

# Propagandhi, Who Will Help Me Bake This Bread

I speak my mind I question theirs  
It seems to me like no one really cares.  
Peripherally blind intellectually numb  
Ignorance by choice? Or just plain fucking dumb?  
You're threatened by my mind  
You want everything the same  
But my questions still remain

You boycott your brain  
You answer with fists  
My question still persists  
You can re-arrange my face  
but you can't re-arrange my mind  
You can beat this shell about me  
but you can't touch what's inside

So now who will help me bake this bread?  
Who will be the first to speak and leave complacency for dead?  
I've done all that I can on my own  
But stagnant minds persist to squeeze blood from this stone.  
But I won't bleed for you  
I've no need for you  
need for you  
Death will be the day I concede to you

You boycott your brain  
You answer with fists  
My question still persists  
You can re-arrange my face  
but you can't re-arrange my mind  
You can beat this shell about me  
but you can't touch what's inside  
what's inside....