## Project Pitchfork, Self-Knowledge

Father
Why are the children crying here?
Mother
Why do they have so much fear?
Well my son let me explain
We live our lifes different
Nothing is the same

But mom I think it's the same I'm a child too Difference's just the name

They have nothing I have a lot They feel the pain I see their blood!

A child is a child You have to take care We are so small and innocent Like an angels hair

It also could happen to me Have you ever thought About your life In this society?

Father
There is still so much to do
We need your trust
And your helping hand too!

Who is guilty? Who is not? Could it be me? Or could it be god?

Who can change things? Could it be me? I'm just a small part Of this society

But if it's me Who can change a lot Is it wrong to say That I am god?