

Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy

"Language Of Violence"

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The first day of school was always the hardest
The first day of school, the hallways the darkest
Like a gauntlet
The voices haunted
Walking in with his thin skin lowered chin
He knew the names that they would taunt him with
Fagot sissy punk queen queer
Although he'd never had sex in his 15 years
And when they harassed him, it was for a reason
And when they provoked him, it became open season
For the fox and the hunter, the sparks and the thunder
That pushed the boy under, then pillage and plunder
It kind of makes you wonder
How one can hurt another
But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler
It's like breathing with a respirator
It eases the conscience of even the most conscious
And calculating violator
Words can reduce a person to an object
Something more easy to hate
An inanimate entity, completely disposable

No problem to obliterate

But death is the silence

In this language of violence

Death is the silence

But death is the silence

In this cycle of violence

Death is the silence

It's tough to be young, the young long to be tougher

When we pick on someone else it might make us feel rougher

Abused by their fathers but was at home though

So to prove to each other that they were not homos

The exclamation of the phobic fury

Executioner, a judge and jury

The mob mentality, individuality was nowhere

Dignity forgotten at the bottom of a dumb

Old dare and a numb cold stare

On the way home it was back to name calling

Ten against one they had his back up against the wall
and

They reveled in their laughter as they surrounded him

But it wasn't a game when they up jumped and
grounded him

They picked up their bats with their muscles straining

And they decided they were gonna beat this fella's
brain in

With an awful, powerful, showerful, an hour full of
violence

Inflict the strictest brutality and dominance

They didn't hear him screaming, they didn't hear him
pleading

They ran like cowards and left the boy bleeding

In a pool of red 'til all tears were shed

And his eyes quietly slid into the back of his head

Dead

But death is the silence

In this language of violence

Death is the silence

But death is the silence

In this cycle of violence

Death is the silence

But death is the silence

In this language of violence

Death is the silence

But death is the silence

In this cycle of violence

Death is the silence

You won't see the face 'til the eyelids drop

You won't hear the screaming until it stops

The boy's parents were gone and his grandmother had
raised him

She was mad, she had no form of retaliation

The pack didn't have to worry about being on a hit list

But the thing they never thought about was that there
was a witness

To this senseless crime, right place wrong time
Tried as an adult one of them was gonna do hard time
The first day of prison was always the hardest
The first day of prison, the hallways the darkest
Like a gauntlet
The voices haunted
Fagot, sissy, punk, queen, queer
Words he used before had a new meaning in here
As a group of men in front of him came near
For the first time in his life the young bully felt fear
He'd never been on this side of the name calling
Five against one they had his back up against the wall
and
He had never questioned his own sexuality
But this group of men didn't hesitate in their reality
With an awful, powerful, showerful, an hour full of
violence
Inflict the strictest brutality and dominance
They didn't hear him screaming
They didn't hear him pleading
They took what they wanted and then left him bleeding
in the corner
The giant reduced to Jack Horner
But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler
It's like breathing with a respirator
It eases the conscience of even the most conscious
And calculating violator

The power of words, don't take it for granted
When you hear a man ranting
Don't just read the lips, be more sublime than this
Put everything in context
Is this a tale of rough justice
In a land where there's no justice at all?
Who is really the victim
Or are we all the cause and victim of it all?
But death is the silence
In this language of violence
Death is the silence
But death is the silence
In this cycle of violence
Death is the silence
But death is the silence
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