

Precious Death

"Strange To Me"

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This is the world, and check it out, human
response is flowing by, and in reaction
to reaction I can't understand why, that I am
the way I am, that I do and you do not. I
guess we're in this thing we're in, it's what
we've got. I slam my hands both down,
until my fingers bleed, until my face is red,
until you feel my need, I feel your con-
science crush, hate subside, I'm getting out
of this world alive

Deeper than it seems to be, the difference
in the way we see, I'm strange to you,
you're strange to me, so we agree to dis-
agree, good-bye

This is political and I am not the one that I
might seem, not buried under the
American dream. I will not try to find a
way to fill the hole, moral decay, you will
not listen no matter what I say
And when the way of what it is, is under
words of what is not, I try to be within,
without, with everyone. And though I try
not to confuse, my commitment with my
contempt, I try to love the world, but then
the world is bent.

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