

## Pecking Order

### Tourniquet

Sleight of hand, slight of mind  
Slam the door, leave the key inside  
With a quick and knowing stare  
Like a contest at the fair  
You're the winner, you're the loser  
You're the chosen, I'm the chooser

Too fat, too poor, too black, too pure  
Too white, too foreign, too smart, too boring

Hen-pecked hypocrite, myself included  
Fails to see, my thoughts diluted  
With our judgement, and mind polluted  
Comes prevention, from seeing who God created  
Politics of the mind, feeds the ego of the blind  
Who made you the judge of me  
Turn away, just let me be  
The notion that we're better than them  
The ultimate delusional gem  
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Ninety-three million miles  
From the earth, the granite boils  
Half the heat, half the burn  
Scorches those who never learn  
Look to Him and you will see  
The only judge for you and me  
Grace and mercy from His throne  
Imparts to those He calls His own  
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Imparts to those He calls His own