

Nakatomi Plaza

"It's Really Not This Hopeless..."

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waiting for the time, wait for motivation, waiting for the world to stop so i can catch my breath. but the system carries on and history keeps repeating these patterns (on the recording it's 'etched' but it should be stitched) inside the lining of our culture. with water-logged limbs i stay pressed to the couch, paralyzed with knowing that there's nothing we can do. so leave this cartoon on so i can get to sleep tonight. try to keep our eyes closed so we'll see no evil.

we'll march on searing our apathy into their flesh. their bones crack beneath economic motivations.

economic missionaries export their faith, preaching the words of their gods: behold the free market. bow down to our dollar.

complacent. say 'progress', we won't question if it's true. now it's too late. souls stained by blood so thick it soaked right through. stop feeling isolated. stop hoping, start screaming.

can't shake this floating feel. nothing feels like real. nothing feels.

complacent. say 'progress', we won't question if it's true. now it's too late. souls stained by blood so thick it soaked right through. looks as though we're stuck here. i think that's a lie. stop feeling isolated. stop hoping, start screaming.

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