

Raised Fist, Bleed Under My Pen

So many questions lines up in my head
Like many others I cannot seem to understand
Why they prefer some people to be dead
This is something that haunts me
Every minute in my bed
Sleepless nights, it's tearing up my mind
I need to go ahead

With the help of Christianity
And a weak touch of insanity
Not associated with democracy
In this world of hypocrisy

Temporary insane states followed in their trail
This led to killings on an unimaginable scale
With political speeches composed by, and for,
Elite men I wish that Barbie and Ken would
Bleed under my pen, time and again, over and over again
Amen

With the help of Christianity
(MY DREAM IS DEAD! MY DREAM IS DEAD!)
And a weak touch of insanity
(MY DREAM IS DEAD! MY DREAM IS DEAD!)
Not associated with democracy
(MY DREAM IS DEAD! MY DREAM IS DEAD!)
In this world of hypocrisy
(MY DREAM IS DEAD! MY DREAM IS DEAD!)