



# The Uncivil Society

*Originals*

# Track List:

- 1) *Our Land*
- 2) *On the Eve of WW3*
- 3) *Apology*
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# 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

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records

figure

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IFORNIA REPUBLIC



EAT THE RICH

NO GODS



MASTERS

ILLY  
VS-



# 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*

*\*thanks to Razorcake's Daryl Gussen - editorial Issue #141*

# 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!!!!**

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# SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS



*“Write what you know”*

*- Woody Guthrie*

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