

The Wasteland

Chelsea Wolfe

Said the party to the ad-man
We'll conjure up a gimmick
The way to lead an ass
Is with a carrot and a stick
Dig down for minorities
Promise them concessions
Ride in on their backs
And then teach them all a lesson
Unemployment means depression
You're just victims of the recession
We can count on their support
If we can channel their emotions
Populate the wasteland
Between leisure and the grave
Work and pray and place your vote
And some day you'll be saved
All these myths come tailor-made
To suit the company director
Myths that praise the dignity
Of cheap, disposable labor
Two different routes
To an industrial heaven
Work for boss and parliament
And all will be forgiven
It's the fear of being sacked
That lets the boss step up the pace
Because the minute you step out of line
There's someone took your place
Populate the wasteland
Between leisure and the grave
Work and pray and place your vote
And some day you'll be saved
Said the MP to the media
Can't we juggle this around
Sprinkle sugar on the dog shit
And we'll keep the figures down
Never let the left hand
See what's in the right
No-one's any wiser

And the problem's out of sight
Take your democratic choice
Take a scheme or starve
Job clubs, restart, YTS, CPs, EAS
Company profits doubled
Wages chopped in half
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Offer your life to the one true church
In the name of the conservative party
The labor party and the liberal alliance
The promised land where banks outnumber churches
And your cars shall be martyrs to the cause
Capitalism in crisis
But on the third day it shall rise again
But on the third day it shall rise

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