

**Killer Drones, by Mistahi Corkill**

Verse 1

Eye in the sky, the drone airplanes, Roaming the world dropping bombs like rain, And spying  
No warning, Nothing to see, You could be sitting just sipping some tea, Blown to smithereens,

Chorus 1

The U.S. chief says he's the judge and jury don't you worry your pretty head about who winds  
up dead,

They must have been terrorists, Ignore the lawlessness, Trust the President,

Verse 2

No evidence, Never a trial, Global mafia running wild, Anything goes,

They've set the stage, Assassinate, Above the law, No morality, A world of Anarchy,

Chorus 2

The U.S. chief says his good violence will stop their bad violence, So clear to see shameless  
hypocrisy,

A constant war policy, And no security, What goes around comes around,

Bridge

And on the flip side of the same worn out coin, The police run dirty streets with brutality,

All broken socio-economic realities, Are treated as crimes punished by the ruling elite,

With killer cops unleashed,

Verse 3

When you resist, called terrorist, Put on the President kill list, Target for death,

They go for hit, Civilians dead, Sweeping it under the carpet, "Collateral damage",

Chorus 3

The U.S. chief shrugs off the blatant murder – drunk on power, Convinced he won't face war  
crime charges, But he shouldn't be so sure, One day people will have their say, Sweet justice will  
be served, And we'll stop the killer drones,