

Musical Fast Food

Art is dead and we killed it!
Its corpse lay cold and lifeless at our feet with the bloody knife still in hand!
Oh sweet suffering!
We dance to the sound of drowning artists!
What beauty!
What a spectacle!
Convenience killed the cat and curiosity fell silent with no accountability!
We only concern ourselves with the simulation of support and morality!
Nobody gives a fuck at all!
Artists are not free raw material!
You are the problem!
Accept it!
You are nothing more than a killer for hire!
How could a soul lie dormant without regret?
Is not every man concerned with a graying sunset?
God is leaking through the stereo as mindless noise!
The radio has been taken hostage by a thousand different disembodied voices!
Each of which profit off the decomposing spirit of every child whose ears have become hijacked
by the message!
Their minds have become assimilated into the participation of such evils!
Noise and panic!
Paranoia and hysteria!
You own nothing!
Not even integrity!
You have made prostitutes of artists and the record labels their pimps!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!