

the head

ignorance, hate, divisions,
kastes, religions, and flags are just weapons,
our chest is just the target.
history is a tale
and our ears are closed.
stand up and dream.
stand up and love.
creation cannot be tied.
knowledge cannot be hidden.

trilateral

(realize u are in the middle)

won't talk about the money,
nor about the builders,
i'm talking about the earth,
my violated homeground.

three corners three sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

three corners tree sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

this way my people die,
eating the government poison.
three corners three sides,
people living that cancer,
the government knows and stands.

three corners three sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

the tunnel

what tunnel gives me?
tunnel does not give me my memories.
i left long time ago.
I don't remember
where i was going.

and my nose in front of the wall
and tv screaming,
just searching doors,
banners crawling.
but i got my soul
and i still got my eyes,
still got my eyes
and i can move my sight.
and i promise,
i will always remember
who i have been.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

and the end of the tunnel

sweet, evil, nihilist, dead enemy
keep me in your arms,
i see the future because i see the past,
all in a howling hole,
a whole life a whole existence,
all in a smoking hole.
no need for a light in the end of the tunnel,
i got the light in my eyes.