

Lawrence Arms, The "Alert The Audience!"

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Passive, aggressive, confessing, repressive
Structurally uncertain, transparent, transgressive

I've stumbled into something and I don't know what it is
All I-beams, bolts and plaster, corners stained in piss

Mistakes are the brakes that I'm cutting on me
Fast down the hill, impossibly free

Faster and faster, I'm burning the gears
My tears are streaming back into my ears

My enemies I knew too well
They bickered amongst themselves

I have a rule I love to break
It ends in tears, cursing and shakes

I'm a clown and I'm choking on blood, teeth and tongue
Fuck the spectators, fuck the "he was so young"
Fuck forced sympathy from lifeless glass eyes
Povichian voyeurs drinking my cries

Fuck faced trilobites waiting to die
I can't stand the humor, and I can't stand the lies

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