

## Operation Ivy "The Crowd"

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Wrenched into the world, deanaesthetized  
Blurry images fiht their way through halfway opened  
eyes  
Awakened by alarm fifteen minutes of hygeine  
Twenty minutes of eating thirty seconds to the door  
I looked outside I looked into the eyes  
Of the impersonal mob I've seen a thousand times  
before  
Feeling under covers like books on a shelf  
If we're scared of one another

Must be scared of ourself  
More than just another crowd  
We need a gathering instead  
Drink drink in the badland liquid bread for the poor  
Another member of the crowd goes down to drown at  
the liquor store  
Choose your escape in the heartland  
Of product and demand when you feel like a wasp in  
the swarm  
You gotta get away anyway that you can

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