

The Faceless

"In Concert"

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You sit outside in the dark and get nicked by the strobe light while we're playing indoors. we play in a bar, we play in a basement. we play in a room where the mix isn't right. the help at the door, the age to get in, the artist is smug, they don't sound like they did. we're ready to move, the crowd is a stare. if you've got things on your mind, shake them off. that's why we have come to collect you bodies from your lovers, and pause all the suffering... at least start pacing. you're not on the list, you paid to get in. your boyfriend is mad, it was something you did. in concert tonight, the bass drum is quick. if you've got things on your mind, shake them off.

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