

# Acumen Nation, Destroyasaurus

FACELESSSS!...  
WORTHLESSSS!...

these are not complaints  
the whinings of a fake  
i love the dirty smell  
of my caste and class  
slaves to work the ships  
the masters bleed our spines  
best documentary goes to the matrix  
high tech cattle grind

eighty measures thick!  
ripe with cicatrix!  
aborted and attacked!  
rejoice! you are the chosen -- underclass!

rise..  
rise..  
rise..

creeching for crack crumbs  
callous claws and thumbs  
my tormentor rapes me  
in return for self.. WORTH!..  
WORTH!..

dog packs in the streets  
frozen and nothing to eat  
eyeing the master's house  
are you thinking what i'm thinking?  
the first reports of the flames  
had them at eight miles high  
but we measured in red states  
and laughed at their estimations!...

eighty measures thick!  
ripe with cicatrix!  
aborted and shellacked!  
rejoice! you are the chosen -- underclass!

rise..  
rise..  
rise..  
burn the right.. side  
with their own.. lies  
burn the right.. side  
with their own.. lies  
burn the right.. side  
with their own.. lies  
burn the right.. side  
with their own.. lies!  
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