

# Miss Fortune

## Faust

Are we supposed to be or not to be?  
Said the angel to the Queen  
I lift up my skirt and Voltaire turns  
As he speaks, his mouth full of garlic  
White, yes, white  
Misfortune of us two  
He told you to be free  
And you obeyed  
We have to decide which is important

A war we never see  
Or a street so black babies die?  
A system and a theory  
Or our wish to be free?  
To organise and analyse  
And at the end realise  
That nobody knows  
If it really happened

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