Finding Color In Grey People

The Honor System

hiding in shadows, reaching out desperately
there's no culture no belief
conditioned egos
days of pestilence and greed
incubating our disease
mother, father doing fine
dinner is at the table
mute the TV, uncork the wine
separation from the mind
softly sing this lullaby
newborns in their cradles clawing as they cry and shout
because the bottom is falling out
workers strike, locked in factories
so that you and I could feel free
they fell with pride, reclaimed this city's streets
'86 cut in half the work week
It's our culture friend, they want you to forget it
it's our common strand, history taken for granted
takes resilience now to bounce back up when you hit the ground

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