

Gut-check

Brutal Truth

Gut-check, reach in, anybody there?
Tune in cold world, do you really care?
Half in our heart, complacent as the next.
Tap in, tap out, time to play another game.
Spoon fed the mindless herd we've become.
Control grazing, compliant in the end.
Feeling the comfort desensitized.
Prey or pray - wrong or right.
Bitching or preaching our world to an end.
Call it, as life ends, it's no real surprise tracking losses.
Gut-check our world.
As our social grace slides.
Gut-check, reach in, ain't nobody there?