

Hot Water Music, Sons And Daughters

How unfortunate that it has come to this,
we all pay to die as rogues, as workers,
nomads and searchers, sweat to shackles and leads to lies.
Still we're all under lock and key,
who are we but savages hooked on accessories,
numb and dumb to what else we could do or be?
Repercussions at a lull, slow me down,
let me come around to those starving in the streets,
some are mothers, some are fathers, all are sons, all are daughters,
left all alone and seen as disease.
Still we pass and we watch them bleed,
will not wash away with rain,
a person's blood is heavier than
who's the disease?