

The color of skin doesn't begin to shape my point of view
I don't believe it makes you take leave of what's in your mind
if I were blind I think I would find it just doesn't matter
the world is ripped apart by the fools some of us have
no heart hate colored tools the sex of a mate sparks a debate
which one is better I would submit for you to admit we
both need each other we both have a mind and you soon
will find you can do anything too difference is good
if only you could appreciate what's not like you why
the hate it's not so great we've lost a lot of friends
I'll begin to understand I'm different in your eyes
too I'll learn to trust you're a threat not who you are
but what you do in the end we'll depend on who I am and what I
do