

Content Nausea

Parquet Courts

Content nausea, World War Four
Seems like it all came too soon
Another carnage apparatus
Such a dissapointing doom

I've used money, I've used drugs
Abuse body, abuse mind
People use such strange excuses
Always have done no clue why

Most folks think and some folks know
Life's lived least when you don't let go
Of a memory, of a dream
Like an hometown better seen

On a screen or at a distance
Life lived best without resistance
People clicked and people read
'Modern Life' is what it said

Pretty pictures, pretty lives
I peered into once or twice
I'll go back but not today
It's nice to visit but it's hard to stay

In the grips of bad dimension
Too much data, too much tension
Too much plastic, Too much glass
Life lived least when when fears are passed

My friend he won't leave his home
Says 'I am a bonfire of human bones'
I am a bonfire of human bones
I am a bonfire of human bones

And am I under some spell?
And do my thoughts belong to me?
Or just some slogan I ingested to save time?
This night is missing people

The sea, it had no-one
Hardly no-one, it had shapes, it had light
Some were flashing, most moved
Me, I couldn't look away

But still no-one came or left they just stayed
But they weren't there in the first place
Overpopulated by nothing, crowded by a sparseness
Guided by darkness, too much, not enough

Content, that's what you'd call it
An infant screaming in every room in your gut
Bets strum on an intention but best left unattended
How gathered the pixels in the dust of the digital age to our being

With what do I wash?
Put on some music

My friend walks the same path every day
Steep the stairwell, cognizance to coma

Ignoring best he can
An inconvenient reality
The consequential chore that unfolds in the naked sprint from screen to screen
Scrolling binary ghettos for escape for reminders

And this would be a good year to free poets
From the back padding dungeons of content and comments
To free artists from empty and vulgar broadcasting ritual
For this year it became harder to be tender

Harder and harder to remember
Meeting a friend, writing a letter
Being lost, antique ritual
All lost to the ceremony of progress

Like the sensual organs removed
They're only weighing you down, you didn't need them
Ignore this part, it's an advertisement
These people are famous, I'd trust them

Protesters stayed home this time around
Some enlisted, some never heard the first shots

Well I've been north and I've been south
I've been west and I've been east
Been around long enough to know
Life's lived best when scrolling least

Just a broken piece of plastic
Just another new device
Just another nervous habit
One more thing you have to buy

Just one more thing to replace
One more way to block your face
Too much data, Too much tension
Life's lived least when less is mentioned

Wasting dollars, wasting hours
Wasting talent with wasted power
No one says it but it's known
The more connected, the more alone

My friend stays at the home in the dark
Never walks up to the park
Always nauseous, always tired
I am a landmine, wrong supplier

I am a landmine