

Cutting Class

Paint It Black

We screamed at this wall 'till my throats were raw.
We beat at this wall 'till our hands were broken.
We mourned at this wall 'till our hearts was empty.
We built this wall;
We were trained to be enemies.
Sin by omission;
That's how we're fooled.
Textbooks? Propaganda tools!
If we only read what we're assigned, we're only coloring inside
their lines.
It's sleight of hand, but we're sick of their tricks: Disguised
class war politics.
We're all born innocent and we all die alone.
We all try to make a dent, we're just flesh and bone.