

Dead To Me, Little Brother

Four words painted on my wall
Telling me that fear created this all
From the police to the priests and the project yards

They're calling out asking me to change
They're telling me to be so afraid
My little brother is getting into trouble
He's so overwhelmed with the world sometimes

Cathode rays to entertain the good wage slaves
Salvation in the checkout lines
It feeds us to our own demise
We're ordinary, aimless, and awful
Or predatory, shameless, but thoughtful
With so much air in the war we breathe
We're addicted to the violence that we pass to our seeds

There I go fighting the wrong wars
They're showing me how deserts can storm
So many sand dusted letters that they send back home
You can carry things or push them away
You feel so light, but you still got the weight
My little brother is still getting into trouble
He's still overwhelmed with the world sometimes

There's only one rule:
That there are no rules

What's with the air in this war we breathe?