

## Promise Of Redemption

### "Long Sleeves In The Summer"

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In the deep dark forest of sweden,  
Where the kids are bleeding  
For no obvious reason  
Back up vocals tenor diamond  
Bang the piano squeeze the beat out the drummer this  
Ain't your average hiphop, it got no Keys to the  
hummer  
No prostitutes, glocks that shoot it deals with the  
Younger generation on medication to shut out the  
Sleeping and hunger she needs the pain - her weary  
arms  
Need to get number scarred so bad she's wearing long  
Sleeves in the summer people wouldn't know what to  
say  
So she feels she should cover the shame inflicted by  
Livin in the greediest culture man, who wouldn't be  
Disgusted by all the meat and the butter? you could say  
She's reluctant to eat cus her mother it wouldn't be  
The whole truth gotta dig deep in the under people fail  
To realise what I speak on when I utter:  
Generation after generation A  
Are being sacrificed  
Slaughtered on the altar  
Of a massive lie  
Play the piano for the innocent children growing up  
Being bombarded with an image of women so sick and  
Twisted and it's mirrored within them because we're  
Celebrating death as the ideal way of living it's so  
Backwards round here - man I ain't even kidclin' she's  
Trapped in her body tryin to fly out from her prison

Too close to the sun quickly brought back to the harsh  
Reality burned by the cold fire of this world's  
Mentality father could you tell me why she's starvin  
Herself please tell me why she's so hard on herself  
She's walkin this earth wearin the scars of our hell  
Carved in the flesh of her arms and what next? I don't  
Know what good talkin will do and if puttm her pain in  
A song will help, but I can't go on cus the words  
Gettin blurred in front of my eyes as the teal's start  
To burn this ain't a song it's a cry

For generations after generations that are being  
Sacrificed I tell you slaughtered on the altar of a  
Massive lie  
Cus how you expect me to explain to my little sis when  
She use her brain ain't no interest they pick her apart  
Till all that remains is a clitoris media keep telling  
Her to change to some bigger tits tellin' her to shut  
Her mouth - paint - and to fix her lips but her smile's  
A little strained while she slit her wrist because she  
Hates what her belly is that's why we resist and can't  
Get a bit of rest  
Cus generation after generation are being sacrificed  
Slaughtered on the altar of a massive lie

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