

# Pressure Drop, Writing On The Wall

Alone I stand with my falling tears,  
Weak from the burden that has tested the faith of poor people for years,  
Who dares to confront this mass confusion?  
Insanity reigns supreme an unholy giant,  
Radicals cry for want of a solution.  
Someone please tell me,  
How can this be?  
Someone please tell me,  
Why can't they see?  
Music the religion on offer to a beardless population,  
Experience herself has taught me,  
Look to the smiles on godly children's faces,  
Segregation a disguised form of manipulation,  
Mission to civilize all races.  
Someone please tell me,  
How can this be?  
Someone please tell me,  
Why can't they, why can't they, why can't they  
They question my integrity,  
Challenge my faith,  
So I stand upright as proof to their history.  
Here come the judge,  
" You must plead guilty or not guilty "  
The sounds of time will answer.  
The future is nigh,  
I will be as common as the air they breathe,  
Poor people culture will dominate world news,  
On unclean paper they do read.  
Someone please tell me,  
How can this be?  
Someone please tell me,  
Why can't they see?  
Here come the judge  
Woah time don't get no better yeah X2  
Here come the judge