

The Blur, the Line and the Thickest of Onions

Little Comets

Feel good for a minute then implode
As the lack of an aphorism sticks in your throat with ire
Depose your vernacular, argot
Why have pride in a lyric when all the other songs go -

It's a question of trust
It's a question of rust
It's a question of everything you've ever been told.

A minimum culture, minimal wage
I'm an onion peel my layers back
A minimal silence, minimum change
I'm an honest man, depths my tears lack
And if there's love, let me know
Because I want you to come and put the beauty back
A minimum culture, minimal wage
I'm an onion peel my layers back

Blurred vision and the hobble of thick prose
Why empower misogyny while violence towards women grows?

But this filth stands on a quicker sand
Next to cold hard fear and the deeds of man
The abuse of body image as a form of control
And the typical portrayal of the feminine role
I have never been more appalled.

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Pick me up with rhythms and waveform
That can symbolize a culture lost
Sing about the future like you mean to
I'm never going to count costs
Question the agenda of an industry
That only can objectify
You write about a non-existent blurred line
But not about abortion rights

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