

Own Backyard

Horrorshow

What should I do-oo-oo-o-oo-oo?
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Tension simmers from the white hot heat of the cold hard truth
That I never heard up in no classroom
Coming to understand, that I got blood on my hands
Cost of living in this sunburnt land
From the sands of the coast to the bush
We advanced as we came
And we pushed as they pulled so we took
And what we gave in exchange
Plague, disease and poison in the bottle
No question, blood stains the wattle
Was it like a game of hide and seek?
Stalking through the bush silently
Cause society told em to do it quietly
From the Apple Isle to the Myall Creek
Gun barrels rang out and put an end to what might've been
Genocide, lies, deceit, rape and massacre
Systematic assassination of character
Acts of depravity disguised as charity
All in the name of civilising humanity
Children snatched away from their families
Pain resonates leaving untold casualties
Protection boards and half castes
The truth is the flag ought fly at half mast
It's a dark past buried in our own backyard
Still I can't stand the thought that it's all too hard
Or the heartless catch cry that "it's all in the past"
Yo that sounds like a coward's remarks
This is happening right now, outback third world conditions
That never seem to make our televisions
Screens to congested with the rhetoric of politicians
Grandiose claims about Australian traditions
Enquiries and royal commissions
That are yet follow through to a conviction
Loyal subjects protected by the system
Too many dying in our prisons
Like a Palm Island man left lying on a cold cell floor
While the people looked for justice in a makeshift court
The response just stopped short of martial law
With the riot squad kicking down doors
I remember at fifteen, walking through The Block, feeling nervous
Cause my whole life I'd heard that it was risky
The racist in me, what a crock of shit
I stopped to think the opposite when the streets burned for T.J Hickey
Don't ask why, what's the use in that?
Cops roll past in red, white and blue of the Union Jack
Subtile oppression, bubbling menace
Maintain the presence, make the population feel threatened
Now fate beckons, hear the echoes
As the pain resonates devastation
Every January 26 I'm torn between wanting to celebrate
And hang my head in shame
There's gotta be a better way, let me say

This mountain's too high

And the levy's about to break
Who will take this fight?
Who will take this blame?
We gotta justify this lie
Tell me what it takes
I said I'm sick of sitting here
I said I'm sick of sitting here waiting round for the change
Said we gotta get up

This is the story of a high plains drifter
Circle where they left us
On the front line of resistance
Assimilation imminent
Language lost
Now I'm talking mad primitive
English tah for the etikit
The alcohol give us smoke bruh
Two dollars for a bus fair
Citizenship now
And maybe I could vote and not be treated like a fucking joke
They want me to settle down
Cause the shit that I know
Could burn a hole in their program
About to explode
See the content in my dome
Is a war zone
The aftermath, guess what, it's here
Our generation still appears to be stuck with fear
Cause you don't wanna see the change
If you like how it is
And every day's another day
When I see another kid
Growing up without nothing cause mum's an alcoholic
And dad's locked up
Brotherboy went and hung himself
Off a tree in the front yard
You wanna clean up your own backyard
Before you wanna try to save the world first
I done walked through the fire and then got burnt
Sympathy for a victim, we choose hate
I part ways with them dark days
Cause you forget about our pain but
Who's to blame cause
What they taught you in a classroom consumed you?
Well, here's the truth
See they tried to wipe us off the face of the Earth dude
Do the math, need proof? Look around you

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