

Painted Thin

"Clearly Contrived"

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Shows for exposure play for stone ears. Everyone (slam) dances, nobody hears. People will love this one, clearly contrived. Play with their bodies, hide with their eyes. Filling their wallets with faces and lies. Ignoring the real outside. A crumpled paper joins the others on the floor. I think I know what I'm supposed to say, but I want something more. Fights over headlining (status and class). Rivalry rising from pride in playing last? These petty squabbles take away from what we're here for today: Music, and open platform for free thought, the education that our parents never bought, freedom to hear each others cries, to sneer and be dissatisfied. Freedom to thrive. I dig my nails in. I'm determined to hold on. ooooooo. In a crumbled broken mess. The world falls down around us. All we've got left is cheap wine and stolen riffs. I'll clench my fist we're cursed by circumstance but we must persist, because this is one of the only things that actually means anything to me.

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