

Internal Exile

Wire

An idle glance absorbs the terror
The weight of proof brings little pleasure
The trick's the thing, a cereal measure
Mao sifts the shit from trash to treasure

Marching! Marching!
Primed and armed, a loose projectile
Forced into internal exile

In Apple light, the laptop lackeys
Software pedlars rake the readies
Backstab sermons sitting pretty
Bankrupt, cynics leave the city

Marching! Marching!
His cupboard bare; his vision hardwired
Roving tamer; empty larder

Hearts of gold; no pot to piss in
Join the queue of future has-beens
A worker's thirst to be at leisure
Dissatisfied without measure