

Resignation

1. My mother's gonna cry for tomorrow I shall die -
Don't I deserve an explanation?
I'm living in her womb, may as well be a tomb -
She's gonna buy a bloody celebration.

2. My dad says it's OK to rip me out that way;
I'm just a thing, a glob of human tissue.
But I do not agree: I can suck my thumb, you see,
And howl with pain if tears I could issue.

3. They think that it's her right when I can't put up a fight
To hire a hit man, 'cause it's more appealing
To them and their ambition to send me to perdition,
Yanked out and cut with malice and precision.

4. So listen, judges, legislators, cousins and aunts
And neighbor children playing:
Sixty million's blood cries out heavenward -
God help you when He answers and gets even.