

## This Is Control

**Against Me!**

I can envision your perfect nation, your plan to sedate intellectual pacification. I have to believe that there's more than this. The truth in my hands, that I am not sick, I don't live in sin, that this is all wrong, the reality prison, dreams of human liberation.

Beating a dead horse with fear in your eyes accepted a battle with a war in mind. Singled out the target, big brother in the rifle sights. So you shoot to kill, death just to feel, thunder to fear, rain to know tears. Hide in the image the armor of cowards, hidden in vices just to deal, your elitist faction fueling the flames. In wonder of this revolutionary standstill.

Lifestyle choices, never in struggle? Short sighted goals, this is not freedom, this is control! The prisoner plotting his escape exclusive anarchy a joke in bad taste. Did you offer solution is that why he turned his head, or insult his ignorance, in experience, blindness. You cry for the satisfaction before you put in the work, accept possibilities as a dream, what the fuck 's the fuss for? Is this sincerity or is this a joke?