

## Acting: On Campus Television

The Faint

Campus is getting bigger  
They are working on it all the time  
Acting on the TV  
I can see their faces  
Red alert, the siren's loud  
The drafted are all coming back  
This job takes dedication

When things start with no beginning  
It doesn't mean that they aren't true  
As the current through the atlas  
Nips the wrist with a fork through it  
Half the battles fueled with hate  
Many loathsome fights were sacred  
Shout the crew who hold their swatches  
They paint on the set and cry

Ice is plastic enough to try to sculpt with it  
The color curdles and waves drip down  
And I'm still thinking about the time a scene takes them  
The dormitories are awful quiet

Acting on the TV  
And he's not pretending  
I'm convinced that there's not someone else beneath  
The pixelated screen  
An army edit  
The set was finished last

Ice is plastic enough to try to sculpt with it  
Color curdles and waves drip down  
I'm still thinking about the time a scene takes them  
The dormitories are awful quiet

And these swollen eyes  
And static lens  
They blink when there's nothing but TV  
We beg for it  
To calm us down  
And believe that it's real what they're doing  
These swollen eyes  
And static lenses  
They blink on and off and off and on