

# Bridge and Tunnel, Loss Leaders

So here's a sale to sooth recession  
and an ad campaign to calm the credit crisis.  
At five A.M. the doors broke open  
and then a man lay dying on the sales floor.  
The store was back open by mid-afternoon.  
We're eating the shit we've been talking.  
As we search for absolution in these diatribes,  
we'll find, that there's no absolution for the feet or the tile floor.  
It seems we'll trade death for discount,  
as we watch ourselves turn to shit, on an L.C.D. screen.  
We've become the fucking herd and we've become the stampede.  
I can't seem to plot this point on the map of where we were born and raised.  
Somewhere in the newspapers my parents read, there is a help wanted ad,  
to replace the frontlines of the free market.  
I can't seem to plot this point on the charts and graphs  
that describe how we languish in our economic decline.  
It seems we'll trade death for discount.  
We're capable of every fucked up thing that they invite us to be,  
as we're penned in the gates of the profit margin.