

Readymade

"Bloomsbury Boxcutter"

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Barton's in the hall
New York was in the clouds
Sepia attack
Write the play, insomniac

Johnny, let it go
There's nothing here to see
Stand black clad among depraved
Smoke a fag and stay awake

Barton cries in bed
On truth, he depends
Johnny hits his head
Don't wait for the world's end

Travis, calm your heart
Because no one ever loves
Disregard what's on the streets
Load the guns, avoid sleep

Culture isn't sick
Just so boring
Stay awake to think
Erase the useless things

Dying by the fire
A century at wit's end
Fall upon a blade
The Lamplighters are dead again
Culture isn't sick, so dull
Just so dulling
Take sleepless icons
Bring the better scene

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