

Luka Bloom "Section 31"

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Who are they to decide what we should hear?
Who are they to decide what we should see?
What do they think we can not comprehend?
Why do they fear what our reaction might be, might
be?

Section 31 on the TV
Section 31 on the radio
Section 31 is like a blindfold
Section 31 makes me feel cold

The pounding of the footsteps in the early morning
light,
Another family waking to an awful deadly fright.
There's a body on the pavement with a bullet through
the jaw,
A thirteen-year-old victim of plastic bullet law.

The silence in my ears, the darkness in my eyes,
Heightens the fears, deafens the cries.
Of another brother taken in another act of hate.
A family preparing for another dreadful wait.

Section 31 on the TV
Section 31 on the radio
Section 31 is like a blindfold
Section 31 makes me feel cold

Who are they to decide what we should see?
Who are they to decide what we should hear?
What do they think we can not comprehend here?
Why do they fear what our reaction might be, might
be?

Section 31 on the TV
Section 31 on the radio
Section 31 is like a blindfold
Section 31 makes me feel cold, feel cold, feel cold ...

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