

## Tranzas

### "All Hands On The Medic"

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Maybe the bombs look better from where you're  
standing  
Maybe the chronic fatigue and lifeless noon-times  
Are something you've been waiting for  
But I don't see it like that  
Taking harm for health and blood for tolls  
Your three piece isn't war paint  
And your polished vocabulary still doesn't get you to  
say what you want  
So I stole your students  
I gave them color in their faces and revolt in their steps  
Let them call out all of your officials with half truth  
blindfolds  
And gave them reason to strip all of your system failed  
defense  
Took all of your lab coats and handed them to the  
frozen faces  
In the dark alleys on these midwinter nights  
Lifted all your padlocked journals and plastered all the  
hidden antidotes  
On every billboard that boasts your names,  
Your cancers, your invasion techniques  
We offer shower for the victims  
Of your presence, your ultimate degradation  
This is final  
This is seizure

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