

She's white but not always right,
Black he is but not always wrong he is.
Our mind plays with us and we make the distinction between the odds,
But listen to your heart once and let your humanity take in part.
Coz' being oppressor one never understands what an oppressed feels.
But remember when one is repressed,
The whole community feels helpless,
There minds shatters,
And there hearts wrenches.
People do it out of senselessness but this results in a community's irreparableness.
Which causes them to struggle to live in a world of ogre,
Which is made by the same people as they are
Just schmuck enough to make difference between the two mere colours.

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