Thousands upon thousands,
    warehoused as vintage ignorance,
So abused and disillusion, they remain docile,
    scared to make a stance.
An entire forest cut to cordwood,
    never to be used as fuel,
Despised and ostracized,
    against the establishment they are unwilling to duel.
They won’t fight for an education,
    or fight to protect their rights.
Yet they’ll fight with each other
    over every last insignificant slight.
Drill-instructed over a lifetime to believe
    The propaganda about their worthlessness,
The majority won’t ever contemplate
    what they would like to leave as their life’s accomplishment.

*PIC stands for Prison Industrial Complex