

Macro/Micro

¡Mayday!

(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 [?], just
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