

Agoraphobic Nosebleed, Spreading The Dis-Ease

Roll down the window,
I need a breath of fresh shit.
Assume the worst,
and be amazed to disgust.
There is really no preparing yourself,
no day is without incident anymore.
Action is bad acting.
Everything's a fuckin' hassle.
Tomorrow you'll care less.
How can this nonsense be a tragedy?
What's to feel?
Fuck you
for even making me have to think today.