

The Fake Escape

Five Knuckle

So it seems we all have a vice,
Every luxury has its price.
Methods of transcendence, methods of enjoyment,
So what price are you prepared to pay?
So it seems, (So it seems,) if they can't tax it
They go ahead and they will criminalise it.
My society tells me what it thinks is acceptable:
Nicotine, caffeine and alcohol.

And I've grown up in a society that's choice of drug is alcohol
,
But to have this drug legal and other drugs not is surely hypocritical.
Especially when you compare the different situations that these
different drugs can create.
I sense underlying goals, vibes of control, a cause for debate.

So it seems with every culture
There has been a drug of choice.
The indigenous tribes, the Victorian times,
Humans and drugs have always mixed.
And I've grown up (I've grown up) in the age of the chemical,
If it's taught me anything, it's to be careful.
Don't let the substance over rule your judgement.
Respect yourself and your weaknesses.

So choose... your... drug... wisely.

Now we get to the part, back to the message at the start.
We all have a vice, but exactly at what price?
You see, money is sure one thing but your health is quite another.
And it becomes an issue when you inflict it upon others.

Can you handle it? Take it? Or let things slip?
Are we simply searching from escape?
From what is it that we're escaping from?