

Flash Gordon soundtrack,
I was in second grade.
My first real record, yeah,
Worn down it played and played.
Young and blind,
My double mind.

When the world was black and white,
Watch me turn my back tonight,
On Freddie Mercury,
Mr. Fahrenheit.

I was in eighth grade,
I said he was a queer,
I thought he had it coming,
He died of Aids that year.
My liberty,
Like Christ's death meant nothing to me.

When my veins choked thick with spite,
Blind man's bluff burns in hindsight,
For Freddie Mercury,
Mr. Fahrenheit.

Predisposed to bigotry,
The regular run-of-the-mill American story.
The stench of greasepaint on our faces,
Pass the mask to our next of kin,
Instead of wiser idioms,
Like "love the sinner, hate the sin".