

Assimilation or

"Resistance is futile Earthling. You will be assimilated" say the Borg

Resistance is futile. You will comply.

Oh no I won't, I won't, I won't.

You will, you will, you will.

This is war, I will fight you with all my might.

You will understand later. It is best.

I have a choice, you cannot force me.

You cannot hide forever. I will find you.

Silence

Ah, there you are. Come out of that closet Now!
and brush your teeth before bed

In my school they have some rule
A period, a comma, capital C, Comply
But when Saturday comes, I fly
Wrytin, spelin, stylin - mai owwn waaay!

I wear my clothes when I go out, be thankful y'all
Clingy, hot sweaty clothes, no room to breathe
But when I go home, off they come, freely I flow
all hangin out, shocking to see, feels so good to me

My pants go a sagin, long hair flappin,
My tats n piercings, my flag a wavin'
I not be comply'n, w those folks complainin'
Till I become boss and need some comply'n

I have a nice car, house and boat too
But some folks be complaining,
say I got some explaining
For why I am not poor too,

I drive on the right, I must comply
stop lights, speed limits, all so oppressive
When I get out, out in the hills
fast as I can, off road, no rules

I see the trees don't fight, complain, or cry
all in a group, growing, reaching for the sky
deer, fish, birds, so simple,
but humans, humans most wise; why?

Walking to work I passed a sunflower in the field, just gazing up at the sun - all day. On my way home I passed again that flower and derided, "Why are you doing nothing but gazing? You are lazy, good for nothing. Get a job. Comply!" But that flower just ignored me.