

Silence Itself Is A Form Of Oppression

Adhesive

Oppression as they wash their hands
In their own incapacity
First we gave them our colours
But now we kick them back to a life of oppression
And just as easy as our state transforms
Lives into files they chase down the weak,
Line them up and cut them down

It's their blood on your hands
History can't wash it away
Can you bear the conscience for their pain
And their suffering?

It's ignorance as they wash their hands
In their own bliss
A government death-squad performs
Ethnic cleansing
And our state will gladly make the arrangements
Send the lambs back to slaughter
To a religious fascist genocide regime

It's their blood on your hands
History can't wash it away
Can you bear the conscience for their pain
And their suffering?

Our silence sanctions genocide
Silence itself is a form of oppression!

Feel their suffering and their pain...