

Rue

Hellions

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, nor 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?