

Do you know what it is like to run? Do you know what it is like to live in fear? Because she knows what it's like to run. Because she knows what it's like to live in fear. Rape ritual. How can I stand in silence while you are raping my sister? Ritual! Throw it in the wind because I ain't with that. Say, what have we done with mother, sister, daughter, lover? Beat them down to submission, into that corner of constant fear. Humanity reduced to a sexual commodity, objectification, pretty faces. Molded imagery damn they drop the dirty mack demands. She's more than booty to me; bypass her sexuality. Tradition, your sexism is what you want me to learn. Surrender gender hatred, fade it to kill it, compassion returns. 1 out of 3, and they say my sisters are free, incarcerated by hatred. Propagated by sodomny, continual ritual victimizing my sister. Physical rape is psychological murder. Ritual! Jenny! Ho! Slut! Trick! Bitch! Buddy! Terms that burn in our popular brutality. That media camera's at you, trying to show you what's up. Illusion magazine fantasy got you feinding to bust a nut. Body identity suffocates in her nudity - she's dying inside. Fashions asking won't let her be. Strip her to flesh for apathetic male ego. You bet the set ain't down with your wak. Rape ritual! We got to meet this hate with love. We got to meet this hatred with love. Why do we fall for it, fuel it, sexual violence equality? Please. So-called alternative movement statistics never confess her wounded aloneness, internal inferno, locked away calm diminishment. Sharon Stone, you ain't all that. Madonna, you ain't all that. Sell you shallow shock value charade is wak. Sister, put a fist in what's expected of you. Deny! Defy! False definition of you too; there's no excuse for this brutality or this lack of humanity. rape ritual. I say I throw you into the wind. I say your traditions mean nothing to me.