

## **Straighten Things Out "Masterclass"**

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See me, there, dying like all my brothers,  
lying in my blood, right down at your feet.  
Your empty eyes on me, without compassion  
nor a single touch of feelings.  
I beg you to help me,  
but only nightstick strokes reply to my screams  
I beg you to spare me  
but only shotgun blasts reply to my screams...

What can I see in the distance?  
An impassive mass of clowns  
dressed up as cowboys playing superheroes,  
pretending not to see... No fucking way!!  
If I had black gold running through my veins  
things would have been different.

See them playing big shots,  
trying to rule us all with their crappy manifestos.  
But we're well aware of their fucking aspirations

ruthlessly they try to bring the rebellion down to heel  
How long again will they decimate my tribe?  
Will you contemplate this genocide?  
I beg you to help me, but everything I get is your  
content...

What can I see in the distance?  
An impassive mass of clowns  
dressed up as cowboys playing superheroes,  
pretending not to see... No fucking way!!  
If I had black gold running through my veins  
things would have been different.

They forced us to scatter,  
forced to hide away,  
from our makeshift village to run away.  
Taking the touch of dignity we were left away.  
This is our way to be...

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