

Unentitled States Of Hysteria

Humanwine

A violent disorder stakes claims of it's righteousness over the
border
it feeds on those who eat up the bones of it's casualties
the momentum of each daily cycle of "you're not me"

YOU'RE NOT ME A burn for a burn is as useless as apathy
we must make choice through action no matter the fraction we st
and for
gutting it's name and denouncing it's claims of "you're not me"

YOU'RE NOT ME

It's in your mind Travel through time
It's in your face forgotten place
It's in your hands Forgotten lands
I'm twisting and turning
I'm buning my insides
I'm breaking on fire,
"Woe!" she cries no more, for you!

Eyes watching in the dark like a song done well or a spell gone
awry
and all the books were burned with any insight on how to fix th
e wrongs back to right
gottah gather all together all of us a re running scattered and
we're pointing out that
you're not me
holding off your future dreams you'd rather scream in fear that
the not-me party is marching on
not like it's the only one
time
here
everyday for many long years people die Iraqis lacking food and
in health supplies
sanctioned by the brother with no compassion for the other
with one outstretched hand the other rapes the land
in the name of democracy, flag of hypocrisy,
war is second nature there we're quick to turn in our neighbor
the young have war in their eyes oh how this mighty nation crie
s
"You Witch!"
"Communist"
"Pinko"
"Terrorist"

YOU'RE NOT ME