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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