

## Faded Paper Figures

### "The Persuaded"

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He won't know Adorno  
He's an adult with an adult  
You can buy your way into his head

He was never better  
Wearing sneakers and a sweater  
Made by 12-year-olds sweating in Shenzhen

He says,  
Let's drive, drive, drive  
Till we burn, burn, burn,  
We can choke on it later on tonight  
And we'll fumble with the planet  
Dry the river and then damn it  
Just persuade me that everything's all right.

This was his reality  
He says the stupid love equality  
And he's never seen a car he didn't like

On code like a reptilian  
Pays Rapaille another billion  
From your cortex to the page is just a hike.

So  
Let's drive, drive, drive  
Till we burn, burn, burn,  
We can choke on it later tonight  
And we'll fumble with the planet  
Dry the river, then we'll damn it  
Just persuade me that everything's all right.

Because things... we've got to have our things.

We're not persuaded by the Omnicom  
We're not persuaded we're the only ones  
We're not persuaded by hegemony  
We're not persuaded we were ever free

Is that your conscience, or are you alone?  
Is that Noam Chomsky on the telephone?

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