

## **Minutemen**

# **"The Roar Of The Masses Could Be Farts"**

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Soft and understanding eyes of the young  
Moving with abandon atop the green lawns  
Malleable as luck allows faking all the ties

Forced out in time  
These expressions met

Improvised inventions  
Lost in the way  
Absolute the course  
Which instinct betrays

Grinding in reversal  
Outdo til done  
Proper naked self  
Solutions surround  
In brightness be it real  
Blinded and free

Pastel gems hit  
Pearlesque in flaw

Spark of the instant  
Challenging the time  
View the observer's  
Plagiarizing hands

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