

The Black Robe

The man that judges
Can wear this material
In the eyes of his superiors
His views are liberal
Given the power to decide
Your life in his hands
A difference in color

You won't stand a chance
Our prisons are filled
With many men of color
Serving sentences that exceed

The life of a mother
Numbers in range of thirty or better
With no means of hope
Or keenness to cope

The enemy in disguise
Wears the black robe

A modern day lynching is what he upholds
Like the white robe but legit
And venomous to fit

To be worn by the devil that judges in it
Together "We can overcome"

The nature of this beast
From this incarcerated state
We must find release

We cannot continue to survive in a land
Where the black robe decides the fate of a man