

69 Eyes

"In Twenty Years From Now"

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In twenty years from now, I hope I'll still be there
disrupting comfort and fighting tyranny. This weight on
my chest, is it a blooming cancer? I'd ask the
petroleum industry, but they're too busy smashing
trees. I don't want to live for a man-made institution,
my choices are important, my choices are real. I don't
want to die because of man's stupidity. As air is vital
it's toxic-ness is real. I'm not a tool for your killing
machine. I'll never shut up, I'll never give up on all my
friends. My sister is not a tool for your raping machine
She'll never shut up she'll never give up on all her
friends.

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