

## Million Dead

### "The Kids Are Gonna 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  
instead 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

The ultimate expression of consumerism - the  
wholesale commodification of sensation  
The ultimate rejection of asceticism - the doors of  
perception kicked in  
The ultimate acceptance of conservatism - a fierce  
passion subsumed and corrupted  
The ultimate bisection of ethicalism - as you imbibe the  
denial of choice

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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