

Crisis, Politics Of Domination

I have come to accept myself. But I still reject all the
shit you stuffed in my mouth. Justification in my rage,
Born into hope then led to a cage. So go on and bury
me, like I was never here, never part of history. Deny
the crimes committed in my name. Mutilate my cunt,
erect a dick in its place. You have come inside of me,
bloodied and victimized my matrilinear history.
Justification in my rage, Born into hope then led to a
Cage. The Culture now yours, A man and his whores,
subjugating our dreams, armageddon phallusies.
Blowing your whistle and shooting your load,
propagating illusions, enforcing control. Hoping i'd
quietly dissolve into history. Disciples of Aristotle,
Pretend you're all powerful. Cold, rich and impotent,
Vampyric. They'll kill you in the end, If not in body
then in spirit. Parasites, Pantomimes. Painting
pictures of history, with a self-righteous sense of
artistry, all distorted and Exclusionary. Not at all
visionary. They'll kill you in the end. If not in body
then in spirit. Parasites, Pantomimes. Feeding off the
lost. No minds of their own. Breeding us to follow and
be devoured. One day your life bleeding kingdom will
fall, and i'll be there laughing saying "I told you so";
So burn all the witches and black out your lies. I'll
uncover your secrets, one at a time. These bones are an
army. They Carry me to face my enemy.