

Adventures in Zoochosis

Propagandhi

I hold out for consensus
Give the masses the benefit of the doubt
Insist the democratic process will bear this population out

I think my only fear of death is that it may not be the end
That we may be eternal beings and must do all of this again
Oh please lord, let no such thing be true

Though I suspect that if I slink back to my enclosure
Safe and warm and adequately lit
Sufficiently plumbed and ventilated
Well, let's just say I would not shake a stick

And if pressed, I'll admit
I'm ecstatic about the enrichment programs
Implemented to extend our captive lifespans
I'm excited to see what our keepers have planned

Perhaps a bigger cage? Longer chains?
Some compelling novel reasons to remain?
"Dad are we gonna die?" Yes son, both you and I
But maybe not today

Boys, I've bowed to the keepers whip for so damn long
I think the sad truth is this enclosure is where your old man b
elongs
But you, your hearts are pure
When operant conditioners come to break you in
I'll sink my squandered teeth
You grab your little brother's hand, run like the wind
And if I'm not there, don't look back
Just go

I don't give a fuck about the enrichment programs
Implemented to extend our captive lifespans
Motherfucker gonna get a load of what I got planned