

SELF IMMOLATION

grandson

Drew their guns on a man on fire
But they'll never put him out when his soul's gone higher
All the ashes remain on the embassy steps
He choked on the smoke with his last breath

Kerosene, the revelation
Martyrdom, his meditation

Self-immolation!
Self-immolation!
Gas! Matchstick!
Gas! Matchstick!

The embers burn red
From the bones of a man on a mission
To change the condition
Getting close to the edge
I need a lighter from the Shell gas station
For my demonstration
Through the system
That's enabled
By indifference and betrayal
Then resistance is on the table
It's inevitable and it's fatal

Kerosene, the revelation
(I need a lighter from the Shell gas station for my demonstration)
Martyrdom, his meditation

Self-immolation!
Self-immolation!
Gas! Matchstick!
Gas! Matchstick!
His skin, it peels like plastic

Bear witness to the oneness of all