

# 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.