

Bombs Over Providence "Black Friar's Union Of Thursday Night Anarchists"

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I awoke so invincible the state indivisible hasn't had the
chance to finish me yet.
The force of law notwithstanding moans, groans and
the sting of student loans.
I hit the ground running,
With subsidized funding laughing at the irony of the
pub
Where we'll dine on the hands that feed,
And pay the check by need according to ability.
Presumed dead by the Kings on whom we've fed,
Smile quiet when we lift their wallets.
Somewhere there's a tanker named Condoleeza
carving out it's meager existence,
Leaking out crude to the oceans, washing up on the
banks just to trickle down.
Tired and half-dead, walking in half-steps, shuffling
home in the snow,
We'll throw a short breath to the matron saint
Of the kids who wait and sitting on armed hands.
Hey, what's that you say?
No one's listening anyway?
So let's just buy another round, get the platform down,
and move the shadow cabinet along.
What we do precedes our voice, we're not making any
noise.
So have your mouth concealed and keep your eyes
peeled for a rock that'll do the same.
This ain't no hit parade.
And it's not a mess we've made.
Nevermind what we'll do tomorrow night.
Because where we come from it's called "playing
dumb",
It'll get you what you need till your boss' back's turned.
We'll drink from noon till nightmare.
This self immolation, part of our recreation, adheres to
our functional paradigm.
No better way to spot a comrade; we rely on Vino
Veritas.
Back at the homestead, loaded and well-fed,
We'll yearn for a greater sustenance:
Fights till light about laws and rights out of sight

And what we'll do when the fires smolder.
This doesn't look like Grub St.
Where's my Cafe Voltaire?
I never read it this way, subversion isn't the same.
Here's to accounting for inherent failure.
Raise your glass to black masks.
Pay respects to efforts past.
Without danger, we ask, what merits the task of
protecting dead, dry, blue eyes?
One more round for the broken-hearted.
Called a movement and it barely started.
We're what dissent is about.
We might scream and lash out.
But not until we've sung our Pict Song.

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