

Me'shell Ndeg?ocello**"Soul On Ice"**

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We've been indoctrinated and convinced by the white
racist standard of beauty
The overwhelming popularity of seeing, better off
being, and looking white
My brothers attempt to defy the white man's law and
his system of values
Defiles his white woman, but my mum, Master's in the
slave house again
Visions of her virginal white beauty
Dancin'in your head
Your soul's on ice
Your soul's on ice
Brother brother
Are you suffering from a social infection mis-direction
Excuse me does the white woman go better with the
brooks Brothers suit?
I have psychotic dreams
Your jism in a white chalk line
You let my sister go by
Used to be customary to bow one's eyes at the sight of
a white face konks and fade

Creams sad passion deferred dreams I am a reflection
of you
Black and blue pure as the tears of coal-colored
children crying for acceptance
You can't run from yourself
She's just an illusion
Black love anthems play behind white-skinned
affection
New Birth stereophonic spanish fly let her cry.
But you no longer burn for the motherland brown skin
You want blond-haired, blue-eyed soul
Snow white passion without the hot comb

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