

# Fifteen

## "Chris's Song"

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*[Words by Chris Delvecchio/music by 15.]*

I saw a man who stood on the white house lawn  
Dousing himself with lilies and lighting himself into  
laughter,  
hysterical at the shrieking feet of those whites who  
wear their crosses  
on their sleeves, with their spinning swastikas neatly  
pinned behind their eyes.  
I've heard of those who have sliced the throats of their  
razors to see a  
stream of revolution spill off the tiles and into the  
mountains of that tiny land we call free

I know of cages from whose teeth flow tears, rage and  
sedation tenants  
who refuse to feed the hand that bites us all.  
I know of crimes so unspeakable they must be shouted,  
of a land  
whose streets are paved with those without homes.  
I know of a land numbered by the staccato upheaval of  
chorused  
consumerism, of those who mutter "love" under their  
breath while  
riding into a grey horizon, sweetened with steel, and  
preserved through war.

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