

You're undecided.  
You ride a fence but that fence divides.  
No side is still a side.  
A look in your eyes says I hold myself above you.  
You can't see through my skin.  
Hey, don't think that I ain't counting all the things you do.  
I'll hold a floodlamp to you and burn you in your awful truth.  
Born without a choice of race.  
Held to blame and put in place.  
See through skin and look at all that lies within.  
I know that this can't cure it but if it bends and ear then hear it.  
You, watch what you do.  
You've gotta unlearn it.  
It's a sickness that keeps returning.  
You need open heart.  
Enough of your joking.  
You're gonna wind up choking.  
Some words still can kill.  
Hey, what kind of friend would understand a joke,  
Could stand a joke so cruel?  
Hey, color's just another number tattooed with a blunt old tool  
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