

Why

The Cassandra Complex

I saw my father die when I was six years old
I saw him kiss my mother with his last breath
I saw my mother die two hours later
Crushed by the weight of the soldier that raped her

Why is the world like it is?

They took me away, gave me a gun
Told me to shoot my friends, do it or starve
They raped my sister, then I raped my sister
It wasn't funny at the time

Why is the world like it is

So we went to the jungle and painted our faces
Found the old temples, found the old gods
We worshipped them animals, worshipped them with helicopters
We worshipped them with people, we built a sausage machine

Why is the world like it is?

You come from the city, what do you know of our gods?
You've never seen blood, you never seen happiness
You've never known freedom., you'll never be free
Till you die

Why is the world like it is?