

Misery Index

"Defector (Thining The Herd)"

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The heard grows thin
Your father was a scorn-filled alcoholic cop,
And mother wasn't far behind
You were ripe for the adverse running,
And so ready to defy the right
Your fashion was the anti-fashion approved,
Your music was the latest whatever-core trend
A tattooed body with a mind for rent,
An adolescent iconoclast
Fall into the ranks aligned,
Cattle-pressed pushed to the left
So anti-this and anti-that,
That somewhere along the way you forgot to laugh
Taking every cause you could champion,
You were an overnight political machine
You carried forth the flag of your elders,
And quoted Marx for the class-bound breed
Throwing rocks through the corporate windows,
Great destroyer of the economic lie
You got one more year for the oppressed,
And a lifetime to be all you once despised
With career opportunities,
The tidal waves of pressure mount
Reality is one hard blow,
So you gave back your 'scene card' and checked out
You had a dream once,
But now it's sold -assets, equity, financial gain?
All of your protests, all of the unrest, g
One like a song, never to be heard again
Dead end workdays?
Remember what you HOPED,
What you always THOUGHT you'd be?
How does it feel to reject it, walk away, then run?
To turn your back and trample all of them into the
ground?
Birth begets life begets death

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