

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 optomitrists
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?