

Media Cunt

Modern Life Is War

Your greasy lips & your glassy eyes gave
you away. I suspected you've been infected
by the diseased discharge of the media
cunt. So little room to exist between
the honest truth and a crippling worldview.
Decadent, begging for pleasure. Like a druggie
on a hamster wheel begging for forever.

I'm so sorry about you.

You used to say you wanna live with dignity
and die on your feet. I hate to see you
retreat. It's too early to accept
defeat. We're all standing on shaky ground
and my knees are trembling too. It doesn't
mean I have to lie down. Nobody's dunce.
Nobody's fucking clown.

I'm so sorry about you,
I suspected you've been infected.
I'm so sorry about you.