

388-1000  
How this ends

Look at people marching and all the joy they feel  
Empowered by their neighbors, their passion seems so real  
Children using markers to make a lovely sign  
Claiming and reclaiming rights they sat are mine

Millions in the cities and millions in the towns  
Wearing angry smiles and disregarding all the frowns  
People speaking truth to power, though I'm not sure what that means  
Telling me that freedom and justice is what they hold to in their dreams

I don't doubt the earnestness with which they cheer and chant  
And stories of the power that they felt they ne'er recant  
But i don't think the change they seek is found in these parts  
It's gotta be the love they truly feel inside their hearts

Love for those who may end up trying to take our rights away  
Love for those whose greed has left us living day to day  
Love for those who hate us just because we think  
That there's nothing wrong with men who embrace the color pink

My point here is that i do not believe anger is the path  
Toward solving all the ills that are fermented in such wrath  
And yet we buy the narrative that our rage helps us make the change  
I understand that arousal, i simply find it strange

So, count me out  
I'll stay small  
I'll choose love  
Over all  
Not marches and  
No protests for me  
Count me out  
I just dont see  
How this ends  
How this ends