What We Became

No Trigger

like an episode of twilight zone there's a country torn apart by personal preference, genetics, and the fear of progress. if a man and a man cannot walk hand in hand would it make your little day and would you celebrate narrow minds running this democracy? the right to live, the right to breath, the right to love who the fuck we want. human beings against humans being human, what the fuck? sorry sir, this is an exclusive club and it always has been. the same struggle ringing in our ears as civil's definition blurs across the page. fifty years since miss brown showed the world that the power of change can even rest in little girls. that corked the mouths of pasty free-range separatists. 2004: three lessons learned, two can play at this game and bring full out war, settle the score and push buttons that cannot be ignored. its only skin, someday they'll see its only love. once upon a time still undefined, there's no real choice except accept the fact its simply what we became. what we became. and maybe one of these days all the blindfolds will simply break away from empty eyes reveling limitless blue skies and the bats and moles will see: its what we became.

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