

Let's Tip the Creator

Protomartyr

Talitha Cumi had the time of her life
Thrashing away to the sound of The Lathe Of Doom
In the repurposed machine shop

Hertis Rote flew in from the coast
Sampled the wares, drank from the tap, and snaked all your friends
In a bid to fit in

Just to know that in theory
You can hear me
Though in fact you don't
Is all I need

Oaker Ruiksleg in the triumphal car
Appreciate the beauty of outsider art
While sycophants burn in lithium fire

Sugar Mountain was imagining a space
Sending a link of aesthetic graves
To his array of disappointing nephews

Wouldn't you rather wipe the sweat from your brow
Than have them knock it off?

Just to know in theory
You can hear me
Though in fact you don't
Is all I need

Let's tip the creator
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Enriching our lives, wasting away, oh such a shame
Let's tip the creator
Let's tip the creator
All of our lives, wasting away, oh such a shame
Let's tip the creator
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