

Sons And Daughters

Hot Water Music

Now unfortunate that it has come to this,
where we all pay to die as rogues, as workers,
nomads and searchers, sweat to shackles and leads to lies.
Still we're all under lock and key, who are we hot savages hook
ed an accessories,
numb and dumb to what else we could do of be.
Repercussion is at a lull, slow me down, let me come around to
these starving in the streets,
some are mothers, some are fathers, all are sons, all are daugh
ters,
left all alone and seen as disease.
Still we pass and we watch them bleed,
will not wash away with rain, a person's blood is heavier than
who's the disease