

Painted Thin

"Legacy Of Boxes"

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Passed down in boxes stuffed in closets,
It's a manufactured social tradition:
The systematic silencing, objectifying,
And exploitation of wimmin.

It's not biology but it's part of me.
I was brought up to believe.
I never thought that sex would make me clench my fist.
I thought that hatred felt like this.

Passed down in punches behind closed doors
They fall on baptized purple skin.
Blinded by a fantasy, or a parent or a magazine.
Blinded from our own needs.

It's not biology but it's part of me.
I was brought up to believe.
I never thought that sex would make me clench my fist.
I thought that hatred felt like this.

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