

## Last Season's Textures

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How can I still feel so unstrong  
When so much more could have been wrong?  
I still hate every moment where people I thought I knew  
Laughed in my face like there was nothing they could do

The news is excruciating  
How'd the world get so devastating?  
I'm just fucking glad for my bubble  
Despite how often it is penetrated by evil

I remember when I figured out everything was the same  
Walking around seeing building after building  
But all those things you hear about  
They only happen to other people  
It doesn't happen to me  
Not me

Wouldn't be caught dead  
In last season's textures  
Our heads are filled up  
Staying true to the pressure