

A//Political "Obscene Gestures"

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In the back of the room a lone female stands
Playing her role, boyfriend's jacket in hand
And in the pit he throws a fist
An outbreak of violence, a violent fit
And on the outskirts a rumor is told
A reactionary glance and tolerance is sold
And in the band room "where's my fucking money!"
"Such a shit P.A., we deserve better, don't we!"
At the door a punk with a sneer
"I had five dollars but I spent it on beer"
A homophobic statement is murmured and heard
"Shall we do something?", "Oi! don't be absurd"
And in another part
Two factions face off
Who's more P.C., who's more punk
Who's more violent, who's more drunk
And up on the stage
Hypocritical anthems are waged
A new kid slagged on loses faith
What's the point, nothing here but hate

[Spoken:]

Isn't it funny how we think we've created this illusionary
alternative?
If you look close enough, you'll see we've just
mimicked society, a perfect mirror image.
It's even funnier how within our own little society, we
don't have people forcing us apart,
But for some reason we all do it willingly!

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