

Pieta Brown

"Nothing"

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I scrape my name off the seven skins of excess
I hang my pickled brain on the rusty nail of
Success
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes...
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes
With the suffering of my kin and kind
With the suffering of my kin and kind
With the suffering my killing's kind
My killing kind
My killing kind
My killing's kind
My killing's kind

I wanna know how you feel from the inside out
I wanna know it feels out of my sinside
On your inside
I'm on the sinside

This is the anthem of the dispossessed
This is the the endless chain that sprouts aggression
This is the bigotry that grows and grows into
Oppression
I am the poison water that lies within your well
These words are wind though you wear them well
My wretched blade turns to your wrists
Endows it with it's special gift
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes...
I scratch my sodden skin stained eyes
With the suffering of my killing kind
My killing kind
My killing kind
My killing's kind
My killing's kind

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