

Be who you are
If it fits in the system
Say what you will
But you might die if they listen
They think in the politics of gasoline and torture

Please only talk to me in the dark

Write what you will
If you write in a prison
Sing how you feel
But you die if they listen
They think in the politics
Of rosaries and chains

And it's hard to tell the right for the wrong
When the right is protecting the wrong

Be who you are
But not where there are people
Reality is taught
Right and wrong, there is no middle
We think in politics
Of money and ourselves