

## **Paint It Black** **"Womb Envy"**

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Too quick to step up with the fisticuffs.  
I think it's time that someone called our bluff.  
We can't create so we denigrate.  
We don't know how to love so we settle for hate.  
And we're running out of time.  
So let's step out of line, and resist the roles that we've  
been assigned.  
I'm not going to settle for "nice guys finish last," or  
treat our sisters as second class.  
While we conquer and earn, slash and burn.  
Concrete, steel and pavement everywhere I turn.  
And we're running out of time.  
Brothers & sisters, here's my decision: Fuck  
competition  
Turn my back on division.  
Did we learn the difference between "want," and  
"need?"  
Can we be the soil if this song is the seed?

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