

Propaghandi **"Anti-manifesto"**

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Dance and laugh and play. Ignore the message we convey. It seems we're only here to entertain. A rebellion cut-to-fit. Well I refuse to be the soundtrack to it. While we entertain we're still knee-deep in shit. There's something wrong inside. We've played it safe, enjoyed the ride. You won't like this but I have something to confide. We strive for something more than a faded sticker on a skateboard. Now we've rained on your parade and we're out the door. And I don't even care any fucking more. Witness this pair in accomplice. Witness a pair; lethargic, unconscious. No brows furrowed in question, complacent, completing their tasks (no questions asked). Consider this critic a cretin. Just resting on laurels (completely invented). Word acrobatics performed with both harness and net. I am so full of shit. But I will remain until this self-awareness fades. Until I defeat the the purpose served by this soapbox that you made. That you made.

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