



**METHADONE KITTY**

**MIDDLE CLASS HERO** I know, yes I know, the price being paid for blind acceptance. And I understand, the speeches that infect thoughts like sepsis. I know, yes I know, one's truth is someone else's lie. That you just realized, but I've known for quite some time. As plain as day, it's safe to say, that change is coming anyway. But how is still being determined and the reasons for it ain't so great. A great leap backward killing tradition of a hundred years of progressive traction, one class fights to stay on top as the lower claws its way up non-stop. And those who wait at the middle to rest their heads for a little, erode their goals for equality in exchange for a false romantic sense of peace. **TURF WAR** The games we play enliven the day, but I'm tired of doing things your way. Let's try something different and play for keeps. Using people as pieces, the cover for peace. The closer you get, I'll run and hide. Hoping to strike at precarious times. Using death as a marker, and sloganeering reminders, waging a turf war internationally. **LEGACY** Monkey see, monkey do, well this monkey doesn't want to. Not content to replay the past so I'll just stand here and watch — those who masquerade, display on parade, their ignorance of history, re-interpreting a dead legacy. Those who'll dance to anything will march and fight with everything. Elders take the stage and preach while thanking macho tendencies, to those who survived strife, now coming back to life, gladly willing to play the part as I question the pulpit's support of those who masquerade, display on parade, their ignorance of history, re-interpreting a dead legacy. **HEARTS AND MINDS** There you go again with rhetoric, are the only options what you pick? That people accept without debate, contented within their safe beliefs. The time for talk is over, and to stem the tide, is to progress against the waves of hate that kills our hearts and minds. Turn off and unplug, there's so much to be done, and no time left to spare. Get out, speak up, and infiltrate. Help in any way you can. Tyranny thrives on complacency, target exactly, not indiscriminately. The only way to live again is to push back as hard as you can. The time for talk is over, and to stem the tide, is to progress against the waves of hate that kills our hearts and minds. **COMPLEX** I spy with my naïve eye, the intrusion of the rest of the world. Screams of anguished media play as the majority goes unheard. Looking around the windswept scenes infected truth bleeds through the seams. Fear and lies just come alive leaving an apathy I despise. In my life I tried so much, but in the end it never feels quite right. Is the only time when all is lost to finally accept everything you've got? I spy with my angry eyes the constant dwindling hopes of man. Watch what you say in the name of peace, as they doom with an aggressive hand. Hate destroys what's left of me, deconstruction of my private dreams, engulfing credibility now that everything's done offsite. While imprisoned in my fear, you spy with your detailed eye the beauty of everything under heaven's sky. While imprisoned in my fear, you spy with your detailed eye, and remind me what's important without ever casting me aside. **FIVE TO FOUR** You call it social progress but it's just a total lie. Following others blindly you don't even question why. Nationalistic pride, flying high for all to see. Blind laws of the nation written for them but not me. Bigoted morals forced upon me, bigoted faces starring pridefully, bigoted masses following desperately, bigoted nation united hatefully. **THE DAY AFTER** Through the noise and the haze the abundance of rage is now set in place, like a monument to everything wrong and done in methodical haste. Can you hear the cries of anguish when life changes in an instant? The confusion comes next, erasing the gains, and nothing seems to make sense. And the day after comes as it always does, going forward, escaping the past. The time goes by as the speculative hype

erodes closure of any type. The search continues for decaying answers littered in the past. A dazzling array of sequential dismay that's pieced together too fast. How many more lines have got to be crossed until the right thing is clearly done? A grim reminder of incomplete work that must be finished, whatever the cost. **SAME** With no one around except a static sound, what can be said about what remains unsaid? The obvious sets in, the news becomes a friend, and a good day becomes when you think you understand. Even with all I got it may not be enough, trying to be strong makes me feel I'm not, turning to what works doesn't help so much, leaving isolation the only choice I've got. My brain is right but I don't buy it, my heart aches so re-enforce it, even with someone to help me through it, searching for a balance I still feel the same. **PINNACLE** The static hovers overhead, marring the positive abstracting the constructive. Voices clash and crash together, severing the lies that bind the truth. Letting loose the worst of undying pride, cutting at the root of salvation - the pinnacle of our kind. In the time it takes to collect my thoughts I could do so much, but I choose not to waste my time listening in to the frivolous crimes of one track minds that make me sick to my stomach, pondering how the hell they still survive. . . **GREAT SOCIETY** The mark of corruption rots the foundation of every institution that reluctantly stands. The inhabitants stay making their way to the scattered places where one may be saved. I understand but don't know what life's like for you, huddled in a train station with nowhere to go. I continue my day but can't look away at the suffering poor in our great society. The weight of concern still rests on my back, but if shrugged off I'm no better than those who're told to lie, told to steal, and cut the safety net that serves society's need. I understand but don't know what life's like for you, calling streets home in the heat or the cold. I continue my day but reminded always of the suffering faces in our great society. **TWO STATES** The gears grind on, unabated, working in shadows unrestricted. Revolution isn't coming soon, if it does it'll become one more mess. Assistance never comes when you need it to, what's left is the fear and a sense of doom. Living in two states of reality, delving in a human state of anarchy. Lost and defeated though quiet I seethe, at the gain of acceptance they acquire with ease. What was once logic now ideology, where foundations are laid for new identities. Making a wrong fuss, too concerned with control, greed is nothing but a sad man's lust. And that the rich is allowed to persist, by making their profit on the backs of us! Who are you now? Why did you change? Are you really that afraid? Love it or leave it? Is that all you got? It's my home too, you ignorant fuck! **VESPA QUEEN** There she goes in the blink of an eye, no warning as she bombs on by. She's the type of trouble you don't need, but she'll gladly deal it if you tease. The only thing that passes is the wind right through her hair, and anything else that tries is left mangled crying "Why?". Keep on riding Vespa Queen, cruising on the city streets, making sure that no one ever takes her life away. On a small machine that's built for speed, the only love she keeps unseen, a testament to the only thing that's made life worth living. . . Through the foster folks and halfway homes. The lovers who'll never know what it's like to sleep alone, freezing in the morning snow. A hard heart left encased, thanks to survival's ragged code, left with nothing but her wits and a heavy lovelorn load. She knows exactly what to do, who to bribe, and where to go, springing traps with every cop screaming, "Pull over and stop!" Keep on riding Vespa Queen, rejected from society. Living free to what her heart decides: Just take it day to day. Running stoplights on her bike, while escaping from the state police to 495!

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