

Juno

"Rodeo Programmers"

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I've got a time-bomb lost inside my chest. I've got a soft hits list running in my head. And now I can hear it clear- everything you never wanted to hear is here again. But I refuse to believe this is how it's gonna end. Here's the evidence to suggest there's something more and nothing less than this lifeless mess of dilettantes and malcontents. I'm sorry, fuck your apologetic sentiments. Over the notes. Out of the clothes. Out from under the heroes everyone knows. Ashed the letters. Denied the liars when I got tired of all the smiles. Make a decision! Try to find hope in a hopeless situation. This thing we call salvation we can't find it on your station. Repetative soft hits until all we have left is the abject devotion of an artform devoid of all its charm. All its power disarmed. I always thought we wanted more- that ringing in our ears. Those words we all needed to hear.

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