

Gravity Wins

Paint It Black

We're more than just the sum of our parts.
Hands off our bodies, hands off our hearts.

And who the fuck are they to tell us where we
Can and can't find divinity?
We looked around and found their god
Nowhere in the vicinity.

Because I see too much hunger and too much
Greed. What we want getting in the way of
What we need. Too much neglect and too much
Blight. You point your finger, instead of trying
To live your life right.

We've been condemned. We've been gagged
And bound. The hand that feeds becomes the
Hand that keeps us down.
The rain won't wash away your sins. You're
Gonna fall.

Gravity wins.