

Kill this channel
- it needs to be switched
I offer a vendetta in exchange
for a split second to blink

In exchange for
a split second to blink
Dragged from view,
so no split second to blink
Hide the hovels,
give not a split second to blink

Kill this channel - less for more
lifestyle stink
I spread out saved silver
In exchange for the broken spirits
toward whom I won't blink

I stockpile for the impending...
what?
But who's paying?
Who is paying?
But who's paying
Lift the lid and it dawns
- who's paying?

Bereft, desperate, the belittled,
the devalued to no value
- they are paying
Should stoop ever lower,
bow and scrape - they are paying

So take a split second to know
that abolition didn't lift them
off their knees

From plantation, transplantation
behind suburban curtains
The upshot of their exertions
a vacuum-packed ambivalence
Get them off their knees!