

Commoditism

Animosity

What is the capacity of our lives?
How much shit can we fit to satisfy the fetish
Of material commodities
Possession, the ruler of happiness
I can't resist the overindulgence in this shit
In order to truly understand our ridiculousness
I would have to be stripped
Taken away from my ever growing mountain of bits
It's not just a disorder of the rich
It's nearly American to be stuck in this ditch
Even when the majority is living in the pits
At what fucking point can we agree that we really have enough?
As the mountain forges upward, we suffocate in an abundant heap
of our own chattels
Assets like a drug, to satisfy
Sufficiency is a dream
The modern perception of adequacy is a fucking disgust
Desire is an infinite void with out borders that can never fulfill
the eternal lust
If only we could see the boundaries
Perhaps we would be able to draw the line to separate what we truly
need
Self-gratification seems to come wrapped in plastic
With a price tag on it and every fucking store seems to have it
We are told to soak it up
To keep a full cup
And this is considered a blessing
What the fuck?