Some times I think that anything Would be better than this Inside my shrine no one's allowed Hidden from passersby Cerebral shelter from this world

Safe from this hell You need no eyes. To see the injustice And breathe in the lies

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Feeling bad is not enough to feed the starving Or call their bluff Getting mad is not a way to aid the helpless Who die each day

To make a difference we'd have to rebel
Against the system that's not treating us well
Against all religions who set us apart
Through hate and through fear you won't win my heart
Against mediocrity which says it's OK
To be wrong, go along, and have nothing to say
And against all the people who by bringing you
Down feel so right and important but their tongues are brown

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