

## By Design

Santa Clause, Jesus, whatever the face  
An image molded for the dominance of race  
To be superior in the eyes of others  
Over the color of one's skin  
What place in the food chain does that put you in?  
To control, own, slaughter, or kill  
To do anything you want of your own free will  
Inhuman, injustice  
To have us beneath your feet  
We must stand strong  
When you render us weak  
Prejudice, bound, hung  
Every evil you can find  
Is all perfectly woven by design