

Erase (feat. Ben Marvin & J Hurley of Hacktivist)

In Hearts Wake

Open up your eyes because it's a long way down.
Wake up and turn this hatred around.
Racial insanity, trafficking of slaves.
These crimes you will take to your graves.
Your souls are like one another;
Your veins are similar in colour.
This land wasn't yours to keep,
So listen now and hear me speak: The stars look down and witness.
Erase the spreading sickness. You can't see it with your eyes because they are rolling back.
You're about to have a heart attack.
Human depravity, suffering and torture.
Co-existence maimed at the slaughter.
Your souls are like one another;
Your veins are similar in colour.
This land wasn't yours to keep.
Wake up fools from your ignorant sleep. The stars look down and witness.
Erase the spreading sickness.
You're so far gone that you can't see
Your place in hell is guaranteed. I stand tall, feet firmly planted on the solid ground.
Separation now leaves you to sink and slowly drown.
Unmarked graves for those who have disgraced our name.
Devastate? Eradicate? The human race is the same in every way. I stand tall, feet firmly planted on the solid
ground.
Separation now leaves you to sink and slowly drown. Separation will never advance us.
Discriminate, you will never rebuild trust.
We're born the same over time. Your open mind changed.
We're all brothers, so you need to look upon others in the same light.
Just 'cause you're white doesn't mean you can excuse this ignorant fight.
And the same if you're black no racist attack is justified.
Supremacy, just a lie. Does it matter about the colour of skin?
Stop wasting your time. You're fighting a fight that you won't win.
Diminish this ignorance and get a grip. Settle in.
You're controlled by the hype, abusive and threatening
Towards another brother that wants to be here and fit in.
Grown up around mixed-race kids, we see no difference,
So why discriminate him? Hatred based on appearance.
You need to erase this spreading sickness. The stars look down and witness.
Erase the spreading sickness.
You're so far gone that you can't see

Your place in hell is guaranteed.

Songwriters

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