

## Broery Pesolima

### "Language of Violence"

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The first day of school was always the hardest  
The first day of school, the hallways the darkest  
Like a gauntlet  
the voices haunted  
Walking in with his thin skin, lowered chin  
He knew the names that they would taunt him with  
Faggot, sissy, punk, queen, queer  
Although he'd never had sex in his 15 years  
And when they harassed him it was for a reason  
And when they provoked him it became open season  
for the fox and the hunter, the sparks and the thunder  
that pushed the boy under, then pillage and plunder  
It kind of makes you wonder  
how one can hurt another

But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler  
It's like breathing with a respirator  
It eases the conscience of even the most conscious  
and calculating violator  
Words can reduce a person to an object,  
something more easy to hate  
An inanimate entity, completely disposable,  
no problem to obliterate

[CHORUS:]  
But death is the silence  
in this language of violence  
Death is the silence  
But death is the silence  
in this cycle of violence  
death is the silence

It's tough to be young, the young long to be tougher  
When we pick on someone else it might make us feel  
rougher  
Abused by their fathers but was at home though  
so to prove to each other that they were not homos  
The exclamation of the phobic fury  
executioner, a judge and jury  
The mob mentality, individuality was nowhere  
Dignity forgotten at the bottom of a dumb old dare and

a numb cold stare  
On the way home it was back to name calling  
Ten against one they had his back up against the wall  
and  
they reveled in their laughter as they surrounded him  
But it wasn't a game when they up jumped and  
grounded him  
They picked up their bats with their muscles straining  
and they decided they were gonna beat this fella's  
brain in  
with an awful, powerful, showerful, an hour full of  
violence  
Inflict the strictest brutality and dominance  
They didn't hear him screaming, they didn't hear him  
pleading  
They ran like cowards and left the boy bleeding  
in a pool of red 'til all tears were shed  
and his eyes quietly slid into the back of his head  
dead...

[CHORUS]

[2x]

You won't see the face 'til the eyelids drop  
You won't hear the screaming until it stops

The boy's parents were gone and his grandmother had  
raised him  
She was mad she had no form of retaliation  
The pack didn't have to worry about being on a hitlist  
But the thing they never thought about was that there  
was a witness  
to this senseless crime, right place wrong time  
Tried as an adult one of them was gonna do hard time

The first day of prison was always the hardest  
The first day of prison, the hallways the darkest  
Like a gauntlet  
the voices haunted  
Faggot, sissy, punk, queen, queer  
Words he used before had a new meaning in here  
As a group of men in front of him came near  
for the first time in his life the young bully felt fear  
He'd never been on this side of the name calling  
Five against one they had his back up against the wall  
and  
he had never questioned his own sexuality  
but this group of men didn't hesitate in their reality  
with an awful, powerful, showerful, an hour full of  
violence  
Inflict the strictest brutality and dominance

They didn't hear him screaming  
They didn't hear him pleading  
They took what they wanted and then left him bleeding  
in the corner  
The giant reduced to jack horner

But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler  
It's like breathing with a respirator  
It eases the conscience of even the most conscious  
and calculating violator

The power of words, don't take it for granted  
when you hear a man ranting  
Don't just read the lips, be more sublime than this  
Put everything in context, is this a tale of rough justice  
in a land where there's no justice at all ?  
Who is really the victim ? Or are we all the cause, and  
victim of it all ?

[CHORUS]

[2x]  
You won't see the face 'til the eyelids drop  
You won't hear the screaming until it stops

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