

Tourniquet "Pecking Order"

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Sleight of hand, slight of mind
Slam the door, leave the key inside
With a quick and knowing stare
Like a contest at the fair
You're the winner, you're the loser
You're the chosen, I'm the chooser

Too fat, too poor, too black, too pure
Too white, too foreign, too smart, too boring

Hen-pecked hypocrite, myself included
Fails to see, my thoughts diluted
With our judgement, and mind polluted
Comes prevention, from seeing who God created
Politics of the mind, feeds the ego of the blind

Who made you the judge of me
Turn away, just let me be
The notion that we're better than them
The ultimate delusional gem

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Ninety-three million miles
From the earth, the granite boils
Half the head, half the burn
Scorches those who never learn
Look to Him and you will see
The only judge for you and me
Grace and mercy from His throne
Imparts to those He calls His own
Grace and mercy from His throne
Imparts to those He calls His own

