

Last Light Radio 11:41 pm

Shooter Jennings

As I've been cleaning up around here, I've been thinking about the ten plus years I've spent talking to you every night. I've got the original microphone from when I used to broadcast from a pirate station. Not way up there where the air is rare, but from the filthy basement with poodles of ooze on the floor. And I used to rap into that mike; that's what we called it: RAP PING.

With my God-damned Uncle Sam button pinned to one side of my chest and the one that said "killing for peace is like fucking for chastity" on the other.

Still got those buttons too, hahahaha, it's been a great ride. We could make it through this hard time folks, feel our way through this darkness, but it's gonna take time and it's gonna cost lives.

Yet the answer IS self evident; like those truths we used to hold dear; and the love of mankind may still come out on top. Our children's children might still live in a better world, more beautiful world.

Do I believe that, hee, yeah. With a glass of Jack in one hand, I manage.

This next song is pure nostalgia at this point; harking back to a time when the world economy was going down the shitter, and we really believed that things couldn't get any worse. Haha, but what did we know?

The costs turned out to be higher than all the government bailouts and stimulus packages combined.

Here's some real stimulus, Summer of Rage, by Hierophant.

I'm Will 'O the Wisp.