

Fisted Finger

(1980's)

Point a fisted finger
Towards inequity
Play in the rush of the tides
Of the forces that be
That do move me
Somebody interested me
In a nightmare
Inadvertently
But I swear
I didn't know
What was in store for me
Hey what the mess
And the madness
And all that we found around
Make ours an ever-growing entity
Target towards some semblance
Of unity
So that someone
Can survive
This insanity
The vital signs
Are fading
And failing fast
And I'm high
On the list
For losing
My mood
And latitude

There was power
In my panties
There was sweet innocence
And power
In my panties

And look what they did
When they caught sight
Of a little girl
Alive
Vital
And vibrant
There was passion
In my pocket
Behind my paranoia
And I stand
In the face
Of a raging stream
And I have glimpsed
The other side
I have glimpsed the other side

'Cause I looked down
Deep in me
And I heard a heart
Murmur my name
Been hungry
For something
Of human substance
For centuries
Because it's cold out there
It's been so fucking cold out there
And we had to call on the warmth
In our wombs
And our hearts
Are on fire
Raging
Can't you feel it?

And we could light up
And heat up
And warm up
The whole
Damn
World
If we dare
And we do

Yeah, set fire
To our souls
And we'd breathe
Fire
To the very ends
Of the edges
Of eternity
For one little baby
If necessary
'Cause our grandmothers
And mothers
Were role models
Of miracles
Maybe martyrs
But our mothers
Were miracles

So don't undermine
Our message
And put pressure
Of repression
On our passion
Don't undermine
Our mission
And put pressure
Of repression
On our passion