

# Stretch Arm Strong, Defect

Alienation has forced me from this place.  
Sorrow and disgust burned upon my face.  
Ashamed of my culture.  
Betrayed by my race.  
Labeled as a traitor.  
Let me leave this place.  
Defect.  
I stand in defiance.  
Let me stand alone.  
I'll blaze this darkened path.  
Pushing into the unknown.  
I never wanted any of this.  
I never chose this way.  
Forced into a losing condition and there's no escape.  
Compromised morals.  
Declining value systems.  
I defect to resist this evil institution.  
I will defect.  
Defect!