

The Rip

A Wilhelm Scream

Fuck genius. What's an artist?
Dead words devoid of meaning. Let's drop them.
I know where they can go, but your neck is blocking the hole.
Let's start from zero. Now, listen close.

This is a rip: "The scream that ignites the world?"
We're slaves to radios. We're not worth shit to talk to.
This is the pen that won't cauterize the wound.
Whose plan to follow?

It feels like your own.
It's an insult. You've fallen for it.
It feels like your own.
It's your anthem, as jaded as its source.

The anemic. The pale, the sullen.
An album's evidence. I believed that shit.
Here, stuck in radios. No one's worth shit to talk to.
These were my heroes. Now they're all jokes.

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The ceiling is waiting.
The ceiling is waiting.
And you follow like it mattered if you did.
And it dropped you on your head
Cuz you took yourself for granted.
Heartless and headstrong.
Jump right over those bodies.
Life's a race. It's an obstacle course.
Hide, but you'll never have a choice when you go.
They would have noticed you if they had known, but you're fucked.

They'll only love you when you're gone,
or barely hanging on to all your organs and dignity
while you're rotting in hospitals.
Don't believe it?
It's not your fault.
You're just worthless.
You're one in a million.
Where is god?
The ornament, the holiday song
whored out on reading materials in latrines and porta-johns?
Don't believe this.
You're not worthless.
It's us against millions
and we can't take them all.
But we can take them on.