

Dropping Like Flies

Fuck the Facts

The infection is spreading
Like a field infested with insects, with pests that multiply
Unable to treat the infection, it's becoming larger
You can't handle; you let it go
You let it take over
Leaving the open field for them to multiply
You don't care because what grows is not deemed worth the fight
As a result your plants are dying at an alarming rate
Nobody bats an eye
We only hear well written public statements full of promises
We hear you say you're concerned, that you understand
But nothing is done
State of emergency; where are the resources?
It's all talk
Help isn't on the way
Communities will remain under strain
Pushed to the breaking point
Everyone is scrambling to save lives
As long as you feel their lives do not matter, they will keep dying