

# Fiction Friction

## Velvet Acid Christ

to shoot yourself in the head. to separate the truth. to die with all this tension. in games based on fiction, feel this friction to turn the mess about, into something that lies on the floor. a justification misfit, shooting up in dark corners, to find the answers quick, to get the fuck out of this, to get the fuck out of this. work ever day, just the same same shame, for nothing of any worth, the future is the same old bullshit, wrapped in different plastic, for the future generation to choke on, swallow poison to seek the truth, blotter my mind with absolutes. space and time, melt all the walls, stealing time, just to kiss good-bye, words broken, lies, for buried dreams break like glass, going 4000 miles an hr. to smash into ice to shatter all the lies, shatter all the lies, bring it down down down down down. a cripple needs crutches on the insane luck, through the genocide we see all the lies to fry fry fry watch the water turning into faces. explode in grace, to feel disgrace, time has no face, slow you down, prolonging the maximum hatred.

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