Submission

Satanic Surfers

we gather here to dance and play through the night until the dawn of a new day, sweating out our anger, singing to soothe our pain, drowning our sorrow in a sea of joy and laughter, forgetting for an hour but we both know that real change comes from action, and depends more on what we do when we wake up tomorrow. can't sit there with our asses glued to a couch in front of our television pacified in this position entertainment to hold us in submission

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