

Last Season's Textures

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How can I still feel so unstrong
When so much more could have been wrong?
I still hate every moment where people I thought I knew
Laughed in my face like there was nothing they could do

The news is excruciating
How'd the world get so devastating?
I'm just fucking glad for my bubble
Despite how often it is penetrated by evil

I remember when I figured out everything was the same
Walking around seeing building after building
But all those things you hear about
They only happen to other people
It doesn't happen to me
Not me

Wouldn't be caught dead
In last season's textures
Our heads are filled up
Staying true to the pressure