

# Of Fate And Chance, The Hollywood Charity

Screened portraits projected through  
our pockets locate the exits  
and buy their lives in  
paper magazines

To praise and don't forget to  
envy everything that they have  
but only one thing that matters  
the artificial dialogue portrayed in lies

So we give them our land  
give them our attention  
and watch them live  
whether it be themselves  
or the struggling businessman

The holes in the speakers  
bleed symphonic feeling  
admiration stuck in our heads  
and no way out are we thankful  
for enjoyment? or dumbstruck  
by the raised appearance of a stage

So we look up to them  
we look up to them  
So we look up to them  
we look up to them

This is for the single mother  
working double shifts  
at the local diner  
housing the drug deals

and the farmers awaking the sun  
to feed the ground which feeds the world  
withholding the lives full of  
jealousy