

Monsters In Disguise

Hazel O'Connor

What kind of things are you that live on papers
White papers that you say apply to me
Reams of rules constructed for protection
Protection for yourselves, but not for me
You hide behind your walls of bureaucracy
I find that YOU'RE nothing to do with me
You're all aliens
I opened up my eyes, and saw to my surprise
Monsters in disguise, wearing bowler hats and OLD SCHOOL ties
Today you went out to inspect your servants
I saw you wave and rave from my T.V.
You promised soon that they would have a paper
Give them the right to kill QUITE LEGALLY
So you hide in your palace of bureaucracy
I hope that you never contaminate me
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