

Backseat Goodbye

"Ask, Answer"

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You've had your chance, and you wonder how you fucked it up so bad. Years of smoke-screens and you have the nerve to ask why the children are the way they are. It's because they haven't seen shit. Now it's our turn, and they'll be shown the world they really live in, the one that none of you want them to see. They'll feel the rage that we feel. They'll ask, "what can we do?", and we'll tell them to fight for it. We'll give them bricks for every window. Torches put in each and every little fucking hand. They'll be shown the sweet spots on the hill to watch as every skyscraper burns. Burns to the fucking ground. You want your war? Now you've fucking got it.

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