

Gama Bomb

"Apocalypse 1997"

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Livid hands wring rinds of joy from future dwelling life
A ghost of family in every home as society spirals from
the light
Patrolling black belly pigs brand identity codes into
searing flesh
Reconfigure binary to bring down enemy jets
I robot, resisting arrest
Stamping boot that keeps us oppressed
Apocalypse! Who'd have thunk
Humanity! The boat has sunk
Life waiting in line for a virus scan
Your own child will denounce you for having soft hands
Depredations, interrogations where intruder alarms will
scream
They're watching you, so smash the screen then shoot
to kill – you know what I mean?
Searching scope that snipes at hope
Ramming injustice home
They've washed your mouth out with poison soap
You will report to the justice zone
Can it be there was a time when men and women laid
together with the sun upon their skin?
It's just a crime beyond comparison now in a world
where thought is sin
Alternate history of a future past where orthodoxy is
the law
If you are a man, you are the last, now a victim to the
saw
Spotlights scan the rubble sites were the pigs unleash
the hounds
To fall in love is the final crime and will bring the
truncheon down

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