

Justin Currie "No, Surrender"

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Big Macs for the fat, lo-cal wraps for the call centre
battery hens,
Japanese snacks for the choice-spoilt citizens, caviar
kickbacks for the citadel denizens.

Airport shoeshines servicing the suits among the little
silver stereos and hand-rolled cheroots,
First class passengers file on last after the scum are
packed in with their tax-free loot.

Checkout calamity, you're cheated out of loyalty points,
ten more years at this joint you'd be home & dry,
Beggars beat round the cash machines but you just slip
between them with the usual lie.

Terrible tales of kidnapped kids keep you focused on
the family and filling up the fridge,
Neighbourhood watchers shop dole dodgers, stick
their semis on the market & start racking up the bids.
Should you stand and fight, should you die for what
you think is right
So your useless contribution will be remembered?
If you're asking me I say no, surrender.

Constant growth the cancerous cure, a swarming race
of profiteers ensure
Cheap cars for the rich, cheap lives for the poor, cheap
weeks in the sun, free drinks at the door.

Puerile propaganda plugs up the TV, keep folk
following the money so they'll never be free
Keep them swallowing the swill, the celebrities, the
paedophiles, the immigrants invading from the
camp over the hill.

War talk, the big debate, footsoldiers in the capitol
liberating new kinds of hate
Cum-shots of human dots caught in the spotlight's
glare

