

# 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