

Thought Industry

"American Diety"

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When I looked and directed my gaze to the drives of
life,
The drives of my age, what I saw left me with a sick
feeling inside.
Happiness, distorted and construed,
To mean finding all new shit to consume and all other
aims are just a waste of time.
What have we done?
Took life - drained it of passion.
Now all that remains is a drive to profit.
When I saw that this was the goal - their meaning of
life, a drive to own
I rejected their ways and looked deeper still,
And I found pieces of paper more important than
people,
Suffering vindicated as acceptable.
This drive to own is destructive to our will to create.
I can see those dollar signs glittering right there in
their eyes,
But I can turn my head away and forge a better day.
In the sunset I can see approaching a new drive for life,
one that's not empty.
It seeks to restore vitality and joy.
It rejects that cruel notion that life for capital is
justification.
Praise the harbingers of this new joy.
Now here we come to restore life - give it passion.
And we resist that drive to profit.
Resist the call to profit.

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