

Food Not God

F-Minus

another day trampled under your feet. weeds of discord. we're your disease. a brick through your window so
you know we care. just step outside, we're waiting out there. exile on market street. look outside. push comes to
shove in a rat's race that's going nowhere. you think you're safe from the suffering. you ignore the weak and the
poor. a violent opposition is at the door.

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