

Persuaded by the mediocracy.
"This is the place"?
The place where we belong?
Under the shoe of kakistocracy,

We. Do ~~not~~. "have the common sense" to leave the burning building,
The building, burning of the forgotten,
Pushed aside from the mills of cotton,
The sounds of crackling embers,
To the splutters of the cackling members.

The ones who sit in the green pews,
Making holes in our shoes,
Trying to beat the queues,
Join the breadline, mate you'll have to wait.

But that's just a "childish wish-list"
As they rise in the air,
This is not a *race, or class affair.* ~~Promise.~~

Do you need proof Saint Thomas?

the universal credit cuts,
to the point where we spill our guts,
Making ends meets,
Just so the days repeat,

That's no way to live. That's no way to live.

Common, lazy, uneducated,
Just the way they like to keep it gated,
Scrounger, skip rat, dossier,
What will they ever do not knowing the words of Chaucer?

"Your mums on the game,
and your dads in the nick,
You can't get a job,
because you're too fucking thick"

enough of that now,
Pick up your polo stick.