

113-1000

I argue

I argued to the end the validity of my point
It became my **cause** célèbre, the people did anoint
Me the righteous spokesman of the truth about our plight
I told them all to rise up, it was time for us to fight

We marched through city streets and we chanted our contempt
We begged those who opposed us to go on and attempt
Arrest us you'll make our issue the hottest news in town
Our protest will be the biggest thing you've ever seen go down

But truth be known i did it for attention and for praise
I cared about the issues, but my mind was in a haze
What i really craved was people who paid attention to MY life
Deep down i was ambivalent about the others' strife

For me the angry ranting cured the emptiness i felt
A loner and an addict are the cards that i was dealt
And unconsciously i lived on the action of the cause
Only now when looking back does it invite me to pause

We are a lonely people, we search for meaning in our way
Tomorrow may be better as we shrug off yesterday
And so i'll go on fighting, an activist at war
But the truth is i only do it cause i'm lonely to the core

I argue to survive
I yell to feel hope
I pen my screeds and missives
It's my way to cope
I argue to feeling anything
To remind me i'm alive
Thank heaven for injustice
Oppression helps me thrive