Execute

Brian Sanhaji

It appears that we have reached the edge
That zenith where stimuli and comatose collide
Forty years ago the man proclaimed
The age of the gross to be upon us
And even though the man was destroying our heritage
And insulting our intelligence
That era has become very real
We labor for pleasure and abhor the guilt of pressure
My generation will go down as the architects
Of contemporary disgust
Some have fought and died
Others have allowed the strong to be butchered for a price
They themselves don't care about and will never understand
I myself am beleaguered by the selfish face
Of a kind of man that is not mankind
Distrust in information
Fundamentalism of opinion
Catastrophic boredom and a fanatical devotion
To that which does not matter
Where is your glory now, people?
Where are your Gods and politicians?
Where is your shame and salvation?
You rage for no reason because you have no reason
What have you ever fought for?
What have you ever bled for?
The face of the earth is scarred with the walking dead
The age of the gross is a living virus
This is the future you have created
This is the world you have set ablaze
All your lies are coming true
All freedom is lost, all hope is gone

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