



THE THE  
SICKNESS | CURE



## **The Sickness & The Cure**

If one man is left in shackles  
None of us are free

When the question of colour reigns over us  
How can we see passed our fictitious shades

If the death of children has no effect  
What can we count on to shake us to our core

When the fables of daily news perpetuate the gloom and doom  
How can we see the sunflower through these tall trees

If we are separated by border lines of the imaginary kind  
How do we make amends by ridding the hatred so real

When our integrity is measured by our actions toward those  
we do not need

Let us not forget that beyond this man made obscurity we are  
a single race incapable of divide.

