

## Macro/Micro

iMayday!

(Yeah! What up, Plexo?)  
(96 hours of liberty)

Look today, each smile, brothers call the beast  
At least you'll be witnessing; please remember what you see  
So it's passed and  
Tell your king, 'cause this shit won't last  
And tell [?] some fossil fuel for this gas and  
Mention how we wage war on a ghost  
City to city; country to country; coast to coast  
It ain't a joke; it ain't your favorite TV show  
It's -- global powers gettin' global with force bro so

Before you rejoice and say we gave a people a voice  
Notice the next in line they have to make a choice between  
Playin' ball or playin' war 'til someone falls  
Buddy tactics or nuclear reactions ya'll

Go ahead imagine don't even begin to fathom  
Until you're assigned your own personal phantom  
Following the facts diluted within the news  
So many different channels; so many avenues to choose from

I'm keeping my eyes open for Halliburtons, Rockafellers, the [?], jus  
t about anything corporate  
'Cause the reason my dogs are sweatin' their asses off is the cost of  
war  
\$400 billion for more Mickey D's, Taco B's, Auntie M's and friends  
Columbine study halls are playing pretend  
I ain't trying to defend Orwellian lifestyles  
Nor I'm trying to protect this right to live in denial  
Or rock the latest styles -- gas masks and chemical suits  
Buck knife, bottled water, and hiking boots  
My brother G.I. Joe said he was 5-0  
Protectin' economics is viable, he said

Before you rejoice and say we gave the people a voice  
Notice the next in line they have to make a choice between  
Designer jeans and special IDs; broken dreams of pirate radio streams  
, see  
It all occurs in a blur, the pop stars tell special interests they've  
got an interest in yours, and you're fucked  
Time will remain sane, knowing no-one is safe  
Living my own, until I'm erased or replaced

Before you rejoice and say we gave the people a voice  
Notice the next in line they have to make a choice between  
Privatization or foreign occupation  
Globalization or embargos of medication  
We're facing our own greed, indeed; these the last  
Fifty years left before my last breath  
Alas, years while the days go past

Have a laugh 'cause soon it's all dust to dust and ash to ash