

# Motherland

by David Washington

I hear voices callin'  
And my heart's responding  
To the way I think it is.  
I'm drifting helpless in a sea of tears.

Image-makers make me,  
Advertisers take me  
To the edge of crystal clear.  
Manipulate my choices and my fears.

Take me back,  
Back to the place I see through innocent eyes.  
I want to go back,  
Back to the place where love resides.

Truth that love's demanding  
And the lack of understanding  
Leads us down a slippery slope  
To a place where greed destroys all hope.

Corporate troopers marchin'  
To meet the profit margin  
That's extracted from my soul.  
I'm a land-mine waiting to explode.

Take me home, back to the motherland, motherland.