

I Feel An Army In My Fist

A Loss for Words

They bash in smoking Dunhills and a set conflagration.
They pave a wasteland and call it a generation.
Your cellphones won't capture the drone overhead.
They compel you back to bed.
You'll wonder when they come for you next.
It's Monday morning and you can't help feeling alone.
It's Monday morning when you have the wrong skin tone.
Too sad to be jealous, too angry to be sad,
I won't go quietly, or be happy with what I have.
When despair becomes hate, hate becomes rage.
Things never change. It's always more of the same.
They try to sterilize the streets.
The sewers have been bleached.
Still the pimps and rats creep underneath your streets.
The encroaching reach, the watchmen we breed.
Lumbering robots, spitting sulfur,
a belting of the state's wound like a soft peach.
It's Monday morning and you can't help feeling alone.
It's Monday morning when you have the wrong skin tone.
Too sad to be jealous, too angry to be sad.
I won't go quietly, or be happy with what I have.
When despair becomes hate, hate becomes rage.
Things never change. It's always more of the same.
Give me a sledgehammer on every fucking face a nail.