

Soapbox

Dan Mangan

Damn the guessers
Damn the lie
Damn all the pretenders
Damn all the reasons why

Why they peddle the impending
Why they can't be given light
The hall of mirrors keeps on reflecting
And the illusion multiplies

Meanwhile they focus on division
The meanest trick the devil pulled
The sheep believe the road to freedom
Was provided by the wolf

And so the pendulum keeps swinging
But the arc, it takes a while
Just long enough for some forgetting
To bring the bad stuff back in style

And they always talk of Jesus
Without a hint of irony
But they see kindness as a weakness
And they disregard the meek

So buy your groceries at the box store
And keep your head down in the line
They want you hungry so you'll want more
They want you lonely so you're quiet

So go on and batten down the hatches
Turn to whoever it is that you turn
The lunatics have found the matches
And they want to see it burn

See I've been yelling about forgiveness
I've been all "turn the other cheek"
But I fear now there is a sickness
There's something rotten in the seeds

So can a society have cancer?
And if so, who will lead this dance?
If we could have just one good answer
Maybe then we'd have a chance
Maybe then we'd have a chance

But I'm still waking up in Denver
Still waking up in Inverness
I am reminded to remember
There is still beauty in the mess

There are those who take in strangers
I suppose the kindness sets them free
There are those who leave a light on
In case another needs to see