We On Some Next Level Shit

As Friends Rust

What we've got is an amalgam of spent ideals,
an incomprehensible mismatch of spent ideals.
Self-congratulatory edicts spit from gold-plated mouths,
that will never understand what it means to miss a meal.
Don't tell me what I need until you've needed anything.
Private-school anarchists with bought trains of thought,
donned in T-shirts screaming slogans of wars never fought.
And I'm supposed to hide my change?
For who and for what?
To appease the piss-ants pretending their haves are have-nots?
I know what you came out here for.

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