Deprivation

Pastel Motel

Bombs
fall like bread crumbs to the ground
Detonate without a sound
A silent counsel from the crown.

And so, the rumors whispered in our ears,
Incomplete and insincere,Â
Fueling ignorance with fear.

This is a deprivation
Withholding information
from everyone

We, the naive, still receive
Our opinions and beliefs
From the federal factories

Until, this old oppositionâ€™s grown
Financial empire overthrown
Weâ€™ll have to find it on our ownâ€¨

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