

Salem Hill, Real

i'm choking on hypocrisy a squalid swollen seed
you gorge on unimportant and starve on what you need
i've had enough of christmas sales and tributes to the dead
enough of scandalous details on which you all are fed
so soaps and talk shows get you off the spectacle of pain
and while your children kill their friends you tell me who's to blame

give me something real to see
children without guns
give me something real to hear laughter drunk in fun
give me something real to hold
hands which shed no blood
give me something real to know
my children will grow up

please shield me from the misery thrust
at me from the tube
the rusty sword of suffering
packaged poison doom so knives and courtrooms
get you off celebrity and fame
and wide-eyed you sit hypnotized
to feed on other's shame

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