

# Creepmime, Soon Ripe, Soon Rotten

He that lives in hope, dances to all ill tune  
for wantonness knows no law  
and corporations have neither bodies to be punished  
nor souls to be damned  
the road to oblivion is paved with good intentions  
and work incentives

In the world of the blind  
the one eyed man makes corporations  
corporations leaving sickness  
which can't be cured which must be endured

One funeral brings many in civilised society  
a society soon ripe, soon rotten

A guilty conscience needs no accuser  
but silence is mistaken for consent and to erris human  
drive out nature with a pitchfork and she'll neither come back  
nor breathe for us again  
the road of oblivion is paved with good intentions  
and momentary lapses of reason