

Oh, the strata of society

Oh, the strata
Of society,
Down from Emperor to slave,
Oh, they tell you
What you ought to do
And just how you should behave
And the manners
That you have to show
When superiors you pass...
Roman people,
Neatly organized,
Into layers, class by class.

From the toga
With a purple stripe,
To the sack-cloth down below,
Know your status
In society,
What you wear and who you know,
Status symbols?
Own a villa
And a garden and a horse...
Make your slaves do
What you want them to,
When you want them to, of course.

At the bathhouse
Are you pampered?
At the theatre, where's your seat?
Are you wealthy?
Are you healthy?
Are you part of the elite?
Yes, the senator
And the citizen,
Seeking privilege, no doubt...
Seeking power, seeking influence,
Are they 'in', or are they 'out'?

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