**Madhouse Drive**

Jon Ervin

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The decree, little man, has come down from the top.  
Poison is good to the very last drop.  
There’s some debate over hate, but the pedestaled minds feel,  
discretely deployed, it may correct what it binds.  
Every shift of the wind bears the whiff of a lie,  
Like trickle down fortune, like Arbeit Macht Frei.  
It’s supersized bullshit that confides with a hiss,  
That relative ignorance is relative bliss.  
And the song of deceits seeks a gullible tongue to survive,  
So when the strike up the band and expect you to stand, please  
Don’t go repeating that jive that you hear out on Madhouse Drive.  
  
The idea, little man, is to blind you to right.  
Which is known to promote the fine focus of sight.  
A small cog puts a fog on a rose-colored lens.  
And the trojans roll in in a Mercedes Benz,  
Then nationhood’s lauded and ancestors praised,  
And the stripes presumed sponsored by heaven are raise.  
They’ll unroll the parchment, pronounce the brave words,  
And the ones with a taste will want seconds and thirds.  
It’s a round-the-clock gig, man, don’t think they knock off at five…  
But though they harness their lungs to their overtime tongues,  
It’ll take more than song to revive, all the fools out on Madhouse Drive.  
  
In end, little man, if the end ever comes,  
They’ll be slogan and jargon and military drums.  
A most-wanted poster for every saint,  
And passive and non-passive forms of restraint.  
The machine’s out of order, the map has been lost.  
The oxygen mask is hooked up to the exhaust.  
It’s a winnable war if you game’s dirty poker,  
It’s a brilliant sick joke but who knows the joker.  
As paper airplanes have no brains to pull out of a dive…  
You may stall the decline, but the rot’s in the vine,  
There’s no honey at all in the hive, that we made out on Madhouse Drive.