Uniform

F-Minus

we are the dogs
left out in the streets
by it all with havok to wreak
alone we're together
together we feed
death to our master
we don't believewe are the undesired
we are the unconspired
no one to tell us what to do
the way you'd have us contained
don't mean a fuckin' thing
soak in midocrity
shed our uniform

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