

Food Not God

F-Minus

another day trampled under your feet. weeds of discord. we're
your disease. a brick through your window so you know we care
. just step outside, we're waiting out there. exile on market
street. look outside. push comes to shove in a rat's race th
at's going nowhere. you think you're safe from the suffering.
you ignore the weak and the poor. a violent opposition is at
the door.