

Content within your inner prison
Divisive deadening of all the senses

Rank and file
Marching endlessly
United in mental helotry

Solidarity destroyed
What incentive is left to resist?
Spite will have to suffice
Your apathy turns my knuckles white

Starved faculties of imagination
You gorge on banalities then ask for seconds

Rank and file
Marching endlessly
United in helotry

No sight beyond your blinders
Devoted to this beaten path

March