

No Such Thing

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No such thing as safety, there's nowhere you can run, the world is filled with hatred and the streets are filled with blood. Home is just a prison, a furnished prison cell, then you walk outside the door into a living hell. No such thing as safety, there's nowhere you can hide, don't think you can change a thing so why bother to try. Walk down these streets and remember how they used to be, now those times are long gone and that joy is just a memory. No such thing as safety, nobody's ever free, no one ever gets it all except for Jeff Ott, and now I'm looking out over the east bay and all my problems seem so far away. In these streets I stumble over cracked concrete running in circles on tired feet. I'm sick of all this hatred, it does no one no good, if I could change the world you f*cking bet I would. We are the new school, it's up to us to change the way things are, to make things better. F*ck separatism, we have to unite at all costs. Unconditional acceptance of people into our lives and scenes is the only way. Race, age, sex, religion, what you wear, what music you like, who you f*ck... none of it matters. The adult society infested with snobbery and violence should bear no reflection on our underground. Instead of turning our backs to the new kids wanting to learn about our scenes, we should teach them how it should be. Nobody was born cool and nobody is better than the rest. We can do it, all we have to do is try... otherwise the cycle will continue and we too will get caught in it, just like so many of those who came before us. There are too many boundaries, too many walls, too many locked hearts, and too many closed minds. It's up to us to cross the boundaries, to break the walls, to unlock the hearts, and to open the minds.