

Ecce Homo

Titus Andronicus

Okay, I think by now we've established
Everything is inherently worthless
And there's nothing in the Universe.
With any kind of objective purpose
And you can scream for a hundred years.
Split the sky with a thousand curses
To tell the evil that men do,
Honey, you wouldn't even scratch the surface.
Too many implications
Not enough time to make them explicit
Too many generalizations
Not enough time to make them specific
And I spread my vile seed
From the Atlantic to the Pacific
Now I'm begging you on my knees
Please don't make me get down and sniff it
Cause if I got more comfortable
Surely, I'm more complicit

Fat off the fruit of the tree of ignorance
I was born into this now I'm dying because of it
Yes it's us against them again
Smashing the system into the dirt now
We gobble brown M&M's
Put the whole thing onto a t-shirt
I heard about Audre and the master's tools
Something about Joe chasing a storm in a mug
I could of swore I saw the lord of the strummers
Standing on line at the salt mine with the slugs
And it's such a weird world
It feels real wrong smiling
Sea to shining sea, Jersey sliding
And I'm fronting like a living boy on a long island

I heard them say the white man created existential angst
When he ran out of other problems
Cause the thing about those problems was
Typically, more money would solve them
We're breaking out of our bodies now
Time to see what's underneath them
I heard about my authentic self
What would I say would I ever meet him?
I guess you're guilty of a terrible crime
And I know it was my birth.
Doing twenty-six to life now on planet earth
I was taken in to custody by a janitor
You know our life is laborious
But admit it's predictable
When all the figures are fungible
All feelings are malleable
I'm desperately addicted, but functional.
Don't want to be evicted from the wonderful underworld

Look at this youngish man
Already half way off with his pants
He's doing something weird with his hand
He's got a multitude of outrageous plans

And he's still trying to cough up
That which he choked on in the churches
Look at him now loitering in front of a vacant storefront
Bearded and bedecked in Army surplus
Don't know why it's so hard giving a shit
When everybody's telling him he's full of it
He forgets if he felt oppressed or depressed
Or which one came first in this crazy mess
If he's taken too much, or not enough
or which one was the worse one with this sort of stuff
And he's so unsure if being ignored
Was half the pain of being observed
And that's a lot to say without a word

But I know it's a lot more than just being bored.
Oh, I know it's nothing more than just being bored
Oh, I know it's a lot more than just being bored.
Oh, I know it's nothing more than just being bored