

The Lawrence Arms "Alert The Audience!"

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Passive, Aggressive, Confessing, Repressive
Structurally uncertain, transparent, transgressive
I've stumbled into something and i don't know what it
is.

All I-beams, bolts and plaster, corners painted in piss.
Mistakes are the brakes that i'm cutting on me.
Fast down the hill, impossibly free.
Faster and faster, i'm burning the gears.
My tears are streaming back into my ears.

My enemies i knew too well, they bickered amongst
themselves.

I have a rule, that i love to break.
It ends in tears, cursing and shakes.

I'm a clown and i'm choking on blood, teeth and
tongue.

Fuck the spectators, fuck the "he was so young"
Fuck forced sympathy through lifeless glass eyes,
Povichian voyeurs drinking my cries.
Fuck faced trilobites waiting to die.
I can't stand the humor, and i can't stand the lies.

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