

## Embalmer

### "Competing? You Choose"

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Competing is what we do  
Whether it's for first chair in the orchestra pit or for  
academic scholarships,  
We compete  
We compete over who has the fastest car, the whitest  
teeth,  
The biggest feed lot farm, the most nuclear arms,  
The skiniest waist, the most beautiful face  
We compete until somebody wins, we compete until  
someone  
Is beaten down  
We compete for higher ground.  
So we beat each other over and over  
And our children learn each day as they grow older  
That in order to be successful you must step into the  
ring,  
Tap gloves and fight to the finish  
Compete, beat, endure and diminish  
Others  
Whether it's for an oil pipe line or a stuffed animal at  
the fair,  
Put this mentality into a country of people  
And we will blow up our neighbours in justified warfare.  
What have we won when all is said and done?  
A piece of land through the barrel of a gun?  
What have we won when we're considered  
"celebrities?"  
A little gold star that all the crowds will see  
As it glitters on the sidewalk in the afternoon sun?  
Or, better yet, that same gold star pinned on your son's  
military uniform's lapel?  
Or an official paper framed and hung on your office  
wall?  
For all to see, all to tell  
Who is the tallest, strongest, toughest, most successful  
of all...  
And as we win, what do we lose?  
As we beat others down, do you really think we rise?  
As we infect our thinking with this need to win and  
compete  
When we feed this disease, who dies?

As we win, what do we lose?  
As we win, what do we lose?  
You choose.

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