

Tilt

"Minister Of Culture"

Visit "[Minister Of Culture](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A pretty bride of India is burned with kerosene her
husband keeps her =
dowry and his freedom is achieved, a burnese girl in
Bangkok is of value =
for her skin, solid for her complexiion, never saw her
home again. The =
minister of culture, he argues so well, his teeth are
flashing as he =
details, a legacy of murder, a heritage of rape, a time
honored =
tradition to maim and mutilate. Cut away her labia with
dirty broken =
glass, she died of obstruction prainfully infected mass,
a dress code =
violation is an outrage in Iran, splashed her face with
acid only them =
the fun began. She wasn't good enough, a female child
left face down =
packed in the snow, umbilical cord around her tiny
feet, she suffers and =
dies alone. A woman in a western home is under house
arrest, a drunkard =
is her jailer he's entitled to molest, her daughter is
passed over when =
she tries to raise her hand, the likeliness of her
success is not an =
even chance. The minister of culture, he's wringing his
hands, he keeps =
on laughing as he demands- "No human right applies
her, our women will =
agree, our property has spoken no cause to intervine."
Submitted by: Mel

Visit [Tilt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.