Exhaustion

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There is no anger, just growing exhaustion and disgust.
No longer difference between.
A cynicism has been writing itself into my skin,
and I am sick to death of it.So let it burn in the front yard,along with everything I own.
Piled up and sprayed down with gasoline,
Soak the embers in the broken heads of my
guitars as we dance around in circles, torch ourselves in effigy.
Everybody jump up (??????)So are you really listening?
I dont want any part of it.
I was worried and upset about what I'm gonna do without your genre acceptance.
Then it came to me:
You gotta turn your back and abandon it.I'm taking aim at you; as a focus and recipient of judgment.
Well your politics are easy to remember,
especially when sung along to beats like this, so:
Is it dirty little secret about money?
Is it dirty little secret about poverty?
Is it dirty little secret about hunger?
Another little secret about war and brutality.There is no romance, no glamour in reality.What!?There is no romance, no glamour in reality.

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