

## 411

### "Whose Line Was It Anyway"

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How many clones does it take to realise it's a trend?  
Free thinking yet conformed degenerates  
A plague of scenes righteous on clean and sober air  
(This is our time) It's somewhat comforting to know  
there's still a place  
A place that somehow always still remains  
(Left far behind) Yet now and then resurfacing  
unrecognised  
Waiting in line to witness your demise  
Clean matching suits, uniform to symbolise  
Referencing, contradiction and aggressive play-acting  
Required to scream with confused fists in the air

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