

Myth

Respect it, effected, defective  
Not backing not packing  
Dig "EM" up, Dig "EM" up, Dig "EM" up

So many things that make me sick  
So down with those self-absorbed hypocrites  
And newborn racists who cover their faces  
They're not so shameless but tasteless and faceless  
There are boundaries on cultural differences  
And oppressing under privileged kids  
What's with this, what's with this  
So many things that make me sick

Common wars in tales of different towns  
Aggression it lives for clowns  
My mission is to tell you of this  
Someone holding you down just raise your fist  
Why aren't men always free  
Slavery, returning disease  
What's with this, what's with this  
So many things that make me sick

Free the man, free all of them  
Free the land, united we can stand

You've lost your thought  
But thought is all you've got  
Boy stop you're caught  
You're thicker than a rock

Any minute now, any minute now  
People will realize there's people dying  
People will realize there's people trying  
To make ends meet  
To keep from defeat  
To save face and their families  
And here we are the selfish beasts