

It's Saturday

King Missile

I want to be different, like everybody else I want to be like

I want to be just like all the different people

I have no further interest in being the same

Because I have seen difference all around

And now I know that that's what I want I don't want to blend in and be indistinguishable

I want to be a part of the different crowd

And assert my individuality along with the others

Who are different like me I don't want to be identical to anyone or anything

I don't even want to be identical to myself

I want to look in the mirror and wonder

"Who is that person? I've never seen that person before

I've never seen anyone like that before "I want to call into question the very idea

That identity can be attached

I want a floating, shifting, ever changing persona

Invisibility and obscurity Detachment from the ego and all of its pursuits

Unity is useless

Conformity is competitive and divisive and leads only to

Stagnation and death If what I'm saying doesn't make any sense

That's because sense cannot be made

It's something that must be sensed

And I, for one, am incensed by all this complacency Why oppose war only when there's a war?

Why defend the clinics only when they're attacked?

Why [Incomprehensible]

Only when the police come and close 'em down

Why are we always reactive? Let's activate something Let's fuck shit up

Whatever happened to revolution for the hell of it?

Whatever happened to protesting nothing in particular

Just protesting 'cause it's Saturday and there's nothing else to do

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