

# Tilt, Minister Of Culture

A pretty bride of India  
Is burned with kerosene  
Her husband keeps her dowry  
And his freedom is achieved  
A Burmese girl in Bangkok  
Is of value for her skin  
Sold for her complexion  
Never saw her home again

The minister of culture  
He argues so well  
His teeth are flashing  
As he details  
A legacy of murder  
A heritage of rape  
A time honoured tradition  
To maim and mutilate

Cut away her labia  
With dirty broken glass  
She died of an obstruction  
Painfully infected mass  
A dress code violation  
Is an outrage in Iran  
Splashed her face with acid  
Only then the fun began

The minister of culture  
He argues so well  
His teeth are flashing  
As he details  
A legacy of murder  
A heritage of rape  
A time honoured tradition  
To maim and mutilate

She wasn't good enough  
A female child  
Left face down packed in the snow  
Umbilical cord around her tiny feet  
She suffers and dies alone  
A woman in a western home is under house arrest  
A drunkard is her jailer he's entitled to molest  
Her daughter is passed over when she tries to raise her hand  
The likelihood of her success is not an even chance  
The minister of culture  
He's wringing his hands  
He keeps on laughing  
As he demands-  
No human right applies here  
Our women will agree  
Our property has spoken  
No cause to intervene  
Our property has spoken  
No cause to intervene