

The Ocean, Hadean

Sitting out the goosetep
Of the long march of the Yes-men
As their gold card wielding wives
Are consumed by bitterness
It takes a lifetime to conceive
That your days in the sun are but brief
So they snivel, and repeat the echoes
That buzz off every screen
No wonder that the sociopaths
At the top of the human thrash pile
Refer to us as cattle: we are branded, sold and fatted
We're raised for a purpose
A drear existence on the work farm
And then a quiet death in the nursing-barn
"You must pay your dues", cries the humble mind
We're distracted with excuses
Why we can't reach for the stars
And so we never spring to arms
To claim back what's being taken from us here
Every single fucking day "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em", another one cries... We're dist
Why we can't reach for the stars
And so we never spring to arms
To reclaim what we are loosing
Every day