The Crowd

Sleepy Malo

Wrenched into the world, deanesthetized,
Blurry images fight their way through halway opened eyes
Awakened by alarm, fifteen minutes of hygiene
Twenty minutes of eating, thirty seconds to the door.
I looked outside, I looked into the eyes
Of the impersonal mob I've seen a thousand times before
Feeling under covers like books on a shelf,
If we're scared of one another,
Must be scared of ourself,
More than just another crowd, we need a gathering instead.
Drink drink in the badland, liquid bread for the poor
Another member of the crowd goes down to drown at the liquor store
Choose your escape in the heartland
Of products and demand when you feel like a wasp in the swarm
You gotta get away any way that you can.
(Chorus)

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