Automatons with business suits clinging black boxes, sequestering the blueprints of daily life contented, free of care, they rejoice in morning ritual as they file like drone ant colonies to their office in the sky

I don't ask questions, don't promote demonstrations, don't look for new consensus, don't stray from constitution if I pierce the complexity I won't find salvation just the bald and over truth of the evil and deception

There is an inner logic, and we're taught to stay far from it it is simple and elegant, but it's cruel and antithetic and there's no effort to reveal it

Graduated mentors stroll in marbled brick porticos in sagacious dialog they despise their average ways displaying pomp and discipline, they mold their institution where they practice exclusion on the masses every day

Decorated warriors drill harmless kids on pavement simulating tyranny under red alert protecting the opulent and staging moral standard they expect redemption of character and self-growth

(No equality, no opportunity, no tolerance for the progressive alternative...)