

All the lines are ill

There was a time, not long ago
When I stopped and looked around
And all I saw was skin and bone
On weathered, broken ground

The bone was mine, the skin a sign
All covered in tattoos
Of what it means, when kings and queens
are ruling over you

There was a time, not long ago
when all I could do was crawl
My spirit burdened by the weight
of the writing on the wall

*But hold on, my friend
You'll climb the hill
And realize all of the lines
are ill
all the lines are ill*

There was a time, not long ago,
When I set myself apart
In my heart, I felt a separation
made by lines whose proclamation
was fated to be nation to nation
sowing hate between generations
and fuelling that called 'art'

And so I lived the 'us' and 'them'
For many years in pain,
vainly trying to change the game
while looking past the 'other's' pain
and pretending that it was true
the path I laid for you.

*But hold on, my friend
You'll climb the hill
And realize all of the lines
are ill
all the lines are ill*

Don't you see how simple

and pure the answer is
all one must do is listen
and the reality sets in
that you and I are but the same
an expression of the soil
and so all these lines that we create
will only make us toil
listen, listen, listen
until the lines are all but gone
and perhaps, one day, you'll listen close
and perhaps hear this song:

*When all is said and done
it's one, it's one, it's one, it's one
When all is said and done
it's one, it's one, it's one, it's one*

*So don't go thinking there are two
It's one for me, and one for you*

*When all is said and done
it's one, it's one, it's one, it's one
When all is said and done
it's one, it's one, it's one, it's one.*