

# Get Bent, City

The city's such a crowded place.  
It forces us to look at the way we look at ourselves,  
because who I see in the mirror,  
and the picture I have in my mind,  
isn't always the same thing reflected in stranger's eyes.  
Make a catalog of all of my actions.  
Write it down, fold it up, and keep it in my pocket.  
Hold it close until I can answer the question.  
What do I represent in this context?  
(A history of centuries of oppression.)  
Because I don't know who I am,  
or what it looks like behind the veil,  
and I've just become a little more aware.  
It's a sign of my privilege,  
that I've never had to deal with this kind of labeling.  
Take a train ride 100 miles north,  
find the same situations as before.  
It's a socially created relationship about domination,  
and a subordinate.  
And I don't want any part of it.  
But everything plays a part in it.