

## Visceral Fear (Song Edit)

The white guys get their laugh.  
Reality TV to the Presidency.  
They fucked us all, including themselves  
And now I live in fear.

Enough people in the rest of the world  
To cause us mad problems  
He's already pissed off most of them  
Actions will do the rest.

It's actual fear  
That he'll do us wrong.  
Visceral fear  
Of not living on.

Those that elected him.  
The safety you want is further from your grasp.  
More hate makes us weaker.  
And Trump makes hate.

The economic benefit you want won't come.  
The ship has sailed.  
Your way of life isn't viable.  
Trump isn't going to fix that.

It's already beyond repair.

It's actual fear  
That he'll do us wrong.  
Visceral fear.  
That our country's gone.

At home lets expect  
A destruction of a woman's liberty  
A forgetting of human rights in the name of law  
Bigotry, in hiring and action.  
Business doing well.  
Everyone else doing badly.  
    Losing more of our voice.  
    Having lost control.  
    Under his thumb.  
A white man's viewpoint in a diversifying State.  
    And beating that down.

Further prohibition against using weed.  
And elimination where it's been relaxed.  
Business America written large.

He'll keep out immigrants.  
And deport friends of my friends,  
with family and roots and life.  
He will destroy lives.

No American President  
should do anything to destroy the lives of those who live here.  
It's unjust.  
But that's what he said he'd do.

And he'll scale back years of social progress.  
Abortion looks to be headed for back rooms again.  
Married people who love each other  
may be forced to renounce their vows.

Protections for the disabled might be lost.  
And people will suffer.  
That is what you voted for.  
Hope you don't mind.

It's actual fear  
That he'll do us wrong.  
Visceral fear.  
You got us.

You won, voters of Trump.  
He can do what he pleases for two years. Maybe four. Eight.  
For those of us left behind, that's long enough.  
Capitalism, unobstructed, will envelop the masses.  
envelop the masses.

Those not dead will be lesser creatures.  
Half-citizens, forced to work whatever job  
to eat.

How much can Trump codify in even two unrestrained years? We'll find out.

It's actual fear  
That he'll do us wrong  
Visceral fear.

Our country's gone.

Bye bye.