

Blood

Crywank

The blood; it will not dry
Oh, the blood; it will not dry
So instead we are trained
To just roll our eyes
The blood; it will not dry
Oh, the blood; it will not dry
So instead we are trained
To just roll our eyes

This is not a call for guilt
This is just a request for respect
The blood may not be on our hands
But we sleep in their beds
Oh we sleep in their beds
Oh we sleep in their beds

We are told not to live in the past
But some things must not be forgotten
We can outlast, but what's done is cast
And privileges are ill-gotten
Privileges are ill-gotten
And privileges are ill-gotten

The blood; it will not dry
Oh, the blood; it does not dry
So instead we are trained
To just roll our eyes