

# Life on the Tax Farm

We live in a prison—a massive tax farm—masquerading as a country. We produce so that others may consume. We are given the illusion of influence and of choice. We are told that we matter. We are told we can change things.

It's all a lie, a fallacy, a grand delusion designed to keep the slaves quiet and contented, believing their servitude to be a choice. It wasn't always this way. It doesn't have to be this way now. Don't you see? But no, keep playing Clash of Clans, keep voting. Both are equally helpful. Wave your flags; hell, if you get really angry, march in a protest with a sign... That will show them.

Then go back to work and keep producing.

You matter. Your opinion is important. Just keep producing.

Enjoy the entertainment. Eat your bread. Keep producing.

You are a credit to your [preferred identity group] and you matter. Keep producing.

Do you have a 4K TV yet? You should get one. Keep producing.

Getting older? That's nice. You should celebrate. Don't retire, though. Retirement is for quitters. Keep producing.

Those Walmart greeters seem nice, don't they? Keep producing.

Oh, you're dead now? So sad. We'll put a scoop of your ashes in a jar. Your kids will pay \$500 for it. They'll like that. They'll keep producing.

You matter. They matter. You all matter. Keep producing.