

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?