

Shai Hulud, Orwell

So you say it's all about credentials. What do you know about honor?
Surely you can overlook principle for some momentary incentive.
These are the scales of justice, as long as they tip your way.
But my face could never make the front page.

I can hardly stomach it. I can barely keep it down.
What I'm supposed to fight for. What I should be proud of.
This ethnocentric falsehood. A nation of backseat drivers.
In a shot-out car named Ego, that takes me nowhere.

Won't be ruled by the media, won't be ruled by cathode ray.
Won't pass any judgement based on your hall of the story.
And you claim no hypocrisy in the existence of a Papacy?
Where's the separation of church and state?

How am I free? Or am I free at all?

This blessed screen let's you know exactly where i am.
Market my information. I've been naked since birth.