Mr. Big Man being big on us as we feel small against it all

What does the foot say to the ants as it walks on by?

We stay here amongst the crushed cradling them as we cry

The night comes with pain deep felt and never the same

Who’s to blame? What’s the game? Why do we remain

Survivor’s guilt for da battles we didn’t start, but we are in

What path did I choose? What did I do wrong?

Now I’m just living a blues song

Crumpled under the crumbling crush, it’s too much

The session of political oppression with words as weapons

And they will be pointed back at me.

Don’t blind my eyes with hypocrisy of monotony on TV

Don’t persuade and dissuade with scrolls of mobile screens

Point it back, stay focused on me

So, I can scream when I sing about the injustice of everything

Don’t blame the gun for the force of the bullet fired.

Don’t blame the bullet for the good guy target it expired

Blame the game that has a name you can’t ignore, war

Cowards command soldiers to fight but never get the gun

Write letters to mother over the loss of their fallen suns

The stars of their lives. - Mister Big, don’t ya bury mine

The session of political oppression with words as weapons

And they will be pointed back at me.

Don’t blind my eyes with hypocrisy of monotony on TV

Don’t persuade and dissuade with scrolls of mobile screens

Point it back, stay focused on me

So, I can scream when I sing about the injustice of everything

Make me a martyr of merit - mentioned merrily - Mr. Gun.

Send me to the moon so I can see - my lost sun

Boom Mr. Bullet - banging at me, you’ve been aimed

I am willing to sacrifice it all so no more sheep may fall

Before Ja returns to this world with his son

The one who died for what we’ve still done

I’m no longer afraid, fear won’t lead me away

On this stage I’ll sing. If allowed, I’ll tell everything