

Juno

"All Your Friends Are Comedians"

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When you lost the earth under your feet was anything different about how it looks now, the blank faces and the empty chill of this town? You climb over like masses of beetles. Sit down or serve yourself up for the meal. Everyone here's either dead or a vulture. Sub par control commanding a sub par culture. And look at you over there, oh so quiet- so neutral. Hiding out until you find one of use useful. Too much of a coward to be cruel. Your send couldn't come to soon. Made yourself a rich man. So self-impressed with your past while we're starving on history and breaking our backs. Nevermind your words- you act. Get the bleach- we want you off our hands. So focused- so sure but always restraining the urge to attack. I've kept my life at a distance- to live it and not write it down is to deny it's existence. Lost my way on your way out. We know you were wrong. This much you know is right. But we'll survive your oversight.

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