

An Apathetic New World

Protest the Hero

Tonight I sat alone on the steps and stared into the blank sky; stars cloaked by smog, the poison of our own. And as the bitter air bit down I held my breath and thought of all the others on their backs. How do you organize resistance against something that's not even there (but still killing you)? Dirt covered fists screaming indignantly, midigate to out turned palms pleading admittedly. Raping people of their hope and the sky of all its stars. They're dying at your feet but 'who cares who they are.' (right?) There's no place like home. "It's like filling an empty glass from an empty bottle." and it's stricken by rigor mortis with your hand on the throttle. Grasping at a chance through a wall of austerity and a fence of police enforced by democratic vulgarity. Two percent controlling the power; controlling yo, controlling me, controlling the borders of democracy. So it's you, and it's me and we're up against a fence, control or be controlled by only two percent. So it's you, and it's me and we're up against a fence, control or be controlled, because only we can set us free.

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