Burning Witches

Kyshera

We are defined by our insecurities
From the grassroots to the spire
We need to personify our fears
Like school yard bullies and they're cronies.

If we didn't hate our egos would deflate
'Cos if there's no one small, then there's no one who's taller.
Packs of frenzied, bruised dogs
Laugh at the burning insects
In this reality TV colosseum
Called society.

Prejudice is therapy for you.

Our fears are exploited
By politicians and the market
We accept their bigotry
'Cos we need our scapegoats like we need our Gods.

Somethings not a threat if it has no power
But is easier to beat the already enchained
When our shield becomes unstable
We tempt the arrows to someone who's more vulnerable.

Political correctness wont change a thing
As long as everyone keeps sinking
'Cos once they've found a reflex, they can tune in
And do what the f**k they like while the rats scramble over eachother.
But if only we would persecute the powerful
We'd have error correction machinery
We'd have no demagogues to temp us
In our colony

Lyrics submitted by Planck.

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