

# The Fight To Be Human

Justin Currie

I'm not a master of what I survey  
To death and disaster I am a slave  
But I am the author of the words that I say  
But why do I bother; it's all trash anyway.  
I try to be truthful- or I think that I try  
I may not be useful but at least I'm alive.  
And millions of letters spill into the hive  
And all of them worthless  
Except for this line:  
I hate the world they gave me,  
I hate the world they gave me  
I stand on a mountain of pitiful prose  
My mind is a fountain that pointlessly flows  
They give you a trophy if you make the kids scream  
But it's such a joke to me; how insipid I've been.  
I hate the world they gave me,  
I hate the world they gave me  
I dig into my past now; I dig into my wrist  
To recapture the last time I felt the knife twist  
And I kick at the shackles, And I heave at the chains  
But I am the governor Of my empty domain  
I hate the world they gave me  
I hate the world they gave me  
And dead and diseased they prey on my mind  
And after they leave me, I drink til I'm blindâ??  
I once had a refuge in music and wine but now I am deaf to  
The word on the line  
I cling to my records I cling to my fates  
That fool in the mirror has taken my place

And the funniest funerals; the saddest of births  
Are all an excuse to indulge in my thirst.  
I hate the world they gave me,  
I hate the world they gave me  
My body's a riot; my mind's the police  
I feed myself lies to enforce some peace  
Tell people I love them; shake idiot's hands  
And sometimes I hug them as custom demands  
I used to believe in the goodness of man  
But not anymore since I became one of them  
So I hoodwinked my woman and bought her a ring  
But like the fight to be human- it don't mean anything.  
Like the fight to be human, it don't mean anything.  
Girls gather around me and pick at my seams  
Like death in the family docking my dreams  
And I'm fitting to watch them infinite plays  
I wish I had done something good for the race  
Poisonous postings singing songs in the streets  
The government's boasting of catching the cheats  
I cringe into my collar and drink into my shoes  
As cheerleaders holler which color I use  
I step up to the plate yeah with a match for a bat  
And strike at a lightning set fire to my hair  
And I won't be dragooned by the whitest and worst  
In a shoot for the moon and shoot myself first  
And the harder it gets now the softer I sing  
Cause the fight to be human don't mean anything  
Yeah the fight to be human; it don't mean anything