

Singing Of The Bonesaws

Future of the Left

The music industry is lying to you
It is telling you that you are excited
And you are excited
And you are excited

Or rather you have confused excitement with the fear of missing out
Which is understandable as these two feeling are very closely related
Focusing as they do, on the heart and the groin and ending in a bloody mess, pregnancy tests and too little sleep

A survey says that shouting amities in a regional accent is valuable to culture
Look at Eastenders, Soccer AM or the Queens speech
A survey says pedafiles run the BBC but look at the alternatives
Drowning men clutching at straws through their bellend helden, sad women dreaming of being owned by them, their children eventual despoilers of the high-streets clad head to toe in menstrual blood.

Screaming sexual insults into bedroom mirrors with the sad belief it will empower them
And it will empower them
And it will empower them
At least that's what it says on my cereal packet
That's what it says on my receipt from the apple store
Good lord
I cannot identify the bloodied bodies of my loved ones
They were killed whilst watching a new television show on the M TV network
One were Kim Kardashian is chased through woodland by a giant bear wearing a mask which carries the visage of recently deceased film director Michal Winner
The bear has apparently not qualified for a work placed pension and is angry with Daniel Day Lewis for what he perceives as the relative lack of action in their will be blood
Which he otherwise enjoyed but found a little precious for its tastes
Anyway after twenty minuets of panic running around intercut with interviews with friends and other celebrities, the production team behind the show all simultaneously come to the same horrifying conclusion
Their waste of the precious gift of life which has been given to them by science, they start attacking themselves with the nearest available objects, braking off camera tripods to ram them bloodily into each other's eyes

Climbing up the highest branches of trees to fall face down on
to the pulsing earth, the whole time shrieking and screaming wi
th the sudden primal vigour of lost souls who have forgotten la
nguage and seem intent on shouting their black hearts from thei
r grey, semi erect chests
Quite

They face, the pigs
They face the pigs they were
They face, the pigs
They face the pigs they were

Anyway, my family members otherwise enjoying a restful Sunday a
fternoon spent basking in the Christian lie of a benevolent and
loving God, witness this horror through the prism of their tel
evision set, concentrating hard on the psychic bloodied anguish
which has utterly enveloped the unlikely wooden scene, is tran
smitted directly into the heart of our living room
And they bask from scream and into their eyes and their hearts
and their minds and their tits and their bits
And bask from scream and into their eyes and their hearts and t
heir minds and their tits and their bits
And bask from scream and into their eyes and their hearts and t
heir minds and their tits and their bits
And bask from scream and into their eyes and their hearts and t
heir minds and their tits and their bits
they bask from scream and into their eyes and their hearts and
their minds and their tits and their bits
Thoughts echo, from off foreheads