

Womb Envy

Paint It Black

Too quick to step up with the fisticuffs.
I think it's time that someone called our bluff.
We can't create so we denigrate.
We don't know how to love so we settle for hate.
And we're running out of time.
So let's step out of line, and resist the roles that we've been
assigned.
I'm not going to settle for "nice guys finish last," or treat o
ur sisters as second class.
While we conquer and earn, slash and burn.
Concrete, steel and pavement everywhere I turn.
And we're running out of time.
Brothers & sisters, here's my decision: Fuck competition
Turn my back on division.
Did we learn the difference between "want," and "need?"
Can we be the soil if this song is the seed?