

Bile, You Can't Love This

A four part fictional melodrama, exploring the degradation of trust, the emotional death of love, the outlet of anger, to save one's soul. Although the piece is structured from a man's point of view, Often in life, relationships, without detailing the possibilities of its demise, fall apart leaving an innocent depression. In this process of mental mutilation, the will to live dissipates and suicide becomes a self achievement. In this process of mental mutilation, the will to live dissipates and suicide becomes a self achievement is leaving the ones who loved you a lifelong cross to bear. The realization of this begins which the creation of anger spawns the idea that living is far more spiteful and control truly makes us taught to suppress anger and/or hatred, they are normal human emotions that act as healthy clean problem solvers.

The creation of "You Can't Love This" is our way of releasing lingering pain. To cleanse problem-solve with the therapy of sound-art. This explanation is provided solely for those who might meanings as blatant sexism, senseless violence, or simple shock value. At the very least it's a story.

Waiting alone in the back of a lie, chewing on stone cause I don't want to die. Breeding in muck, 'til Screaming in dark, nothing more I can say. You can't love this.

Yes, the attitude puts you in fear. Screaming, contorting, the end is near. Hatred and hatred and hate now you must DIE. You can't love this.

Not liked and not wanted, not needed. Don't flaunt it. Not cool or down with it. Loser. Just stay seated creep in your backseats. A creep in all your minds. I don't care...

What you say means nothing. What you think means nothing. What you want means nothing. What you take means nothing. What you feel means nothing. What you are means nothing. Who you are

I hate you you f**king cunt...