

Backseat Goodbye

"Even Slaves Will Be Swimming In The Blood Of The Iron Fist"

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I've come to realize there will be 9 to 5s for the rest of our lives, and that you'd expect us to believe it doesn't get any better than this. Well, it does. Maybe not for the ones in the warehouses and the cubicles who gave up, but for the ones who can look at you and tell you're no better than a fucking pig handing out raffic violations. We'll spend that forty hours working under that clipboard, under that seasonal review that somehow decides what we eat for dinner, where we live, and how we get to these nightmare conveyor belts. Don't shake our hands. This isn't family, and I'd spit in your face if there weren't bills to pay. Keep searching. Keep fucking searching. For our appreciation, for our respect, for our never ending devotion. And sooner or later you'll realize what we've known for years. We don't owe you shit. We are not you fucking friends. Not now, not fucking ever.

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