

Crass, Upright Citizen

You have this life, what for? Tell me.
Spend it on shit, your ignorance appals me.
You serve me your morals, changed for a fiver,
Upright citizen, Penthouse subscriber.
You won't print the word, but you'll beat up the wife,
In your ignorant, arrogant, terminal life.
You have this life, you deprive me of mine,
With your twisted, imbalanced idea of sin.
That revolves around money; how much are you bought for?
A tenner, a fiver, is that what you're caught for?
I'm sick of your pride, you think you can rule me,
With crappy judgement from your respectable majority.
Majority of what? You self oppressed idiot,
I'm not going to carry you, I'm no compatriot.
How many times do I excuse and forgive
The damage inflicted by the way that you live?
I hold my vision against your oppression,
Your final defence, your only possession.
I'll show you the blood, but you'll still point the gun,
If the money's enough, or can you show you're a man?
To your submissive wife, desperate whore,
Home loving, mothering, stifling bore.
You have this life, you twist and abuse it,
Morals and money and media controls it.
Can't you see the dead children, blood in the street?
Every fist that you raise is a corpse at your feet.
Every time you are bought, I don't care the amount,
You are the rapist, dealing in death count.
And you do this with mercenary morals, you shit,
Oh, you've been told about dignity down in the pit.
Respectable working man, honourable wife?
A waste of energy and an insult to life.