

I'm lost in reverie  
You and I are seventeen  
Everything is still, not a shake nor tremble  
And then slowly our loathing will interfere  
And our hatred begets a ubiquitous fear  
And now

When it feels like there's no control  
Are we forgetting that this place is our home?  
This blue-green spinning rock  
Orientation, nor race, not religion, or name can earn  
Our hate

We don't need height but width to unite  
No arms raised but arms strung along  
Nothing to fear except for fear itself  
We all feel love and pain  
We all bleed the same, don't we? (don't we)

The need for change is not the whim of an hour  
We can only break inertia with relinquished power  
If the yen of unity resides high and dry  
On the spotless mezzanine in the mortal mind and once  
Every drop of life has been wrung out of our pores  
Mark my words, this vast green earth will groan to turn  
Will we still insist on using our fists?  
We don't need our fists to learn

And when we are dead and truly alone  
Are we remembered by our faith or skin tone  
Who we fuck, who we don't  
Or by our love of this life  
The child still inside survives, our hate

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Don't we?