Two Borders

I walk with my head down,
Less shadow on the wall.
Slurs slip through the air,
They're feathers as they fall.

I smile when it's raining,
Just to look less strange.
My accent folds in silence,
For people afraid of change.

It's easier to laugh at me,
Before you find the time.
Easier to hate my skin,
Than face your own decline.
If I am small, if I am weak,
At least I disappear.
Between two borders,
I vanish here.

I joke about my failures,
Make myself the clown.
Wear a paper robe of sorrow,
Wear a cardboard crown.

I learn to put on manners,
Like a secondhand coat.
If I don't speak too loudly,
Then maybe I won't choke.

It's easier to laugh at me,

Before you find the time.
Easier to hate my skin,
Than face your own decline.
If I am small, if I am weak,
At least I disappear.
Between two borders,
I vanish here.

It's easier to laugh at me,
Before you find the time.
Easier to hate my skin,
Than face your own decline.
If I am small, if I am weak,
At least I disappear.
Between two borders,
I vanish here.

I don't ask for kindness,
I don't ask for more.
I only ask the silence
to not become a war.

It's easier to laugh at me,
Before you find the time.
Easier to hate my skin,
Than face your own decline.
If I am small, if I am weak,
At least I disappear.
Between two borders,
I vanish here.

If I am nothing, I am safe,

If I am nothing, I belong.
Between two borders,
I carry on.