Freedom is not free in thy world of contitutional barriers

In the world of wrongs and rights, kings and queens and leadermen

The feeling of non-comformist broaden my being day in day out

Reality seems and feels all wrong, to my dreams I rely and it feels so right

Part of my being never thought to be in existential

To the extinct I reside and feels like home

And the expereince of real freedom, a pure bliss

Other than in the city of concrete and steels.