

Our History

Pale Young Gentlemen

I woke within a circle and they glared down
at me, my ex lovers and their mothers, nails
and biting teeth. Why, why didn't I die?

My brother found my body in the grass, a
purple stain, and he didn't say a word we are
the same, we are the same.

Lines cut through my face, I felt like
a child.

You can't touch me, my people,
our history.

While I believe that I ain't
nothing, just a line in a circle, I'm
convinced that I won't forget tonight.
I won't forget tonight, my boy.

Lines cut through my face, he
carried me home.

You can't touch me, my people,
our history.

Every time she climbs atop me
I wonder will it end the same.
I don't know.

I'd like to see my father. We fit together.
I'd like to see my father.

Lines cut through my face and I
felt like a child.

You can't touch me, my people,
our history.