

Animosity **"Commoditism"**

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What is the capacity of our lives
How much shit can we fit to satisfy the fetish
Of material commodities
Possessions, the ruler of happiness
I can't resist the overindulgence in this shit
In order to truly understand our ridiculousness
I would have to be stripped
Taken away from my ever-growing mountain of bits
It's not just a disorder of the rich
It's nearly American to be stuck in this ditch
Even when the majority is living in the pits
At what fucking point can we agree that we really have
enough?
As the mountain forges upward, we suffocate in an
abundant heap of our own chattels
Assets like a drug, to satisfy
Sufficiency is a dream
The modern perception of adequacy is a fucking
disgust
Desire is an infinite void with out borders that can
never fulfill the eternal lust
If only we could see the boundaries
Perhaps we would be able to draw the line to separate
what we truly need
Self-gratification seems to come wrapped in plastic
With a price tag on it and every fucking store seems to
have it
We are told to soak it up
To keep a full cup
And this is considered a blessing
What the fuck?

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