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Artistic Anthrax

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College of DuPage

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We live in a society, based of prosperity and regularity
Corporations depend on populations to spend their hard
Earned cash to buy their trash and make a stash
And in the blink of an eye lash they'll dash and
Dart to the nearest Wal-Mart and fill up a cart with
Stuff that in their heart they know they don't need.
And the media feeds us lies about diseases and the
Drugs and cure them. I know you've heard them.
And your wallet spills out all its bills
So you can get filled with pills if you have the chills
And you're hoping you won't get killed so you write your will
And yet you're still feeling ill.
And you get all wired trying to get hired
And once you do, you come home every night tired
And you're hoping you don't get fired
Because if you do that would suck
And you'd be outta luck trying to get a buck
Until you don't give a... crap.
And if you're listening to this rap
And you agree with what I say
Then why do you pay all that money to stay alive
While third world countries are struggling to get by
And how do we help them?
With guns and knives and bombs that dive out of the sky
And if they're lucky we'll open up a McDonald's and
Sell fries to their wives who only strive for freedom
While we expand our kingdom. And we're too numb
From rum and tums that we ignore our own slums.
I think it's kinda dumb.
And it's a pity, living in the city, paying five-fifty
To smoke some blokes for a pack of smokes that'll make
You choke. And it's a joke when Coke has a hoax on
Columbia's blood soaked earth. And babies are being birthed
Without dads and that's just sad. And it drives me mad
How being bad had become some kinda fad
And I had a wad of cash but I spent it pretty fast
Cuz in America, nothing's made to last. It spreads vast
Like some kinda rash wanting to be scratched.
So buy your latex and chew your steak
We're in the Matrix where everything is fake
But remember this, my friend
That in the end
The love you take
Is equal to the love you make.