

## Soldiers of Jah Army

### "Plutonium"

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Thank the loyal servants for being so loyal,  
Soon they'll be happy and very safe;  
If not, sent off like a pigeon with his head cut off.  
If it wasn't for the guillotine, there would be no  
umbilical  
Cord. isn't it pitiful? at our pinnical,  
They make it sound so pinnocchio.  
That's how i know it's so dumb, it could even write it's  
own article.  
Give me a break, the great big break that breaks your  
back  
And chews my fingers off  
'til it's safe to laugh again, or at them.  
Put the coals back in my eyes again,  
And away from the fire that burns out our loved ones  
And takes it's toll out on me.  
'cause good luck is always keeping minutes  
We gotta stay in play, so don't run out of tokens.  
Plus the machine needs warm bodies.  
Plug the pipes if you still got skulls;  
If there's time to muddy the hands  
Then there's time to study the flow of the blood in the  
lay of the land  
Running off and eroding our relatives  
With red, white, and blue christmas lights  
In the greatest kingdom. i say it's a crop and i'm a  
lousy meal,  
A lousy liar amongst so many bad actresses  
And not enough stimuli left to light an oven pilot.  
So how can i not be negative?  
My own cliché, my would-be peers  
More caught up with image than speaking than truth,  
And if that's the only truth you can come up with, go  
fake some bravery  
Like the rented camaraderie in the human lottery.  
Whatever year it is, i'm still sick.  
Can't hate the sky for being gray  
Or the bad poem that we live out every day.  
Twenty minutes outside the city, or fifteen years from  
over the hill,  
With enough time to kill braincells to fry;

You all gonna fry with me.  
It must be, you all gonna fry with me...

We who die in more flying accidents than firefights;  
No cure of the overkill.

Forty year-old women with cakes and carriages singing  
bible hymns  
Ain't fixing anything; get your picket signs,  
Go on strike, get a five cent raise; your a champion.  
now  
They're making model citizens out of your children,  
Mapping personal growth through frivolousness; so  
seperated,  
Yet drugged up to nowhereland. even love feels  
artificial;  
Happiness, my loaded pistol.  
In the '20s, i'da been a socialist in a colorado coal  
mine,  
But it's 2000-something and the rats love their mazes.  
It's all so ethnospecific and opinionated,  
Divided we take our antidepressants and make our  
appointments,  
Let the dolphins die, but who's gonna save the  
humans?  
I've been to a million cities and they're all the same:  
People laugh and talk the same,  
Girls all flirt the same, employees all dream the same.  
Love your grid and your comfort zone,  
Look out for the white-girl suicide bombers,  
Look out for your time or your piece of mind  
Or entertainment above the fifth grade level.  
Stay ignorant and easily corralled through conservative  
reforms  
'til we're broke from the half-measures,  
Taxed to the teeth to fund the caste system.  
Living it up for our stereotypes  
And i know nothing, but at least i know;  
While they vote green and drink their espressos,  
Discussing film festivals, all as a write-off. off with your  
head;  
Body loves the dirty work,  
Love your job, but it will never love you like an  
automobile,  
Fetuses, peoples, and angels hang the same on the  
mobile.  
If it wasn't for the blindfold, you'd ask,  
"what am i looking for, living for, breathing for?"  
"who's them? not i, but it must be the plutonium in me."

It must be the plutonium in me...

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