in chains,
golden fields with silent plains.
Raise your flag, but know the cost,
the land of dreams is getting lost.

They preach of votes, but pull the strings,
while lobby dogs and tyrants sing.
No choice, no voice, no common plan,
yet they still cheer the hollow man.

Oh say, can you see the game they play?
While working hands are thrown away.
Liberty sold at the checkout line,
but hey, the anthem still sounds fine.

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golden fields with silent plains.
Raise your flag, but know the cost,
the land of dreams is getting lost.

You can't eat pride or drink the flag,
but wave it still, ignore the drag.
What so proudly we hailed, now fades to gray,
as dreams are pawned and hopes decay.
The stars are dim, the stripes are worn,
but revolution's never gone.

This is freedom, dressed in chains,
golden fields with silent plains.
Raise your flag, but know the cost,
the land of dreams is getting lost.

Crownless kings and hungry streets,
marching to democracy's beat.
From sea to sea, still loud and brave,
but who will stand, and who's the slave?