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## Blend

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## Blend

*Portia Jones*

Caught between the teeth, of a stereotypical vice.  
Is it the color of my skin, by which you judge my life?

And maybe you're afraid, afraid of what you cannot understand.  
Maybe someday we can all walk as one, the blending of man.

Tangled in the fabric, of a world that lives in sin.  
Know you'll never fall upon the truth, if you refuse to look within.

And maybe you're afraid, afraid of what you cannot understand.  
Maybe someday we can all walk as one, the blending of man.

Trapped within the rules, of an angry biased world.  
Waiting for the war, the war that we all fear.

Divided we fall.