

Rock For Sustainable Capitalism

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I fuckin love that one rock video where that fucking jack-ass mohawked millionaire prances around by far the worst sausage party on earth, where by mere chance hes caught on film shaking hands with an incredibly diverse collection of patriotic skins. I like the message it sends: With a Rebel yell, Just Do Exactly What Youre Told. One million douche bags cant be wrong? When did punk rock become so safe? Youll excuse me if I laugh in your face as I itemize your receipts and PowerPoint your balance sheets. I hear this years Vans Warped Tour is going green! I guess they heard that money grows on trees. Hope they ship all those shitty bands overseas like they did the factories. Musics power to describe, compel, renew Its all a distant second to the offers you cant refuse. Anyone remember when we used to believe that music was a sacred place and not some fucking bank machine? Not something you just bought and sold? How could we have been so nave? Well, I think when all is said and done, just cuz we were young doesnt mean we were wrong. And Ill rock back and forth on this two-bit hobbyhorse til she splinters and gives way. Ill tend the flowers by her grave. And whisper her name. If anyone out there understands can I please see a show of hands just so I know Im not insane? Ever get the feeling you been played? Well, thats rock for sustainable capitalism and you know, we may face a scorched and lifeless earth, but theyre accountable to their shareholders first. Thats how the world works.

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