

Genuine Malaise & Misery

None More Black

These words in songs that I don't know if they've affected me. It's been 13 years and I can't say I've made all the change to make. This could be the worst that it's hurt. Since Non-fiction has gone rehearsed. Now I lick the wounds in verse. These days I'm all about the truth. Maybe I'll find it on my way out. I've got disturbing news. I don't give a shit what punk has to say anymore. Man, "shit has changed". No kidding. There's no more room for me. Must reinvent the wheels that take us from A to E. No more release. There's no point. The subversive's been dug up. All the ideas that were dead.

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