

# The Mission, Chelsea Blue

It's just like you oh Chelsea Blue  
to ask me to fly and then you tether my wings  
I always knew oh Chelsea Blue  
how cold is the blood that flows through your veins  
you patronize and you condescend  
you delude yourself and you pretend

Too often wiser but also more despised  
I swear by all the saints I will avenge you  
I'm not ungracious but I'm also not obliged  
And I won't apologise if I offend you  
One man's trash is another's treasure  
And one man's poison is another's pleasure

There's always two sides to a story  
Do you abhor me or adore me?

I've been dying to tell you Chelsea Chelsea Blue  
That privilege is a flight of your conceited imagination  
Does it surprise you that I despise you?  
And I thank God for my emancipation  
You raise your sword to my olive branch  
And your empire falls like an avalanche

How can you live in such denial?  
Small minded prejudice is so vile