

Miss Black America "Personal Politics"

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It's not intent that makes us liars,
But desire to please
And be more than we ever could be
In a million years
And all our failures are demons
We must conquer
If we are to be strong
Yeah

It's not just the looks that make these eyes sore
It's the lifestyle, baby
Not everybody gets to win
But I will win
'Cause I can win
Yeah, I will beat this thing for you
I will conquer
I will learn to be strong

But it's just noise that counts for nothing
Personal politics:
Empty words
It's just words,
Strong words that make us liars
Oh, we do it every time
Hack, hack away at your demons
But they still eat you alive

Now you've seen more than you wanted to know
You use staples to keep your eyes closed
People talk
Yeah, people talk and talk
They go on and on and on?
But it's just noise that counts for nothing
Personal politics:
Empty words
It's just pointless noise that makes us liars
Oh, we do it every time
I'd do anything for self-control
Sometimes

Death to all liars.
Death to us all.

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