

Promoe

"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 hip-hop, 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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