

Look What I Did, Minuteman For The Moment

The orator's never listening
But he understands us perfectly
Our fears, our hopes, our faults, our dreams
This is what I do for him
And this is what he does for me

When your time does
Whatever it is that time does
When it doesn't
At least as far as your concerned
The periphery dissipates
Which is in essence what you might believe was your life
Was never even a part of it
Check mate
Hey!

The rusted screws
Serve a purpose
Bend at the elbows
The arms are not just for melting off
I can be your
Action figure
Pose me in your
Favorite military taunt

And I will do backbends for anyone

Consciousness is fading
Does not leave room for the companionship of another blinking light
The shared experiences
Can be calculated as percentages of time spent
Waiting in line or taking a shit
Is the scariest fucking thing
Checkmate
Hey!

The rusted screws
Serve a purpose
Bend at the elbows
The arms are not just for melting off
I can be your
Action figure
Pose me in your
Favorite military taunt

And I will do backbends for anyone
Warning!

A mob's an angry sea
That swallows everything

Let's band together to protect the weak
The weak they need a banner to fly
And mine is the one that they'll hold up
Fasces
Hey!
Our commodity is your dissent
Your angst, my wallet
Get in my wallet!

Counterculture sure is big business

And this is what I do for it
And this is what it does for me

