

The Faint, Acting: On-Campus Television

Campus is getting bigger
They are working on it all the time
Acting on the TV
I can see their faces
Red alert, the siren's loud
The drafted are all coming back
This job takes dedication

When things start with no beginning
It doesn't mean that they aren't true
As the current through the atlas
Nips the wrist with a fork through it
Half the battles fueled with hate
Many loathsome fights were sacred
Shout the crew who hold their swatches
They paint on the set and cry

Ice is plastic enough to try to sculpt with it
The color curdles and waves drip down
And I'm still thinking about the time a scene takes them
The dormitories are awful quiet

Acting on the TV
And he's not pretending
I'm convinced that there's not someone else beneath
The pixelated screen
An army edit
The set was finished last

Ice is plastic enough to try to sculpt with it
Color curdles and waves drip down
I'm still thinking about the time a scene takes them
The dormitories are awful quiet

And these swollen eyes
And static lens
They blink when there's nothing but TV
We beg for it
To calm us down
And believe that it's real what they're doing
These swollen eyes
And static lenses
They blink on and off and off and on