

## Mara and Me

Say Anything

There are babies with guns beheading their friends  
in shopping malls around the world  
yet somehow the kings of Leon  
still have time to write songs about girls  
I don't suck much less  
at least those dudes have no illusions of angst and hopelessness  
and if I claim revolutionary or I give to charity  
they'll all know it's a plea for someone like me  
disgusted with lies and cut down by their own beatnik poetry  
I'm just one man with no face and no friends  
god in this dank Brooklyn bar I can feel it again  
it's eating me

wait a second- I can't write the same damn song over and over again

I can't define myself through irony and self deprecation  
I can't deny myself being alive through my alienation  
everything that you do keeps me running back to you  
can't give up, live the dream even if I don't believe  
but we can't afford to surrender

fake players and the twisted web they weave  
I contend that the coming holocaust will be of those who choose  
to believe  
in anything but a phallic sense of self  
hang alone in the attic, tied up tightly with your father's belt

you bathe in blood like mister Crowley  
your cost, their loss. Their memory haunts me  
I stand opposed to chaos that you chose  
new heart, new bones  
am I not alone?

Fake players are the ones who play the game