

Defusing the Popular Struggle

Good Riddance

Once lost we will never find our way
Shutting down we're devoid of things to say
Prospects are growing worse with every hour
With no voice it seems we've got no power
Overcome by headlines
We believe what isn't true
You've got no empathy for anyone but you
Our moral contradictions
And subjective, hollow tomes
Perpetuate the fear asphyxiating us at home so
Seems like there's no place left to hide
From the cold, amorphous dread
That we all feel inside
Actions might dictate who survives
The hopelessness which punctuates
Our empty lives
Could there be something
I need a reason
Could there be anything at all
Systems of technology which once kept us
Informed
Now endeavor to perpetuate the norm
Privatization of concentrated wealth
While millions still suffer
In dilapidated health so
Who cares to calculate
What indigence will cost
How will we replicated urbanity that's lost
The curtain falls on the ultimate disgrace
We hunger for equality
Though we've never had a taste
The irony will make you laugh
Intervene on our behalf
To undo this mask of false complicity
The despotic, right-wing government
Has manufactured our consent
Can we entrust ourselves
To transform their doctrine to dissent