

The Failure of our Law

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The Law of the Land
It's what I proclaim.
The Constitution
Is hereby my name.

Exploited, we are
Always have been
Silently suffering
Because of our skin.

And for my first:
Promised to all
Religious freedom
That shall not fall

Afraid for my life
In the sacred place
Staring at the eyes
Of the Jim Crow face.

The right to bear arms
Is the second of me
Protection from harm
Everyone shall be.

Shot hundreds of times
And Hung from a tree
Publicly lynched
At least my soul was free.

As for my eleventh:
As all have been told,
Until proven guilty
Innocence a person shall hold.

As history repeats
Stabbed, beaten and burned
With no evidence once more
The law still unconcerned

Within my fourteenth:
Citizenship to the freed
Equal protection of the law
To all without plead.

In the Jim Crow South
Blood stained all around
Lawlessly lynched
Black brethren were bound.

I was created to protect,
All rights detailed
Yet something tells me
That I have severely failed.

Hatred upon my color
Brings violence and death
My rights have been failed
By the system that protects.