

No Place To Breathe

Silent Planet

I saw you stumble out from the social slaughter house, oppression's progeny, you lift your head and plead for mercy.
Rocks began as building blocks until they turned to throwing stones; a monolith of dominance we set atop your plinth of bones.

This privilege is a prism, reflecting our indecision, the iniquities of inhibition, our indifference gave way to a prison.
Classes at war, castes are born - criminals are sworn in.

Place your hands to the pulse of this city, keep your ear to the ground, hear her gasp, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe."

Are we so blind to believe that violence could give birth to peace?

Lay down our weapons and raise our arms.
Make every breath a protest in a world where your neighbors can not breathe.
Every second in the shadows, lives are stolen in the sun - slowly waking from our apathy to see the fascists have won.
They already won - just ask the child in front of the smoking gun.

Are we so blind to believe that violence could give birth to peace?

Place your hands to the pulse of this city, keep your ear to the ground, hear him gasp, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe."
We shout at fascist hands fixed on asphyxiating those in need.
Place your hands to the pulse of this city, keep your ear to the ground, hear her gasp, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe."

Are we so blind to believe that violence could give birth to peace?

I've seen the end, the tyrant on his knees.
Will we starve our need for retribution, or take his eye and all go blind?