

## Gravity Wins

Paint It Black

We're more than just the sum of our parts.  
Hands off our bodies, hands off our hearts.

And who the fuck are they to tell us where we  
Can and can't find divinity?  
We looked around and found their god  
Nowhere in the vicinity.

Because I see too much hunger and too much  
Greed. What we want getting in the way of  
What we need. Too much neglect and too much  
Blight. You point your finger, instead of trying  
To live your life right.

We've been condemned. We've been gagged  
And bound. The hand that feeds becomes the  
Hand that keeps us down.  
The rain won't wash away your sins. You're  
Gonna fall.

Gravity wins.