

Subhumans, Power Ames

A passing stranger dressed in black
With slogans painted on his back
Turned and stared and laughed and carried on
Another came and did the same
At first they made me feel ashamed
But then I realised what I had done
Without asking I had broke the rules
Without knowing, I had made them fools
By merely looking different
To those who knew the game
The unity was there to see
A mass of non-conformity
There s something wrong, or is it me?
But they all look just the same
They hung around in silent pairs
And gave out their derisive stares
To anyone who envied or ignored
A leaflet saying Smash the state
Work in love and not hate
Got snatched and ripped and ground into the floor
Without asking it, I had caught them out
Without knowing what it was all about
They assumed it was a wind-up or a con
Making sure with a nervous glance
They re-affirmed each other s stance
And smiled and then forgot and carried on
The passing strangers stayed that way
And rotted away in their own decay
Convinced they d got it right, the rest were wrong
By deriding them to gain respect
They tied a noose around their neck
And fell when something different came along
Without asking them, they were soon put down
Without knowing why, they looked around
And found a new dictatorship in power
Acting just as they had done
But on the other end it s not much fun
And all their sweet delusions soon turned sour
One man s hand is another man's fist
And so the power games still exist
And on idea is right, the rest are wrong
While such ideas as this are here
We'll never live without the fear
Of feeling that we somehow don't belong