



The Uncivil Society

Originals

Track List:

- 1) *Our Land*
- 2) *On the Eve of WW3*
- 3) *Apology*
- 4) *The Cost of Cookies*
- 5) *Proxy War*
- 6) *They Got Old*
- 7) *Daryl's Dogshit Sandwich*
- 8) *The Long Haul*
- 9) *Counter Argument #12*
- 10) *Tear Them Down*

Our Land

*As I stumble through my journey
In this time and space
Guided by arrogance
That Manifests as destiny in this place*

*This land is your land
This land is my land
Is this land really made
for you and me?*

*My entitlement
Is imprinted on my being
Thinking here is mine
When I should be a site seen'*

*When will I learn
to step lightly through the ruins
And accept this trespass
Is the result of our own doin'*

*My blinders of belief
Ignore the power of this land
Formed by rain flood and wind
That transforms rock into sand*

*I live to consume the great lie
Both death and gravity*

On The Eve of WW3

*On the Eve of World War Three
Fires will burn
deep into the night
A wild rumpus will ensue
On the last night of our lives
Every lunatic a king
Every prostitute a queen
Homeless become landlords
Leaders bow down and sing*

*On the Eve of World War Three
We will take back the streets
With a storm of broken glass
The police will drop their arms
And join the working class
When we see the walls torn down
How they were held up by fear
Designed to fight each other
To keep hatred clear*

*On the Eve of World War Three
The descendants
of the workers and slaves
trained by oppression
To be well behaved
Must now see with equality and trust
To leave those shackles on the ground
And let them turn to dust*

**Thank you Seth Tobocoman for your words and art*

Apology

*A lot of things I said
And did when I was young
That came from an ignorance
Oblivious to the knowing
How much I was wrong*

*Unaware of my privilege
Afforded by gender, class and race
From my cocoon of comfort
I was unaware of the battles
That others face*

*From contrarian expressions
Of shock, horror and disdain
I wanted to be an edge lord
But guilt is what remains*

*To all that I have hurt
And inadvertently caused harm
I understand my transgressions
And accept that I was wrong*

*And for that
I am truly sorry*

**Thank you Steve Albini for your salient words*

The Cost of Cookies

*In the land of milk and honey
Entitlement runs deep
Inviting a second act
For the Orange Creep*

*If the cost of cookies
can go down by twenty cents
We will turn a blind eye
To our lack of common sense*

*The election showed anger
That ran red and deep
over things no leader can control
Or much less keep*

*Our rent, food and gas
Are affected by exchange
Managed by banks and corporations
Who are guided by quarterly gains*

*America's has made it's bed
And been tucked in by the right
Who promise to fix this land
By burning our heads deeper in the sand*

*By blaming immigrants for economy
Scientists for climate change
Minorities for voicing equality
And Women for wanting domain*

**Thank you Joe Helmsley for being a friend*

Proxy War

*Humans have been in conflict
Before we walked upright
Arguing over beliefs
Or some perceived slight*

*Sometimes we bring rocks
Sometimes we bring stones
Sometimes we hire fighters
Who are not from our home*

*Proxy War is what's in store
As we prep for World War Four*

*As weapons gained the power
To completely annihilate
War has adapted
To manifest in covert state*

*Replacing rows of soldiers
marching in order
Machines of War
Now transcend boarder*

*The new battlefield is served
To disrupt and divide
Or simply stoke the fear
That keeps us paralyzed*

**Thank you Bryan Erhardt for the honest conversations*



THIS MACHINE
KILLS
FASCISTS

PM
PRESS

BLAKE
SOCIETY

DISCHORD
records

7/1/16
Hello
you are
consider
the u
it was
listen
after
house
apple
liver
twist
was
apple

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do

BBONTS

RECKING
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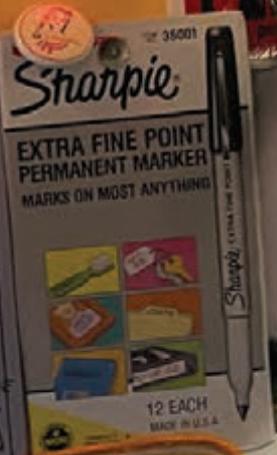
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Thank-you.

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IFORNIA REPUBLIC



EAT THE RICH

NO GODS



MASTERS

ILLY VS-

PLE'S CHOICE

Washington
ATE AIR
YALLUP



They Got Old

*For those who burn bright
Yet extinguish fast
We know Rock stars
Aren't meant to last
They lost the spark
to craft a song
the thrill of playing
long since gone*

*Fingers have arthritis
Ears ring with tinnitus
They got old*

*Even though the checks still rolled in
Making art a business simply wore thin
Even the shine from being adored
Became nothing more than a bothersome boar*

*Creative tensions simmered down
like a married couple sitting around
Mortgages, kids and braces
Got in the way of having something to say*

*So they present their faded star
At fairs, theaters and smaller halls
Every time they step on stage
They shine with a tarnished star
That refuses to go away*

Daryl's Sandwich

*Thank you for the misery
the suffering and pain
It's your god's fault
for a world we can't explain
Our piety and hubris
only justifies the greed
Making ignorance and hatred
by promoting us to breed*

*We owe it to the living
We owe it to the dead
Not to let their false fears
Live inside our head
You have more in common
with those being bombed
Than the leaders who decide
who is getting harmed*

*We need to think about this world
and try to understand
Take care of one another
be brave and take a stand
Think of all the paths
you are free to walk
Don't be a follower
who is blinded by talk*

*(Don't eat) Daryl's Dogshit sandwich
Served up cold and dry
Your choice of moldy bread
With suffering on the side*

The Long Haul

*I think of all the people
Whose ideas I have held on high
From Alex and Emma
Mikhail, Pete and Guy*

*I think of the ideals
That drew me to the flame
The search of finding others
To point collective blame*

*I searched for a place
A feeling to belong
Through aid or association
To rage against the throng*

*What I discovered
Was color coded clubs
Made of angry broken people
Fueled by grudge*

*What's left is clearly broken
In smoldering remains
Pantomiming anger
As the system sustains*

*At the dawn of this new era
Be good for goodness sake
To fight our home grown Facists
And put an end to their hate*

*I am in for the long haul
In a fight against the crypto right*

Tear Them Down

*There's a great big fight
'round our country tonight
And the battle is real*

*I suppose the Orange Man knows
The chaos he sows
Creates hate and fear*

*They have shown
How they will keep us down
Our spirit will break their ideas*

*Stand up and fight
Take on the right
Good people, what are we waiting on?*

Let's tear them down

*I had a dream
Where I walked up a mountain
While looking down
I could see every town
And the people in them*

*There the 99 percent
Of the world
Were standing our ground
Working together
To tear them down*

*We must take up the fight
Against the right
Before our freedom is in ruins*

Good people, what are we waiting on?

Liner Notes

I found inspiration for this project in part by reading Jeff Tweedy's book "How to Write a Song". Even though I am not a fan of his music I did find his thoughts on writing to be motivating enough to get me going in a direction and lead me to a place I never thought I would go. He wrote, "Inspiration just doesn't happen it has to be invited in - time and time again". So I asked myself, what is my motivation? Quite simply, music be it listening, playing, recording or performing makes me happy - it always has.

I approached this project by stripping ideas to their essence, and working to say it in the simplest and most straightforward way. I also worked on writing arrangements based on melody and trusting my voice to tell the story and use the tools at my disposal to capture my conviction. I consciously took a risk by attempting to sing from my heart. While editing and sculpting the sounds I let my passion guide my process of production while finding joy through the act of creation. In making this decision to open myself up to what might be, I accepted the imperfections of the results.

Some of the "finished" songs presented to you aren't what I had hoped they would be - much of this is due to my limitations in musicianship and inability to hear or keep pitch. Even though I have failed, a lot, I am at peace with my process with it because I learn something every time I engage in doing. Mr. Tweedy wrote "no work of art is ever finished it can only be abandoned in an interesting place", I took that one to heart. I hope you as the listener are able to follow the paths charted in each song.

Artists do not live in a vacuum, they exist in a time and place and their job is to respond to their experience through the medium they choose to employ. That said, even though this project is called "Originals" each song was inspired by another's story, art or conversation - I have done my best to acknowledge the spark. I do understand that this is a risky proposition, because I publish without asking for permission - and for those who I have offended and have alienated by doing this I apologize. Making music helps me cope with the world, and right now as we ride out the terrible year that was 2024 and enter the chaos of the near future I am sad, dejected and broken by events out of my control. Be it family, work or politics life feels dark and the walls are getting closer.

To combat my despair, I turned to listening and learning about Woody Guthrie. In reading his biography "Woodie Guthrie - a Life" by Joe Kline, I learned about how he transformed the turbulence of his condition into his platform to express what Václav Havel once called an "existential attitude". For Woody, the Facism he railed against existed at both home and abroad. After the last national election where 77 million people approved a candidate who embraces racial hatred, invasive autonomy, heck even inviting self avowed Crypto-Facists to destroy our government, I am deeply questioning the assumed notion that is is "our land". Like Mr. Guthrie, we have a choice: either assert our authentic selves and transform our anger into dissent, or accept the authoritarian's bargain.

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Songs composed, arranged, performed, engineered, mixed and
mastered by Anon73

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SUP #23

Thank You!!!!

Priss-ill-a
Jack
Maximus
Carlo Bird
Woody Guthrie
Daryl Gussin
Seth Tobocoman
Steve Albini (RIP)
Joe Helmsley
Bryan Erhardt
Michael T. Fournier
Food Fortunata
Carol Gronner
Holly Senn
Amy Ryken
Jim Schell
Jack Khan
Trey Balch
Todd Zadnik
John Carlino
Gabriel Skowron
Bobby Owsinski
Tape Op Magazine
Jessy K - Letterfinder
M Ocular - Monocle Lash
National Library of Australia
Stan - Reality Impaired Distro
Jack Latteman - Cascadia Art Post
Labadire Collection - Julie Herridia
Richard Visick - ZAPP Zine Collection
Alan W. Matsudo - Cryptic Burger Art Collective

SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS



“Write what you know”

- Woody Guthrie

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