

Dickheads shit-talk, huddled single-file
First-world frat-boys and prairie skinheads
Who will never walk a mile
Or mourn a murdered friend
In this tiny woman's shoes.
Drink up and mumble your abuse.
I'm still humbled by it all:
Around the same time
That I was riding with no hands,
Busting windows and getting busy
Behind the sportsplex
(With Labonte's older sister
Decked out in her Speedos),
Bella was flinching from the sting
Of a Depo Provera "family planning",
Her own Pearl Harbour
And a holocaust spanning
25 years to the rest of her life
A prison my country underwrote in paradise.
And in the shadows of Santa Cruz,
She crossed her fingers behind her back.
Built Suharto a Trojan horse and lay still
Where as night fell she emerged
'Til the motherfucker sent her north
With a box under her arm
That held her pledge of allegiance
And her uniform.
She laid it at the gates
Of General's embassy
And her whisper echoed into a dawn
As she disappeared:
The truth will set my people free