

No, Surrender

Justin Currie

Big Macs for the fat, lo-
cal wraps for the call centre battery hens,

Japanese snacks for the choice-
spoilt citizens, caviar kickbacks for the citadel denizens.

Airport shoeshines servicing the suits among the little silver
stereos and hand-rolled cheroots,

First class passengers file on last after the scum are packed i
n with their tax-free loot.

Checkout calamity, you're cheated out of loyalty points, ten mo
re years at this joint you'd be home & dry,

Beggars beat round the cash machines but you just slip between
them with the usual lie.

Terrible tales of kidnapped kids keep you focused on the family
and filling up the fridge,

Neighbourhood watchers shop dole dodgers, stick their semis on
the market & start racking up the bids.

Should you stand and fight, should you die for what you think i
s right

So your useless contribution will be remembered?

If you're asking me I say no, surrender.

Constant growth the cancerous cure, a swarming race of profitee
rs ensure

Cheap cars for the rich, cheap lives for the poor, cheap weeks
in the sun, free drinks at the door.

Puerile propaganda plugs up the TV, keep folk following the mon
ey so they'll never be free

Keep them swallowing the swill, the celebrities, the paedophile
s, the immigrants invading from the

camp over the hill.

War talk, the big debate, footsoldiers in the capitol liberatin
g new kinds of hate

Cum-shots of human dots caught in the spotlight's glare