

Future Of The Left, The Contrarian

I can mostly be found in places where you can be not
Occasionally always adrift of a point that I poked
I hope that your hope, just a fraction a day
Descends into hopelessness
I'll walk through that door and embrace it all

Contrarian

I am terribly missing on fronts where I probably won't fight
I'll be goaded by beastly opponents that I'll never hate
Muddled and meddled and totally planned to the letter
If letters were men
I'll walk through that door and embrace it all

I am totally welcome at parties where I'd never stop for a moment or even acknowledge
Their passing as social occasions of gaseous discourtesy framed as my light entertainment
And furthermore this is my weekend
This is my new heart
This is my favourite person
Wrapped in a series of shadows and tied to this planets
I give you the future of what you demanded