

Ivy Operation

"The Crowd"

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Wrenched into the world, deaenesthetized,

Blurry images fight their way through halway opened eyes

Awakened by alarm, fifteen minutes of hygiene

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 products and demand when you feel like a wasp in the swarm

You gotta get away any way that you can.

(Chorus

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