

Malady "Let's Face It"

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The black velvet band sticks with its teeth out, falling out of every dumb gum. And its hands stained red are shaking instead of making sense. Lets laugh and yell, point and bellow at every bad joke. At all the folks humping hope, and all the sad bags with eyes that sag, and feet dragging along. Singing some shitty song about sadness or sincerity. Lets face it, you're in your twenties, and a bad poet. And you're not an artist, you're a fartist. But keep on trying, and keep on crying. Cough, cough, fuck off.

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