

Million Dead

"The Kids Are Going To Love It"

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If i can't feel (on a given day) the way i wanted to,
The temptation hits, my grip it could slip, i could give it
up.

But if i can't feel (on a given day) the way i wanted to,
I won't cheapen myself, i won't be patronized by
lethargy.

And it would be nice to answer questions with a
capsule,
But i don't deem myself that simple minded.
And it would be nice to untie knots with single gestures,
But i keep on drawing blood.
And it would be nice to think oblivion was a challenge i
Nstead of an excuse.

You built yourself a socio-cultural trap,
Launched an attack on your subconscious ruby ridge.
If you get what you want you can't play hamlet to the
balcony.

And it would be nice to answer questions with a
capsule,
But i don't deem myself that simple minded.
And it would be nice to untie knots with single gestures,
But i keep on drawing blood.

The ultimate expression of commercialism
The wholesale commodification of sensation.
The ultimate rejection of asceticism
The doors of perception kicked in.
The ultimate conception to considerism
A fierce passion subsumed and corrupted.
The ultimate perplexion of ethicalism
As you imbibe the denial of choice.
The ultimate conception
Of ??????
The ultimate repression
Of ethicalism
If i can see straight i can't lie.

Let's put an end to this falsehood,
To the conception that this is different.

Misunderstood and misconstrued,
Alternative only in vocabulary.
You leave the office on a friday,
Swap one glazed expression for another,
For 48 hours in elaborate gilded costumes
At the masquerade warehouse.

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