Raised Fist, Killing It

This comes as no surprise,
We're emptying our supplies
We're only thinking about the
Size of the pile of shit to buy
Over and over we take what we want
To take even if the bond with nature will break
And when I lay me down to sleep
I wonder why I'm feeling fucking incomplete
I must try to be the guy that defeats all the lies
Wiser than the ones that I despise
So listen now

We're living in this world and we're killing it
It's so absurd, and for dollar bills
We keep on drilling it, until we're mentally ill

A big burial site, no light in this endless night
Please let me rewrite the story to get it right