

Archagathus

"Society's Dinner"

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Like sometimes I forget my arms,
The system has it's many charms
It's stomach is so big and warm
That we forget we are it's worms!
There is no outside, we are safe
Just grinding in this gooey cave!
Paying taxes and keeping appointments
Are for those who seek no enjoyments!
Society, we are clandestine
Grinders poking your intestines!
Even though we're finely minced
You can't digest our instruments!
The system wants us for it's food
Most people will go down easy
Some among them are pre-chewed
And others merely greasy!

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