

Chapman Tracy, Material World

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Crossroads
Material World
You in your fancy
Material world
Don't see the links of chain
Binding blood

Our own ancestors
Are hungry ghosts
Closets so full of bones
They won't close

Call it upward mobility
But you've been sold down the river
Just another form of slavery
And the whole man-made white world
Is your master

You in your fancy
Material world
Create in your own image
A supreme god

Your virgin mary
Your holy ghosts
Claimed to be pure of heart
Have hands that are stained with blood

You in your fancy
Material world
Don't see the links of chain
Binding