"National Anathem
By:Unknown

Our country is not free.
There is no liberty.
But still we sing.
Land where we're full of pride
Because our parents died
On this and not the other side.
Let freedom sting.

Our country is depraved.
Its workers are enslaved.
But now we sing.
Land where all hope has died,
Where justice is denied,
Except to those who are inside.
Let freedom sting.

Our country once was free
With opportunity.
But now we sing.
Land where the few divide
The wealth workers provide.
The parasites are satisfied
To let freedom sting.