

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Tolerance"

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The still and silence is torn with violence. A loud breaking sound in the night is made. Hear it grow, hear it fade. The sound you're hearing, the sound you're fearing is the hate that parades up and down our streets, coming within bounds and within reach. Now, inside the place we hide away, we hear it near and hope it turns away. Turn away...

There's something seething in the air we're breathing. We learn slash and burn is the method to use. Set a flame, burn it new. We're overpowered. We kneel, we cower, we cover our heads. Feel the threat of blows that will come and the damage that will be done in it's wake.

Now, inside this place we hide away, we hear it near although it's miles away. We hear it near and hope it turns away. Turn away...

This house divided, we live inside it. Hate's dwelling place is behind our door in fitful nights. Hear it walk the floor and hear it rave as it moans and drags along it's ball and chain, as it moves through this house it can't escape.

Now inside this place we hide away. We hear it near and hope it turns away. Turn away....

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