

131-1000
The director

The director shouts action and we all take our place
He tells what we're supposed to do, the dilemma that we face
He takes us by the shoulders and dictates our every move
His face becomes contorted if we try to find our own groove

The director find his meaning in the power he exerts
We paint a happy picture even when his dictums hurt
The director comes in many forms, the father and the priest
We are at his mercy day and night, until we are deceased

Rejecting the director leaves us floundering in the dark
Adrift upon our lonely raft, ne'er to disembark
Just look at all the directors who demand that we conform
When we resist they tell us it's a pity we were born

Let's admit just for once
That we are never free
Let's tip our hats and give a wink
Let's issue our decree
We pledge allegiance to the man
We pretend to righteous be
but in the end we shrug and smile
And lie, oh praised be he