

# Monks and Punks Cover



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This CD is a cynical smart-assed look at the corporate dehumanization of America. Special thanks to Robert Witchger for the cover artwork. Special thanks to Carol Hall for giving us permission to use her name. Thanks to MACD. The introduction to "10th Century Monks and 21st Century Punks (Vicious Cycle)" is based on a 10th century Kyrie Gregorian Chant. All music written by and copyright © Pfiesteria, 2002. Recorded at TarHeel Carolina Studios.

Why take something seriously when you can make fun of it?



# Monks and Punks Inside

## Pfiesteria

### 10th Century Monks and 21st Century Punks

#### 10th Century Monks and 21st Century Punks (Vicious Cycle)

*(It just goes on and on)*

We make money to buy stuff to improve the economy  
To make more money to buy more stuff  
To improve the economy -- It's a vicious cycle

#### Creation Incorporated

*(They are trying to create a new world order; it's almost biblical)*

In the beginning was the organization  
It began strategization  
They formed a plan for globalization  
Let there be light  
There was creation... Creation Incorporated

#### Down in the Dumps

*(We want to stay home, but we don't, and we have lots of junk in our lives, and it only has 3 chords so we tell you how to play it)*

Take your medication, see you in the morn  
It's a Saturday afternoon  
You've got more than the flicking flu

Come out to play  
It runs in the mind you say  
It doesn't make you blind  
Though I've got you still on my mind  
Down in the dumps

And you've got to get out of that hole  
It's your release from here  
So good to be back home  
You had a dream that said go to the dump

Down in the dumps  
Here's how you play it  
C what you did to me  
F You  
G life's a bitch

So I went to the dump  
Found that life's more than what you pump  
You're missus will be pleased that you're there  
As long as you come back with your hair

#### Corporate Coolies (The Ballad of Carol Hall)

*(A true story; We are all just headcount)*

She couldn't stand tall, with her back to the wall  
Eighty hours a week  
The financial nirvana of slavery is what the companies seek

Just like the coolies back in the days when the golden spike was laid  
They work to the bone  
For their house and their family; for their family and home

All through the holidays she worked, and she spoke not a word  
Until the one day when she didn't show up  
Then another one; don't you know something was up

Corporate coolies, corporate slaves  
Serfs to your graves

They found her there on the floor  
She couldn't give any more  
She always thought it was a career path  
But it turned out to be like a replay of the "Grapes of Wrath"

Corporate coolies, corporate slaves  
Serfs to your graves

Let this be a warning to all you beware  
You never know what's behind the face there  
You might just explode or you might die  
But the robber barons don't care

What care they what we give of ourselves  
We will never get back  
When we try to reclaim our humanity  
We end up getting sacked

#### Doctor Me Not

*(A look at the health care system or lack thereof)*

I have a job that I go to for part of the day  
It pays the bills but it takes everything that I got away  
I'll go and temp for a while, like maybe 9 years or so  
I can't get sick, because I can't afford it, Oh No  
Doctor me not

I used to have insurance like a year ago  
But I lost that job because I had to go  
I broke my arm once; they set it in a weird position  
And now they say that I've got a pre-existing condition  
Doctor me not

If I quit my job, on welfare I will go  
Then I'll be able to afford to lose my health, you know  
So I'll rock on now; throw caution to the wind  
Once I'm on death's door society will take me in  
Doctor me not

#### Dead Birds and Dog Shit

*(A metaphor for what we step in as we go through life)*

Dead birds and dog shit, walking through the yard  
Walking through the street, it gets onto my feet  
Sometimes there nothing you can do

Inside of the machine, the times are tough and mean  
Punching in I'm married to the clock  
Fighting every inch for the little that we get  
But I know outside there's nothing yet

The beggars get us down, all they want is hand-me-downs  
But it not like I have all that much to give  
The should leave me alone so that I can go back home  
And I can make sure that I don't sleep in it

#### Firewall

*(Our lives are protected; do we need it?)*

I try to speak but nobody's listening  
I'm protected from the things they think will hurt me

I can't own a gun and I can't smoke  
And I'm enslaved in religion's yoke  
I can't decide what's wrong or right  
And I get rejected by this porno site  
Firewall, we live behind a firewall

I'm panhandled on the phone  
People watching me when I'm alone  
No beer for me on Sunday morning  
My boss reads my email without any warning  
On the Internet I'm always chasing tail  
But I'm not even sure it's a female  
Firewall, we live behind a firewall

I can't keep nothing secret anymore  
Not even the flowers I got for my mistress  
With my discount card at the grocery store  
They sent a special coupon to my wife  
Now she's trying to "Bobblit" me with a ginsu knife

#### Where Were You?

*(As people go postal, why don't we help when we can?)*

Where were you, that day in school  
Harassment has begun, and joined in by almost everyone  
I wondered why you let it go, It wasn't that you didn't know  
Their cruelty allowed tacitly  
When you stood by so silently

Get out of my way, or you'll die today  
It doesn't matter to me whether you whimper or scream

Where were you, I work there too  
They screwed me in a royal way  
Now I'm getting out my Walther PPK  
I seethe with boiling hate; I don't want to arbitrate  
The institutional politics  
They stifle justice with their little tricks

#### Creation Incorporated (Reprise)

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