

The Fight to Be Human

Justin Currie

I'm not a master of what I survey
To death and disaster I am a slave
But I am the author of the words that I say
But why do I bother; it's all trash anyway. I try to be truthful- or I think that I try
I may not be useful but at least I'm alive.
And millions of letters spill into the hive
And all of them worthless
Except for this line: I hate the world they gave me,
I hate the world they gave me I stand on a mountain of pitiful prose
My mind is a fountain that pointlessly flows
They give you a trophy if you make the kids scream
But it's such a joke to me; how insipid I've been. I hate the world they gave me,
I hate the world they gave me I dig into my past now; I dig into my wrist
To recapture the last time I felt the knife twist
And I kick at the shackles, And I heave at the chains
But I am the governor Of my empty domain I hate the world they gave me
I hate the world they gave me And dead and diseased they prey on my mind
And after they leave me, I drink til I'm blind...
I once had a refuge in music and wine but now I am deaf to
The word on the line I cling to my records I cling to my fates
That fool in the mirror has taken my place
And the funniest funerals; the saddest of births
Are all an excuse to indulge in my thirst. I hate the world they gave me,
I hate the world they gave me My body's a riot; my mind's the police
I feed myself lies to enforce some peace
Tell people I love them; shake idiot's hands
And sometimes I hug them as custom demands I used to believe in the goodness of man
But not anymore since I became one of them
So I hoodwinked my woman and bought her a ring
But like the fight to be human- it don't mean anything.
Like the fight to be human, it don't mean anything. Girls gather around me and pick at my seams
Like death in the family docking my dreams
And I'm fitting to watch them infinite plays
I wish I had done something good for the race Poisonous postings singing songs in the streets
The government's boasting of catching the cheats
I cringe into my collar and drink into my shoes
As cheerleaders holler which color I use I step up to the plate yeah with a match for a bat
And strike at a lightning set fire to my hair
And I won't be dragooned by the whitest and worst

In a shoot for the moon and shoot myself first
And the harder it gets now the softer I sing
Cause the fight to be human don't mean anything
Yeah the fight to be human; it don't mean anything

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