

# Untitled 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