

Pedestal

Beneath the Massacre

Dying on your pedestal, alone, aside from the rest of the world. A pedestal they built for you. Your intentions remained intentions...

Your art is a product of mass consumption benefiting some through the sale of plastic. Manufacturing a sound they can dance to. The illusion of a rebellion and you play along. For the record; you're useless. For the record; insignificant. For the record; you're futile.

For the record; you think you're special; you're not. you're nothing but a commodity. Nothing. You think you wrote a page of history; it's false.

Your actions are based on selfishness. For the record you're useless. For the record; you're insignificant. For the record, you're futile. For the record; you think you're special; you're not. There is a thousand just like you out there dying on your pedestal, alone, aside from the rest of the world.

A pedestal they built for you. Your intentions remained intentions and nothing else. Nothing.