

You Can't Love This

Bile

A four part fictional melodrama, exploring the degradation of trust, the emotional death of love, the contemplation of suicide, and the outlet of anger, to save one's soul. Although the piece is structured from a man's point of view, its theme applies to both sexes. Often in life, relationships, without detailing the possibilities of its demise, fall apart leaving an innocent victim to brood in endless depression. In this process of mental mutilation, the will to live dissipates and suicide becomes a selfish option whose only achievement is leaving the ones who loved you a lifelong cross to bear. The realization of this begins the song's final chapter in which the creation of anger spawns the idea that living is far more spiteful and control truly makes us strong. Although we are taught to suppress anger and/or hatred, they are normal human emotions that act as healthy cleansings and sometimes lifesaving problem solvers. The creation of "You Can't Love This" is our way of releasing lingering pain . To cleanse and metamorphasise. An attempt to problem-solve with the therapy of sound-art. This explanation is provided solely for those who might misconstrue the true meanings as blatant sexism, senseless violence, or simple shock value. At the very least it's a story, nothing more.

Waiting alone in the back of a lie, chewing on stone cause I don't want to die.
Breeding in muck, 'till my spleen rots away.
Screaming in dark, nothing more I can say.
You can't love this.
Yes, the attitude puts you in fear.
Screaming, contorting, the end is near.
Hatred and hatred and hatred inside, you did this to me now you must DIE.
You can't love this.
Not liked and not wanted, not needed.
Don't flaunt it.
Not cool or down with it.
Loser.
Just stay seated.
A creep in all aspects.
A creep in your backseats.
A creep in all your minds.
I don't care...
What you say means nothing.
What you think means nothing.
What you want means nothing.
What you see means nothing.
What you take means nothing.
What you feel means nothing.
What you are means nothing.
Who you are means nothing.
Nothing...

I hate you you fucking cunt...
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