

Infliction

"Bacchanale"

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In an age of video wallpaper and aural anesthesia,
Music has become a prostitute.
No longer is it a gift from the gods;
It has become a pacifier,
A tranquilizer,
And a tool.
A tool to protect us from loneliness,
To entice us to buy
And to keep us from seeing
How bad things have become.
At one time,
Music was a vital experience,
It was physical,
Emotional,
Almost religious.
Today music is just
One more device
Used by the new sun
Called civilization
To control itself.

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