

Sloganeering

Favez

We all went down on a sloganeering show
A bitter fight and blows
And another way to matter
Another breath of life our times
Are always too slow

And nothing gets to you
Like the colours and the markers
The readymade carousing
And the sloganeering

You never had to worry
You never let go
We stammered out our feelings
For all that we know
We never had a break
We never had a chance

We lay down low
For the fifty minute breakdown
To feed the big machine
That we all pretend to know
And nothing gets to you
Like the colours and the markers
The readymade carousing
And the sloganeering

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