

## Appendix I: If There Is Hope

### Stray from the Path

They've built kingdoms upon cabins,  
Anticipate the crash  
Watching, Listening.  
While we're clawing, gasping  
Volunteerism and livestock, convictions versus substance.  
Never tired of the descending escalator.  
Comfortable with discomfort and hating every minute of it  
They're after you through the t.v. screen and radio waves

They've come for what you've got.  
Wolves in salesmen's clothes and sheep in human skin  
Like rag dolls, we're swinging from the pillars  
Of an economic carousel, trust your grip?  
Fret not, "this is only temporary."  
Plagues are temporary too.  
Loving every minute of it?

Is this our Oceania?