

You're undecided.
You ride a fence but that fence divides.
No side is still a side.
A look in your eyes says I hold myself above you.
You can't see through my skin.
Hey, don't think that I ain't counting all the things you do.
I'll hold a floodlamp to you and burn you in your awful truth.
Born without a choice of race.
Held to blame and put in place.
See through skin and look at all that lies within.
I know that this can't cure it but if it bends and ear then hear it.
You, watch what you do.
You've gotta unlearn it.
It's a sickness that keeps returning.
You need open heart.
Enough of your joking.
You're gonna wind up choking.
Some words still can kill.
Hey, what kind of friend would understand a joke,
Could stand a joke so cruel?
Hey, color's just another number tattooed with a blunt old tool
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