



# My Blood Is Red



My blood is red

I don't wear skirts, I cover my legs

My blood is red

My blood is red

I go to school, I'm just like you

My blood is red

My blood is red

I cover my body, and my head

My blood is red

My blood is red,

My parents don't know, how much you torture me, no I can't let go

My blood is red

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My scarf's a part of me, but you judge me

My blood is red

My blood is red

I don't have a knife, no I don't take lives

My blood is red

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You know my religion, but you don't know me

My blood is red

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The Beatles, Take That and Radiohead. I'm normal aren't I? I listen to them

My blood is red.

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Yes, I'm an Asian, what's with all the accusations?

Christians, Buddhists, Hindus, and Jews, you accept them all, but what really hurts, you don't consider me *at all*.

My blood is red

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Why can't you accept me? I was born here, too

My blood becomes blue

My blood becomes blue

I don't wear a scarf now; You can't call me a terrorist

My blood becomes blue

My blood becomes blue

I'm lying to my religion, my family, my life. But you had to do it. You had to take my rights.

# My Blood Is Blue

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Year 8