

Assembly Line

The Vindictives

My baby thought that I'd be the perfect spouse we left for work from our white suburban house and then she chewed up fifty tablets of valium (yummy yummy in the tummy) The food chain and I have a tedious relationship enslaving me so now I'm dying to exist but then at dawn ya gotta do it all over again (and again and again and again) I'm a maladaptive function of the wealth of nations I won't be a factory handyman workin on a lifetime plan I'm in the non-productive division of the profit motive I'm a deadbeat, a loser, a parasitic user (a moocher, a cop-out, a wimpy gutted limp dick) A fateful shadow seems to follow us all as human beings, did we descend from apes or evolve from a Big Machine does mechanized behavior provide us with what we really need (what we really need as human beings) What are we doing with a statue of liberty is there anybody out there who can still think critically, you're just all suckers but now you wanna suck up my soul (I sold my soul) You don't think for a second that I'm not the only one the repetitive monotony that you accept has turned you numb your vulgar antidotes won't lure me towards and assembly line life it's my intention to defend my violation