

# Mouthpiece

Dan Mangan

The disengagement of the bubble is hypnotizing  
Some say below the doughy crust the beast is rising  
We like to talk about the past  
We like to talk about the past

Well we talk about the past like it's the strangest dream  
Then we repeat the things we never dreamed we'd do  
I understand that sometimes we all must dance with fuckery  
But everybody's pissing in the well of our suffering  
I want to breathe in all the ashes of the books they tried to burn  
I want to feel the pages in my skin and understand the words  
Castrate fiction. Call it circumstance

They say her wanderings are dangerous  
All she wants to do is dance  
Question period's over  
Don't you feel it? I do

You'll be pummeled by the certainty of minions  
It's a puppet show, a theater of opinions  
A chorus of flack  
Feeder of the pack

You can hear the shaky timbre of the voices most alone  
Yeah, it's easier to sing within the crowd  
Those who pretend to believe hardest might actually begin to  
The nature of the bliss the warmth of ignorance gives into

I want to breathe in all the ashes of the books they tried to burn  
I want to taste resilience on my tongue and love beyond concern  
Mass-grave subtlety, leave it for the birds  
They say the world, it might be dangerous, but all it seems to do is turn  
Bitten by the hand that feeds you  
Holding to what you're beholden to

Question period's over. Don't you feel it? I do