

## **As Friends Rust**

# **"We On Some Next Level Shit"**

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What we've got is an amalgam of spent ideals,  
an incomprehensible mismatch of spent ideals.  
Self-congratulatory edicts spit from gold-plated  
mouths,  
that will never understand what it means to miss a  
meal.  
Don't tell me what I need until you've needed anything.  
Private-school anarchists with bought trains of thought,  
donned in T-shirts screaming slogans of wars never  
fought.  
And I'm supposed to hide my change?  
For who and for what?  
To appease the piss-ants pretending their haves are  
have-nots?  
I know what you came out here for.

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