

# Plastic Idols

## Job for a Cowboy

In a continuous rehashed rhythm  
The masses gawk towards their simulated idols.  
Frothing at the lips with shuddering jaws  
As the public swells with ignorance and vacant delight.

Fixated on the trivial speculation  
And day to day existence of plastic gods.

Dense enlightenment circulates  
Throughout every form of broadcasting.  
Bringing forth a suspending shroud  
Over the actuality of our decomposing populace.

[Solo]

Smothering and choking truth and realism.  
Celebrity praise over political awareness.  
We are observed as human cattle:  
Blind, deaf and neglected from government transparency.

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