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Lyric booklet & companion guide for the second self titled full length

c:\\You are holding a lyric book

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<http://disbeware.blogspot.com>

Hear other songs (you are encouraged to read this book first) by clicking

<https://disbeware.bandcamp.com>

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we can be heckled at this e-mail address

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your name here X

ON A CARNIVAL RIDE

Insidious solutions

Operations continuous

Standardize the decline

Delude metrics swindle and lie

(Grifters) They will send you on a carnival ride

It's the Greatest Show! Hold on tight!

Rotted wood and rusty nails.

The framework of our safeguard rails

Cheap decoys, flashy disguises

Labyrinth illusions compromises

Extravagant adventures covering their plight

Hold on tight! Hold on tight!!

Kick down the door's guards and rails

expose bones garbage in piles

Toxic garden, city lights

Company thriving, resources vanishing

Nothing is what it seems

Deception covert observation schemes

Manipulate to get all they want

Sell you back the tears you drop

Insidious solutions

Offering delusions

Dismantle the systems they disguise

Leave them know where to hide

Complaint form <half filled then thrown away>

I want my
De facto state tv
The ticker tape parade
At the bottom of the screen
A nice easy
fiction sample
group tested
on my demographic
I saw the commercial
Tailored fit for me
I have everything
Except meaning
Good citizen
Go buy something
Last thing we need
Is a bad economy
----I declare in disarray
----If you do not agree with me
----Ill give up on democracy
-----Always dreamt of a Christian theocracy
-----Subscribed to the big man theory
----For every problem I can name an enemy
----Feel so safe with my prejudice in place
-----restorative nostalgia -----trickle down on me
I cant stand
De facto state tv
This dystopia
Is all consuming
Rule of law failed
The borders are closed
Masks are required
The Arctics on fire
Im so bored starring
At the spectacle
The human race is Dying to replace
Ideology with slogan
And the last thing we need
Is another anthem
----I declare in disarray
----distracted—& Disinfected
-----Populations mass perception
-----Lost control of basic reason
----Slight of hand misdirection
----In place of honest information
-----On a constant repetition-----Feel the need to buy more ammunition

**"Those who can make you believe absurdities, can make you commit
atrocities." quote lifted from Voltaire**

PIECE BUY PEACE

So far as possible
I can meet you half way

More or less
I just want to leave here

Something has got to give
I couldn't agree more

Within limits
Whatever is needed

At worst
I can try to do my best

At most
You can expect me to be there

At best
A worse case scenario

At least
Lets play for everything

It is eating me
Incompletely
It is leaving me
Strictly not speaking

Something has got to give
I couldn't agree more

Within limits
Whatever is needed

Peace by piece buy peace by peace ...

Golden parachutes

I don't know where to begin
The rhythm of the city is broken
Scattered and shattered sparkling under lights
Sharp edges ready to cut like a knife
The view looks pretty from a distance
Buildings get a face lift with little resistance
Campers moving in next door
RVs parked outside your door

Algorithm distracts tells you what you want to hear
Picture perfect satire to the norms we adhere
They're displaced and disgraced under the city lights charm
The stock markets up no cause for alarm

Class war polished shined pretty for all to see
Sweep the problems out of sight wipe their hands clean
Machinery of power fueled by misery

Class war polished shined pretty for all to see
Sweep the problems out of sight wipe their hands clean
Machinery of power fueled by misery

expect rain (instrumental interlude)

Bombshell

A bombshell has been dropped It's a doomsday device

To put panic in our hearts, keep fear in our eyes

It's the same news cycle reported spinning the wheels in our heads

Your neighbors are all criminals the police are your friends

It's fast-food politics their wheeling and dealing with all the tricks

Celebrating broken systems exhaustion and delirium

Their building empires with trickery and lies

Oligarchs are smiling because our hands are tied

There are laws created to protect the rich from the poor

City to city jails will overflow

City to city mortgages will for close

City to city bankers' budgets will explode

With record profits

You can't cover the smell

Illusions fill up televisions and magazines with lifestyles that can't sustain

It's hard to see reality while were hypnotized by fakes

Dressed to impress businesses that mold our fate

As they indulge in their obsession to take from our plates

We are spinning the wheels of this money-making machine

They are leaving the dishes to be cleaned

Cause generic

Angst ridden Naive sullen

Lost and alone without belonging

Introduce a code complete

A narrative to find meaning in concrete

-

Approaching die hard status

Lost empathy for others subjectivity

Introduce a rival menace

What's a story with the antagonist

-

Conspire plot Pledge allegiance

Paid in full by the lies in your belief

Arrested detained broken

A confession can read like a love letter

Reversal in neutral

Blanket statement

Accrue Interest

Involved deVOLVED

nothing to detest

Where is the truth in this?

Lies

in

Triplicate

I call Bullshit

Pre-selected

Simple explanations

draw-a-line

pretend

causation

Throw it out!

Disillusioned by the crass played out echoing casually

Flashy patterns distract filling voids and scenery

Leaving no time to hesitate, catch your breath to reflect

Sink or swim shitty options try to make the best out of them

Media manipulates images of chaos escalating the situation

As they bend and mold the narrative trying to shape the discussion

Fallacies of violence and fear to keep the Fascist running wheels spinning

Pouring gasoline handing out matches to a fool's manic ideology

Portraying heroes to hype political theater distorting reality

RUSTIC GRIME

play along -----A G B A--:)

We are all destined to fall short of the goal

The cliff notes in an old demo never sold

The joke repeated so often were numb

By-products self-absorbed soaked in rum

The sound will echo tragically with time

Bantered nostalgic rustic grime

Scavenging the landscape of distorted chords

Misplace meaning searching for the right words

Staring at stars reaching in the dark

Aimlessly looking for where to start

Heartbeats a new tempo to try

Bantered nostalgic rustic grime

The sound will echo tragically with time

Bantered nostalgic rustic grime

Do the words,

without the rampage of drums and guitars,

hold up against the the barren white page and survive with any meaning?