

We All Bleed Red

Black, white, yellow
Red, orange, tan,
Colors of the skin
Do not define a man.

Heroic, foolish, cowardly
Kind, greedy, or smart,
The morals of a man
Define what's in his heart.

If a white man shoots a black man,
Three bullets to the head
The color he bleeds
Will always be red.

If a person of color
Kills a person with none,
Red will cover his body
As the damage is done.

Blood is not yellow like the scorching sun.
Nor is it green like a lucky clover
Not as purple as a new spring flower,
Never as blue as April showers.

Blood is red,
Like a rose.
Red like the sweet apple,
Which in time will decompose.
Red like fire,
Burning with hate
But a man's own prejudice determines his fate.

Blood has been bled by
The sick, the healed, and the crying,
And blood will be shed
When your brother is dying.

Whether black as night
Or white as snow,
Blue like the deep sea below
As yellow as the sun,
Or brown as mud
Color does not matter
When we all bleed the same blood.