

## **Born Blind**

### **"Separation"**

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So open-minded you claim to be,  
but not when it came to me.  
You think that you know my ways,  
you hardly know my name.

History repeats itself,  
you stuck me up upon a shelf,  
because we have our differences,  
because we're not the same.

You think that you know me,  
you never even wanted to know,  
so you discriminate,  
separate yourself from us.

You think you know what  
I am, label me like some can,  
you can't do that to me, I'm an individual.

If only I thought like you,  
if only I acted like you,  
if only I dressed like you,  
would you approve?

You preach brotherhood,  
you don't include me in your unity.  
You preach brotherhood,  
treat me like a wretched thing.

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