

Black Ink On White Illusion

By Sky Sims

All men are created equal,
But I am no man.
These thrones face the pale skin,
So I am forced to stand.
Stand for my people,
Stand for the land,
But I am simply a speck of dust
Lost in the midst of the sand.

They put a blade through my pride.
Jail cells to block my eye.
To hide the truth they buried deep inside
Of the beautiful illusion.

A great white paper,
With a great white solution,
And a great big white lie
Called the constitution.

My world's filled with fatal shooting
While they keep the youth for recruiting.
There's no one left to save us,
The world's filled with pollution.

They told us "justice for all"
it's the land of the free,
But they weren't talking about my people,
And they weren't talking about me.

They feast on their privilege
And let our tongues hang,
Stripped freedom from our eyes,
As we heard the chains clang

Red, white, and blue
America's beautiful flag.

The colors don't tell us
That liberty comes with a price tag.
The stripes don't tell us
That our skin is a sin.
The 50 stars don't tell us
That the law is a battle we weren't meant to win.

The constitution
Was written by white men.
Written in ink as black as my skin.

They treat melanin
like a loaded gun.
You're labeled guilty before any crime is done.
They say melanin
Carries evil of its own
To be brown is to be crone,
Like evils injected inside our bones.

They sit in golden thrones,
Polished in the finest homes,
Money filled the cushion,
Embellished in carat stones.

These lustrous stones reflect the pale skin,
So I am forced to stand.
Stand for my people,
Stand for the land,
But I am simply an echoing voice
In a room that refuses to command.

The constitution has clawed through its illusion,
Revealing its true resolution-
To uplift the rich and the white evolution.
Dragged my people with blood stained hands,
Just to give us execution and false plans

They dug their teeth into our faith
As if we were strange fruit meant to be ate.
I am no saint, my skin makes that clear.

The big white constitution
Whispers lies in my gullible ear.

It sends promises disguised by pleas.
They vowed to gift me golden keys
To the white halls dressed in luxuries.
Whispered that if I fell to my knees,
I may one day sit above the seven seas.

The great white paper is deceitful.
I believed all men were created equal.
But you see, I am no man.
These thrones face the pale skin,
So I am forced to stand.
Stand for my people,
Stand for the land,
But I am simply a dark skinned body
In a room that only tolerates the tan.