

Operation Ivy, The Crowd

wrenched into the world,
deanesthesized,
blurry images fight their way
through halfway opened eyes!
wakened by alarm,
15 minutes of hygiene,
20 minutes of eating,
30 seconds to the door--
looked outside,
looked into the eyes of the impersonal mob I've seen a thousand times before;
feelings undercover like books on a shelf,
if we're scared of one another, we must be scared of ourselves!

more than just another crowd,
more than just another crowd,
more than just another crowd
more than just another crowd--
we need a gathering instead.

drink, drink in the badlands,
liquid bread for the poor;
another member of the crowd goes out
to drown in the liquor store!
choose escape through the heartlands
of product and demand;
when you're feeling like a wasp in a storm,
you got to get away anyway that you can!

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