

Human Waste Project

"Big Man"

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Heads smashed as lovers kiss, their affection replaced
with blood
As some dickless fuck shows off his ignorance, his
intolerance
Amidst confusion, heads still spinning, both still
thinking clear
Clear enough to know this wasn't random, it wasn't
accidental

So tough. So cool.

Later on that night bragging to his friends about the
dykes he fucked up on St Denis
They laugh, pat his back, and pour another beer
They'd bashed another queer
Instilling fear. More fear
It was fear that caused it

So we try to deny that this hate permeates to this day
And there's no way we'll give up on this fight or put up
with this shit ever again

Meanwhile, back at home, the girls aren't sitting down
A week later dozens kiss on that same spot

Queers
Fags
Dykes

So where were you then, big man?

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