

Crass, End Result

I am a product. I am a symbol of endless, hopeless, fruitless, aimless games.
I'm a glossy packages on the supermarket shelf.
My contents aren't fit for human consumption.
I could tragically injure your perfect health.
My ingredients will seize up your body function.
I'm the dirt that everyone walks on.
I am the orphan nobody wants.
I am the staircarpet everyone walks on.
I am the leper nobody wants to touch..... much.

I am a sample. I am a scapegoat of useless, futureless, endless, mindless ideas.
I'm a number on the paper you file away.
I'm a portfolio you stick in the drawer.
I'm the fool you try to scare when you say
"We know all about you, of that you can be sure".
Well, I don't want your crazy system,
I don't want to be on your files.
Your temptations I try to resist them
Cos I know what hides beneath your smiles, it's..... EST.

I am a topic. I am subject a for useless, futureless, endless, mindless debates.
You think up ways that you can hide
From the naive eyes of your figurehead,
But don't you find that it ain't easy?
Wouldn't you love to see me dead?
Your answer is to give me treatment
For crying out when you give me pain,
Leave me with no possible remnant,
You poke your knives into my brain, you send me..... insane.

I am an example. I'm no hero of the great, intelligent, magnificent human race.
I'm part of the race that kills for possessions
Part of the race that's wiping itself out.
I'm part of the race that's got crazy obsessions
Like locking people up, not letting them out.
I hate the living dead and their work in factories.
They go like sheep to their production lines.
They live on illusions, don't face the realities,
All they live for is that big blue sign, it says, it says.....

I'M BORED, BORED, BORED, BORED.