

# Witness, Soap Box Stance

Well, it must have gotten cold in hell  
George got his holy grail  
Writing his heroic tale like Tennyson had wrote in Braille  
Tell my friends to hold my mail  
Gentlemen, unfold your sails  
Denizens of roach motels never see the next Nobel  
Wishing wells may fall apart  
Heard the same for body parts  
When they've got enough to call a victory the party starts  
Sorry that we've sawed them off  
You can stop your bawling Ma'  
The government apologized with complimentary calling cards  
Spitting on children I've seen pictures of Ghandi kissing  
Giving tsunami victims dollars between Armani fittings  
Watch the old hawks dance around the battle graves  
They're shocked by my soap box stance like Abu Ghraib  
In the land of cubicles we wear white and blue collar nooses  
Where faggots a funny word until it's dragged behind a Buick  
We're there to preach democracy in the name of Jesus Christ  
And when they want it, we're on it, like white on Condaleeza Rice

They'd rather surf the mainstream  
Skirting current issues  
And when the vermin tripled  
Is when they first bit you  
That particular saturated vernacular isn't half as attractive as the woman  
that's selling the Acura  
They drive the point home down town  
With a catch  
Yes, a catch, often found with a disclaimer attached  
In fact, there's twenty two  
And they dwell in the fine print  
and share pockets with optometrists  
In case your eyes squint  
Their partnership is hardly platonic  
I find it ironic that Daddy Warbucks  
And lady liberty wed  
But with multi-billion dollar promise rings  
Joining bodies doesn't even require a night in the same bed  
I'm going to sell excuses with competitive prices editing lifeless editorials from my life completely  
Finger pointing only leaves three pointing back  
Needy consumers are guilty for making it thrice as easy  
I'm from a culture where vultures peck the skulls of the first soldier  
setting foot on foreign enemy ground  
Progressive ain't real, it's just industry clowns, selling one trick pony rides  
In hopes to get a pound

American Spirits are a pack of cigarettes  
Energizer battery bunnies are bleeding alkaline  
The passion of the christ is in my college book store  
Wheres the Michael Moore films in commercial travel lines?  
Thanks Mad Max, meet me beyond the thunderdome  
Tell me how you and Jesus just bought a summerhome  
I'm screen writing a sequel about Judas in hell  
And you can play the lead role  
Because you know a savior sells  
They took the punk rock  
And the straight edge "X"  
Said poetry was only dope when it's fronted by Mos Def  
They'll find tear jerkers geared for the emo heads  
It's a matter of where they can make the C-note next  
So who's gonna be the upcoming best thing ever to happen to advertising since the American buck  
Who's gonna be the one to boycott toyshops and unnecessary luxuries we cherish and love?