

## Content Conman

Cursive

When books were written to move us, not units  
When films were more than just reboots for tickets  
Commerce has turned a corner,  
Artistry's crammed in the backseat

One is content and one's commercial, I suppose  
Which is content and which is commercial? I don't know  
Throwing a guilty party, eating crow out on the balcony  
Crying, "listen to me!"

They killed the radio station long ago  
They're killing the brick and mortar nice and slow  
We're slumming in an art form  
Based on the three minute earworm

One is content and one's commercial, I suppose  
Which is content and which is commercial? I don't know  
Stuck at this guilty party, struck by a plaque in the bathroom  
It quipped, "Art is Pure Shit"

Oh god, to write with no audience in mind  
Oh god, to write just because you have to write  
It's a fool's errand at best  
Lest you commit to your base self - art is pure shit

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