# Cephalic Carnage, Redundant

Today I'll start a zine, my views will change the scene
Everything that I write, will surely change their minds.
First I will make them laugh, and make them want to read
My reviews are excellent, interviews are in-depth!

Pictures are glossy, and a list of shows.
Now I have to sell some ads, so I can make some cash.
Production run is now complete, first issue is out.
Now I will spread the word, to gain praise of the hard work I have done.

Copies are moving fast, issue one is sold out!
Promos are piling in, labels want to advertise
Go to shows to promote.

Everyday life is getting better, with a shot of beer.
Hanging out with the bands I love to hear.
On the phone with label reps, boy this life is the best!

Working harder, more hours everyday
Magazine is improving in every way.
Punctuation is now complete, vocabulary expanded,
They love the new me.

A few years go by, and still I write.
This magazine consumes my life.
Always looking for the next big thing.
The scene kind of suck. Life is all the same,
But still I try to satisfy the readers who subscribe!
Every hour dissipates from me.
My computer keeps freezing up!

Deadlines suck, contributors take forever,
Another metal fest, there's never anywhere to sit!

Dealing with accountants about bounced checks.
Or being bribed for a good review
If I speak my mind you won't like what I've got to say.
Same old job, same old house.
My life is redundant.