

Human Waste Project

"On The Streets"

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There's a kid crying on the street,
His hands are dirty and his clothes are worn.
The rocks dig in to his shoeless feet,
And the passersby look at him with disdain and scorn.

Welcome to the future, beautiful, shining bright.
Economic prowess brings meaning to our lives.
Our machines of profit neglect the cogs below
Our bank accounts rise quickly, intelligence so slow.

There's a man wiping spit off his face,
The life on the street is not the one he had chose.
His Harvard MbA now seems such a waste,
He lost his job to robots, sometimes that's the way it goes.

Welcome to the future, beautiful, shining bright.
Economic prowess brings meaning to our lives.
Our machines of profit neglect the cogs below
Our bank accounts rise quickly, intelligence so slow.

There's a kid dying on the street,
His hands are bloody and his clothes are torn.
Beaten by some other kids for scraps he had to eat.
Another life is taken so soon after it's born.

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