

World War Four, One Mad Afro

Whats going on in the home,
is fear a tool in your hand?
Behind the skeletons in your closet,
the ghosts of your past hide.

Father filling a role,
just as he preached to you
And you don't know who's world you believe in,
make it up as you go.

Just as you were a child,
legacy to look wild
You demand and expect to receive,
like a right that's devine.

Now you ask for the Earth,
sad excuse for a man
Your children learn their arrogance,
from the back of your hand.

Keeping your faith in your handout,
knowing your children will never know better.

Take my word now, preacher, parent, deceiver
Your right to this life you must earn.

So are your children at home?
Are they safe there from harm?
Do they shudder in fear at your footsteps
or are you loving and calm?

And from a ditch you can rave,
you can preach you can save.
Post colonial trauma stress boy
or you just too lazy to bathe?

Violent behaviour,
cycle breeding failure.
Greed and shame both stain you,
share the pain that makes you

Father filling a role,
just as he preached to you
Now you don't know who's world you believe in,
do you?