

Iff Sanctions¹

Words and Music by David Tschoban
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Stared at contemplation
 With little comprehension
 And large reactions
 In charge in line in sanctions
 Numeric distractions
 That state without exceptions
 To be equal and true
 It's difficult to do
 In complex rational expressions
 Like intimate relations
 Iff and only iff
 I'm hurt or freezing
 Need medical attention
 With long lacerations
 That drain this lake of sanctions
 Through the tailpipe of love
 That I float above
 With my floatation device
 Oh, it folds up so nice
 No air emission
 Plugged by ignorance and transition
 It sucks like a straw
 It would moisten my jaw only
 Iff and only
 Iff and only
 Iff and only
 Iff I can wait out the line

¹ "The Authoritative permission or approval that makes a course of action valid"
{<http://dictionary.reference.com/> (2004). Retrieved on 02/10/04.}

I'm trained to assume
 What they tell me is true
 Everyone in this room
 Is either with me or not
 They'll say anything but points
 And the words that I want
 Ask all the right questions
 But they give no suggestions
 And I ask for permission
 But they offer persuasion
 I may be Caucasian
 But that shouldn't matter
 I'll climb the escalator
 Up the corporate ladder
 Iff and only iff
 "The Authoritative permission
 Or Approval that makes a course of action valid"
 With large reactions
 IVR in line in sanctions
 I clench the receiver
 When I reach my retriever
 Can't he answer the phone?
 No, he just plugs in the clone
 Push 1 to come here
 Dial M to go home
 Well, I need no permission
 And you give no persuasion
 Iff and only iff
 And only iff
 And only
 Iff I can wait out the line
 Only iff sanctions appear

I was moving my home
I had no home to go
I had to cross a wide river
It was bitter and cold
I was sent back on ice
Save my floatation device
They stack that out back
In the sack between the cracks
Stop the spreading leak
The information they seek from me
For they wanted my soul
The original copy was old
"Just read the fine print
Sign with blood on the fold
We'll get you set up
Iff you do what you're told"
Well, I need no permission
And you give no persuasion
And I need no permission
And you need no persuasion
Iff and only iff
And only iff
And only
Iff I suddenly appear
Then sanctions will wait out the line

They bang down the door
 They ask "Is Mark here anymore?"
 They say "You're in the hole
 We're gonna dig it some more"
 I say "Thanks very much
 That was my broken crutch
 But I won't need it anymore"
 They say "Yes, we know
 You're not really persuasive
 And we give you permission
 To fall back in your hole
 We don't need you anymore"
 I said "Yes, I know
 I knew that long ago
 But I need no permission
 Fuck you for persuading
 Me to need your permission
 Convincing persuasion"
 Iff and only iff
 And only iff
 And only
 Iff Franklin appears
 Iff he can wait out the line

Iff you ran when you stole
 Wishing you were at home
 Just skipping through life
 Like you're accident prone
 No, you're not a statistic
 That's unrealistic
 You just live to consume
 'Cause they consume you
 With their adverts and lies
 At four thirty and five
 When they give you permission
 "Stay home and relax
 Due to snow, the district's out of commission"
 But they don't need to ask
 You need no more persuasion
 So you stop and don't listen
 You sterilize the knife
 You close the incision
 With large reactions
 In charge in line in sanctions
 From long lacerations
 That drain this lake of sanctions
 Iff and only iff
 And only iff
 And only
 Iff I need no more permission
 And you need no more persuasion
 Well, I need no more permission
 And you need no more persuasion
 And iff . . .
 And only iff
 And only iff
 And only iff sanctions appear