

From Autumn To Ashes, Short For Show

I'm not here to discount
The opiate of masses
But I've learned so much more
Attend lectures and classes
Through verbal dissection
Ideas are in suspension
We crash like criminals
In bed with loss prevention
We move when they say
And beg for shit that we
Will never ever need
So keep the receipt
We've become the children
Of paralyzed ambition
A fraction less human
Dining in modern kitchens
Prepackaged warmth with a
Touch of your personal flair
Arrested emotion
Wax poets with a cold stare
Don't you
Try to tell me
The your life
Feels empty