

## Ramallah

# "The Horror And The Gag"

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Time is the fire in which we burn.  
The bitter ash and dust of hate choke what remains.  
So don't breathe a mote about fate or faith,  
'cause those words and their toll leave so many so  
cold.  
And the story's so old yet it never gets told  
but it's written in the scars on the wrists of the lost  
in the cold of life.

Yeah, my mother was raped at nine years old. Hoo-ah!  
I guess good ol' fashioned poverty and a violent drunk  
of a dad was not cliché enough.  
So fate tore away her faith on that secret day.  
Torn along with her hymen.  
Still somewhere in time there's still a little bloody girl of  
nine.

Hey Ma, you know.  
Been burned? Yeah, life is cold.  
Hey Ma, you've screamed and somewhere lost in time  
you scream.  
But life goes on.  
Yeah, life goes on.  
So life goes on.

Knock, knock. Who's there?  
I've got a little joke about the horror of the world:  
the horror and the gag is the soul can die but life goes  
on.  
Hoo-ah!! Can you dig it?  
The heart keeps beating but the blood goes cold.  
And there's no rock bottom,  
so welcome to the joke of un-life, HA! HA! HA!

Hey Ma, I know:  
you died so long ago.  
Hey Ma, now I see:  
you're still a nine-year-old girl screaming.

But life goes on.  
Yeah, life goes on.  
So life goes on.

Time is the fire in which we burn.  
The heart keeps beating but the blood goes cold.  
What do you know about horror?  
Horror.

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