

Artificial Alternative

A new generation of hope.
Another shot at revolution.
A burden greater than any group of young people has ever known.
Whether we accept it or not,
That responsibility weighs on us.
Because we know
And the world knows
That we have what we need.
The path has been laid,
The tools have been forged.
We are many layers,
Becoming one, melded together by these conditions,
We are bright,
Informed if we choose to be,
We are college educated
And dangerously isolated,
We are wild and unafraid,
Already fucked up by our parents,
Them empty and underpaid,
We are innocent, unknowingly armed,
Sitting at the edge of an era,
Nervously watching the machine,
Beckoning us,
Posing as the only thing
Between us and the grave.
But we see that machine.
We see what it did to our fathers and mothers.
Offering the sedation needed
To recover from that loss.
They had a great hope,
And then watched it dissolve.
Then they sought that insulation,
That we have begun to strip away,
They turned away and solemnly chose
An artificial alternative,
Designed to fill in the holes
Where they wanted more.
To quench the thirst for this life,
With promises of the next,
And an endless regimen
Of material supplements.
Keep your head down,
Work for your things,
For your house,

With too many rooms,
For your cars,
Work for it,
Because soon your things will need things.
And, trust us, you'll need them too.
Keeping them hungry,
Feeding them with things
That will only temporarily slake,
But never satisfy.

But the course remained round,
This burden we've found,
It was there all along,
Because the machine's message is wrong.
This isn't just the way it is,
We know what is wrong.
We've ignored it too long.
And now we are faced with the same choice.
With less time to make it.
And so this new hope for the world,
Us,
We must write a new story,
For humans to live,
The course is ours to change.