

# Good Riddance, Defusing The Popular Struggle

Once lost we will never find our way  
Shutting down wee devoid of things to say  
Prospects are growing worse with every hour  
With no voice it seems wee got no power

Overcome by headlines  
We believe what isn't true  
You've got no empathy for anyone but you  
Our moral contradictions  
And subjective, hollow tomes  
Perpetuate the fear asphyxiating us at home so

Seems like there's no place left to hide  
From the cold, amorphous dread  
That we all feel inside  
Actions might dictate who survives  
The hopelessness which punctuates  
Our empty lives

Could there be something  
I need a reason  
Could there be anything at all

Systems of technology which once kept us  
Informed  
Now endeavor to perpetuate the norm  
Privatization of concentrated wealth  
While millions still suffer  
In dilapidated health so

Who cares to calculate  
What indigence will cost  
How will we replicate urbanity that's lost  
The curtain falls on the ultimate disgrace  
We hunger for equality  
Though we never had a taste

The irony will make you laugh  
Intervene on our behalf  
To undo this mask of false complicity

The despotic, right-wing government  
Has manufactured our consent  
Can we entrust ourselves  
To transform their doctrine to dissent