i. words with friends

you ripped this dress the last time you pulled it off me
(but that hasn't stopped me from wearing it out)
sometimes people notice and say there's a problem
(like i wouldn't know unless they pointed it out)

the way they all talk about pain
like it's some kind of abstract thing
like it's an outfit you can change at any time
the way they all talk about love
like it's a burden they've shrugged off
fuck that fuck them fuck you ugh fuck my life

you don't wanna hear me say that i'll always be there
(you won't even let me come inside of your house)
sometimes people call me and ask "what's the problem?"
(as if it helps anything if i spell it out)

the way they all just stare at me
when i try to talk about these things
that i have a heart at all strikes them as quaint
the things they all say about you
i'm sure that all of it is true
i think that i get off of work tonight at 8

so i guess i'll call you when i'm parked outside your place

ii. omertà

omertà is a popular cultural attitude and code of honour that places heavy importance on a deep-rooted "code of silence", non-cooperation with authorities, and non-interference in the illegal (and legal) actions of others.

omertà implies "the categorical prohibition of cooperation with state authorities or reliance on its services, even when one has been the victim of a crime."

the origin of the word is traced to the spanish word *hombredad*, meaning *manliness*, modified after the sicilian word *omu* for "man".

iii. stop pretending

tell me again what you hope to accomplish
because if i'm being honest i do not understand
tell me again how you're planning to beat them
by being as much like them as you possibly can

something you tossed out is everything i want
something you're dismissive of is the reason i wake up
you say you can't be soft if you wanna be punk

fine, cool, whatever, thanks for clearing that up

ugh

tell me again about how heavy the crown is
about the weight of the burden of being white and male
tell me again what you told all the people
you've ever had underneath you about how you meant well

something you tossed out is everything i want
something you're dismissive of is the reason i wake up
if people talk shit and say "you're not one of us"
i guess we can stop pretending now that i ever was

いい天気ですね?

iv. on fraternity

the way your heart speeds up
when you notice someone walking behind you-
well, that's why.

the way they're all watching for your guard to drop
at the end of the night now-
well, that's why.

it's like you have to wear black in places like this
in their opinion you were always kind of asking for it
all along

who cares if it's right as long as it's fun?
so if someone gets hurt and then the cops come, then
no
one
talks.

the way they act like even bringing it up
means you're the one with a problem-
well, that's why.

the way they say they can't just stop being friends
with him because of what happened-
well, that's why.

who cares if it's right as long as it's punk?
so if someone gets hurt and then the cops come then
no
one
talks.

it's like you have to wear black in places like this
did you not see them roll their eyes every time we walked in
all along?

this is why i wanted out