

So how you fuckin' feeling tonight?
We're (insert name here) from unimportant,
and I'm about to mimic some image of a rock and roll singer I have under lock and key.
Without the faintest hint of irony
that I'm flashing my pearly whites to sustain my mediocrity.
So is everyone having a good time tonight?
Good, I'm glad (I couldn't actually care less).
You guys are the best crowd that we've ever seen,
seen with these old dead eyes.
Blind to the stage or even my own lies.

So hey ho, let's go. Let's start this contemptible "rock" show.
Blinding lights to hide the hand up our ass in this puppet-sock show.
Two sewn on eyes, repurposed and made new,
torn from an aging suit for a sense of déjà vu.
Thumb underbite. I bite my fucking thumb,
and hope you catch a thread, and slowly come undone.

An illusion seldom spoken. An understanding between you and I
that the ground that you stand on is somehow less than mine.
An allusion to a broken home,
left on the street and chilled to the bone.
So hey, we still feeling good?
Now you comprehend our complex relationship, consumer/consumed.
You're just some stupid kid and I'm a megalomaniac.

Shedding defenses for an honest creation.
Placing yourself in the stocks on the strap.
You're disgracing your effort by conforming to textbook
performance of music to fill in the gaps,
and it's bullshit.
It's bullshit. Be honest, this can't be what you wanted,
if what you write about means anything to you.
Rather than pure vanity, people might connect with sincerity.
Don't just pray the next generation learns from our mistakes.
Let's not repackage the same old performance.
Original content is so much more rewarding.
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I know that it might be quite cliché,
but if all the world is in fact a stage,
then this stage, this here goddamn stage
might just be all the world.