

## Stuck In Chaos

### "Submlinal Homicide"

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These are my words of wisdom, This is my gift to an open mind  
This is my footprint in your ass, This is the anger that screams from my lungs  
This is the revolution, This is the essence of chaos  
This is my middle finger to the status quo  
This is my voice screaming, "fuck you" to the religious right"  
This is my hand, this is my foot, these are my vocal chords  
The revolutionists are dead and have been replaced.  
Politicians in sensible shoes.  
Televangelists with Rolexes. Rock stars sucking contemporary radios cock for airplay and a Benz.  
Television to replace peyote. Pop to replace a war cry.  
This is bias. This is a whore in a Sunday dress. This is window dressing for defeat.  
This is the death rattle for free thought. This is where the end begins to take shape.  
My Revolution was defiance. In every word, In every motion, In every lash of my tongue,  
In every middle finger obscene gesture screaming fuck you!  
I'm losing my inhabitations, Losing my illusions, Losing my hope, Losing my control, Losing my mind.  
I'm running through streets naked raving screaming, naked before nature, before man, before god,  
Slinging my cock in the face of my creator and asking the American dream to get on it's knees at gunpoint.  
This is revolution, this is chaos  
This nation, this planet, this existence has hobbled me.  
Has laid waste to my imagination.  
Has given titles to my creativity. Has ignored my madness.  
Has cut my tongue and my throat and my wrists, has smiled at me

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