

Propagandhi

"Who Will Help Me Make This Bread?"

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I speak my mind. I question theirs. It seems to me like
no one really cares.
Peripherally blind. Intellectually numb. Ignorance by
choice? or just plain
f**king dumb? You're threatened by my mind. You
want everything the same. But
my questions still remain. You boycott your brain. You
answer with fists. But
my questions rearrange my mind. You can beat this
shell about me, but you
can't touch what's inside. So now who will help me bake
this bread? Who will
be the first to speak and leave complacency for dead?
I've done all that I
can on my own. But stagnant minds persist to squeeze
blood from this stone.
But I won't bleed for you. I have no need for you. Death
will be the day I
concede to you. (As you can see, I really mean
bussiness, Poot!)

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