

It's Saturday

King Missile

I want to be different, like everybody else I want to be like
I want to be just like all the different people
I have no further interest in being the same
Because I have seen difference all around
And now I know that that's what I want I don't want to blend in and be indistinguishable
I want to be a part of the different crowd
And assert my individuality along with the others
Who are different like me I don't want to be identical to anyone or anything
I don't even want to be identical to myself
I want to look in the mirror and wonder
"Who is that person? I've never seen that person before
I've never seen anyone like that before" I want to call into question the very idea
That identity can be attached
I want a floating, shifting, ever changing persona
Invisibility and obscurity Detachment from the ego and all of it's pursuits
Unity is useless
Conformity is competitive and divisive and leads only to
Stagnation and death If what I'm saying doesn't make any sense
That's because sense cannot be made
It's something that must be sensed
And I, for one, am incensed by all this complacency Why oppose war only when there's a war?
Why defend the clinics only when they're attacked?
Why support the squats in the parks
Only when the police come and close 'em down
Why are we always reactive? Let's activate something Let's fuck shit up
Whatever happened to revolution for the hell of it?
Whatever happened to protesting nothing in particular
Just protesting 'cause it's Saturday and there's nothing else to do

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