

SCALES BUG

They've never been in my favour --
and I don't think they ever will be.

I'm something else born with woman's blood.
I'm something else...

Anything else.

But justice is as justice does,
and the lady is blindfolded.

And as much as she is cruel,
she never means to be.
And as much as she says she loves me,
she'll never really see.

It's a kangaroo court,
the judge is indecisive, I'm guilty until proven innocent, my lawyer is gone...
and the prosecutor --

She stands tall, proud, and glass-eyed.

Righteous, isn't she?
Well, because she's always right.

She's the father, the birth certificate, the "miss", the blood in the bowl,
the cyst in your system...
"you're a beautiful girl"...
"at least she's pretty"...
"getting pregnant will fix this, so don't worry!"...

And she's the crunch of your weak girl bones as the bailiff carries you behind
the courtroom...
and the lady is blindfolded.



You're called a devil.
A sinful shapeshifter,
the dirty fork-tongued trickster,
another pervert body switcher.

A snake.
Guilty on all accounts,
the sour Granny Smith taste still lingers in your mouth.

You're nothing more than your peers' approval,
and that's why the pronouns switched.

Because, that's what they call 'you'.
Isn't it?

There's not much say, there's little choice.
The court isn't the place to get your freedom...
and the lady is blindfolded.

