

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