

The Vindictives "Circles"

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Once there was a crackdown that made the quotas
meet.
Squeezed on through a vacuum tube that stood you on
your feet.
All the clocks stopped cold today and all the roads
were closed,
So no one even noticed that the strangers wore new
clothes.
As you wait for your lobotomy in line.
The cranky little clones wet at once and cry.
But mommy says it's always better to obey,
And the tiny lights burn out more and more every day.
The power rich were hung today, and all their subjects
shot.
So sixty-second saviors slipped a slug in every slot.
Bullyragging sermonettes scorned the conquered
creeps,
When everyone's applause dies down you'll stand upon
your feet again.

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