

Race to Judgment (Small Traces of Truth)

[Lex Zaleta](#)

Big black man looking ominous,
Pale white boy getting off the bus,
Time and place for a gun or drug;
These two run together - and hug!
"I missed you, Dad!" "I missed you, Son!"
It's time to check our world vision.
There's no time left for indecision;
It's time to check our world vision. Sometimes, all of your consternation
Is just a "pigment" of your imagination
Picked up in some idle conversation -
Just a "pigment" of your imagination. Two dark, evil dudes in their turbans,
Probably causing this disturbance.
Lots of commotion in the crowd,
Fists are flying, voices are loud.
Now, everything is copacetic;
Both these guys are paramedics.
I guess looks can be deceiving;
The real bad guys are all leaving. Sometimes, all of your consternation
Is just a "pigment" of your imagination
Picked up in some idle conversation -
Just a "pigment" of your imagination. A fast approaching Hispanic ...
Your pulse races as you panic.
Gotta be part of some cartel,
Selling those tiny hits from Hell.
He gets closer than you had planned,
And, with a smile, he extends his hand.
Says, "Come November, please vote for me."
You shake his hand and smile sheepishly. Sometimes, all of our consternation
Is just a "pigment" of our imagination
Picked up in some idle conversation
Just a pigment of our imagination.

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