

The Crowd

Operation Ivy

Wrenched into the world, deanaesthetized
Blurry images fiht their way through halfway opened eyes
Awakened by alarm fifteen minutes of hygeine
Twenty minutes of eating thirty seconds to the door
I looked outside I looked into the eyes
Of the impersonal mob I've seen a thousand times before
Feeling under covers like books on a shelf
If we're scared of one another
Must be scared of ourself
More than just another crowd
We need a gathering instead
Drink drink in the badland liquid bread for the poor
Another member of the crowd goes down to drown at the liquor st
ore
Choose your escape in the heartland
Of product and demand when you feel like a wasp in the swarm
You gotta get away anyway that you can