

Ruarri Joseph, Red Mist

And I see the wealth of a thieving hand
As it bangs its fist on the ground we stand
All of its laughter is built on a lie
But somehow it governs us time after time
I want to stand up and accuse this beast
And smack its wrists for the tales it speaks
But somehow my voice is too distant to hear
And no-one is listening in

And I see a red mist
For the troubles that we know
And I see a red mist
For the hardship that we owe
And I see a red mist
Coz the futures burning up
And the smoke and fire is alive and well in the red mist

And I see the suits and their new green pockets
And wish for a button to push and just stop it
As folk who pretend to be human race
Apply their cosmetics to their brand new face
The course is curved and the lights are gone
I want to know why it has all gone wrong
But somehow my voice is too distant to hear
And no-one is listening in

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