

Deny Everything

"The Return Of The Durruti Column"

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Turn off the screen. Stop fucking following me. Caught between these empty faces staring at a T.V. Try to catch my breath but soemthing's choking me. I know I'm just a figure and my life's just a commodity. You won't make me understand. You won't make me sell my life away. I won't grow out of this. You can't change me. Do you really think this is the best we can be? Do you really think you should be satisfied because you're free to consume, to produce, to live life reduced to nothing? Consume. Produce. And count the seconds. Let's throw a rock in the machine that will tear everything down

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