

Closet Monster, Open Scene, Open Arms: Your A

Rise up.
And cut the purse strings that hang you.
And drop cause when we fall we're caught.
WE BUILT THIS CITY on our own.
What happened to our open boarders for one and all?
Our vice keeps the standard improving at the expense of our own collapse.

Judge me.
Not you: this place is not true to it's original intent: feel safe and smile.
Rise up cut them down.
Our poor live can like barons right here.
Relative prosperity.
Survival's just enough for me.

Build.
Stall.
Hope that we'll all fall.
Raise your fist and shout it out.
Embrace no hate.
Welcome to one and all.