Plutonium

Sole

Thank the loyal servants for being so loyal,
soon they'll be happy and very safe;
if not, sent off like a pigeon with his head cut off.
if it wasn't for the guillotine, there would be no umbilical
cord. isn't it pitiful? at our pinnical,
they make it sound so pinnocchio.
that's how i know it's so dumb, it could even write its own article.
give me a break, the great big break that breaks your back
and chews my fingers off
'til it's safe to laugh again, or at them.
put the coals back in my eyes again,
and away from the fire that burns out our loved ones
and takes its toll out on me.
'cause good luck is always keeping minutes
we gotta stay in play, so don't run out of tokens.
plus the machine needs warm bodies.
plug the pipes if you still got skulls;
if there's time to muddy the hands
then there's time to study the flow of the blood in the lay of the land
running off and eroding our relatives
with red, white, and blue christmas lights
in the greatest kingdom. i say it's a crop and i'm a lousy meal,
a lousy liar amongst so many bad actresses
and not enough stimuli left to light an oven pilot.
so how can i not be negative?
my own cliche, my would-be peers
more caught up with image than speaking than truth,
and if that's the only truth you can come up with, go fake some bravery
like the rented camaraderie in the human lottery.
whatever year it is, i'm still sick.
can't hate the sky for being gray
or the bad poem that we live out every day.
twenty minutes outside the city, or fifteen years from over the hill,
with enough time to kill braincells to fry;
you all gonna fry with me.
it must be, you all gonna fry with me...We who die in more flying accidents than firefights;
no cure of the overkill.Forty year-old women with cakes and carriages singing bible hymns
ain't fixing anything; get your picket signs,
go on strike, get a five cent raise; your a champion. now

they're making model citizens out of your children,
mapping personal growth through frivolousness; so seperated,
yet drugged up to nowhereland. even love feels artificial;
happiness, my loaded pistol.
in the '20s, i'da been a socialist in a colorado coal mine,
but it's 2000-something and the rats love their mazes.
it's all so ethnospecific and opinionated,
divided we take our antidepressants and make our appointments,
let the dolphins die, but who's gonna save the humans?
i've been to a million cities and they're all the same:
people laugh and talk the same,
girls all flirt the same, employees all dream the same.
love your grid and your comfort zone,
look out for the white-girl suicide bombers,
look out for your time or your piece of mind
or entertainment above the fifth grade level.
stay ignorant and easily corralled through conservative reforms
'til we're broke from the half-measures,
taxed to the teeth to fund the caste system.
living it up for our stereotypes
and i know nothing, but at least i know;
while they vote green and drink their espressos,
discussing film festivals, all as a write-off. off with your head;
body loves the dirty work,
love your job, but it will never love you like an automobile,
fetuses, peoples, and angels hang the same on the mobile.
if it wasn't for the blindfold, you'd ask,
"what am i looking for, living for, breathing for?"
"who's them? not i, but it must be the plutonium in me."It must be the plutonium in me...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/