

Life Imitating Art

Smoke or Fire

Bang. Bang. It's sex and violence
on the television. Give us all a
cultural distraction or the cure.
Who's strong. Who's fast, who's in the game.

We've made our lives a competition
and we all should be ashamed.
On the couch into the window of the world.
Who cares who ends up hurt as long
as we're all entertained.

Who to be, what to eat, what to wear.
How would we make decisions if the TV
wasn't there. We are laughing at
each other. Are we so insecure?

We are staring into the eyes of someone
who isn't there. Life is not a work of art.
These moments were never meant to last.
We're so afraid to live our own lives.

It's the epitome of instinct.
We're sad, happy, depraved. Wave a prize
in front of us and watch us dance for
ratings game.

Who to be, what to eat, what to wear.
How would we make decisions if the television
wasn't there? Does it kill enough of your time?
Does it numb enough of your mind?

It feels so empty when we speak.
That's because we're still asleep.
We are laughing at each other.
Are we so insecure?

We are staring into the eyes of someone who isn't there.
Life is not a work of art.
These moments were never meant to last.
We're so afraid to live our own lives.
Our lives are lies.