

Gathering

"A Manifesto Of Tangible Wealth"

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Eloise sits,
This privileged corpse,
A mundane pace offers no struggle.

Danny holds tight,
Chrome death kiss on a platter,
He answers like raid to a hive--Oh.
Ba-da-da-dada,
La-da-dada-da-da-dada-da-dada-da-da-da...

(What do you want to be?) Who do you want to be?
Or would you rather die here tonight?
This is an empty mural of cubicles and apparel.
Draw business with syringes,
A stethoscope can hear the faint ticks
Of a nine to five.
Have you ever seen a life much sadder?
But still you climb,
Still you climb,
Still you climb.
Oh...

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