Without Prejudice

Protest the Hero

Wealth is a sick man's game.
Those who have it and those who hunger for it.
To the victor go the spoils of fameâ€”those who seek it, and those who abhor it.Evil is a very real concept, boiling in the bellies of the graceful.
Toiling in the fortress in their complex, to our employers we are faithful.
A number arises and there's a spark in the eye, obscuring the vision, clouding the mind.
"I am the authority on who deserves what.
To continue your prosperity, you've gotta pay a little cut.
We'll be ruthless and cutthroat and get what we deserve.
We'll remove each tooth from each swollen mouth and finger at the nerve." When a hand makes a fist, sometimes knuckles crack and break.
When that fist strikes the ground, the plates will shift, the Earth will shake. Knuckle bones now exposedâ€”true intention, self serving goals.
Bank accounts that tell of rape.
The plates will shift, the Earth will shake.Evil is a very real concept, dancing in the diner to your upset.
Sharing drinks and laughing through their teeth.
Their only success is our defeat.
So drape yourself in the finest velvets, cape, mask, and tights, and jump from the closest, tallest building and reach new heights.Revel in the adoration you acquire. Dive into the altruism you inspire.
Then sit back and pour a drink, relax cause no one sees the other half. The same qualities that you despise are the qualities you personify.
Dig deep and find your buried heart. I know it's in there somewhere.
Acquisition isn't all there is, and no one's too broken they can't be repaired. Revisions of histories et al. abound.
It flatters me now. It flatters me now...
"Hey spin that song back, it's my favourite. It flatters me now."

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