

The New York Room

"Flesh Shapes The Day"

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One, two, three

Now you might have heard different
But I know it's a fact
That Jesus, Mary, Joseph
And the Apostle Paul were black

Ten letters I am writing
Each one reads the same
And nine circles I am drawing
One around your name

Land and freedom, steel and faith
Tooth and bone and wire
Skin, scar, dirt and fire
Mic check

It doesn't matter who you are
It does not matter what you say
Flesh shapes the day
Flesh shapes the day

Now it's clear as a pillar of smoke
And broken Starbuck's glass
Yeah, I support my troops
They wave black flags, they wear black masks

All the roads are closed
Smoke is rising from the fields
The monsters left their cages
An angel set them free

Land and freedom, steel and faith
Tooth and bone and wire
And skin, scar, dirt and fire
Mic check

It doesn't matter who you are
It does not matter what you say
Flesh shapes the day
Flesh shapes the day

Veteran's hospitals and witches spells
Low to buy and high to sell
And little girls collecting shells
And memories upon the shelves

And ringing bells and high school choirs
And faithful dogs beside the fire
And billionaires and open bars
And early exits and judgments hard

And land and freedom, steel and faith
Tooth and bone and wire
And skin, scar, dirt and fire
Mic check

It doesn't matter who you are
Does not matter what the fuck you say
Flesh shapes the day
Flesh shapes the day

Flesh shapes the day
Flesh shapes the day

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