

dustX

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PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
NOT SUITABLE FOR PARENTS

welcome to dusty

no matter how corrupt, greedy and  
heartless our government, our corporations,  
our media, our religious & charitable  
institutions may become, the music will still  
be wonderful.

kurt vonnegut

# stimulus

(presidential address)

pogrom [ feat. Mothy Collins ]

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cringe

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# – pogrom [feat. Mothy Collins] –

*time's runnin' circles around me  
ya say i'm doin' the right thing  
but i don't believe it  
rhymes jumpin' hurdles, confound me  
a shining coil keeps squirming, abound me  
but i barely see it*

hard labor, true dedication: defined n designated as cold, empty masturbation in this slow iteration, (overflow), quo-fading nation – a coupla givers, more takers – we, the people, we're "lazy, fucked up" – we play, we don't wanna work, huh? – (what?) – ya either don't pay or just barely – spare me, how can ya blame us? squarely? folly on y'all! it's all quality-of-life based raises, alright? n they can't keep up their stride, trailing glide of inflation, let alone unroll the rope for hope to float n sustain us – such a price for our rations, our "nation" – give the rest n the best to a choked n broken, oppressed, "rode hard n put away wet" fuckn system that can't be bothered, commissioned, to pardon, to save us – so listen, this call to arms and to action, enacting a lasting pogrom, disarming to shame us – determined, we're waiting, come face us – impatient, the slow-hand betrayed us – forsaken, the vacant to plague on our candor, defame us – swarm! rush! nonplussed, pin your trust to the bust of a new fuckn opus – are we only hot air? best, deflate us – ha! we're just a program, erase us

Swackhammer, once again, on vacation – enacting a lasting fascist dictum is an exhausting vocation – left ya head-to-toe drenched in perspiration – back at last! your Alma mater, Moron Mountain, bought n paid to evade the gaping mouth magistrate that's steady failing to serve us – "be patient" – shit, if these amber waves are supposed to be run like a business, then what in the blue fuck happened to customer service? been missin' long before the blinking, beeping servers, commissioned – i called for help but i don't think they heard us, it figures – a shining sea, writhing, renouncing, rewriting – tidal-locked to the far side of a loop, spun, unwinding – ill-equipped n well-beyond unfit for the bindings – been bitten, then forever after, smitten to glisten, conniving – i've had about all i can take o' this whining – this scheming, betraying, glad-handing n lying – we, the people will one day demand satisfaction, take aim, wind up n slap it with passion – a dueling glove clasped in my fingertips, grasping – for the people take action, if that's what you're askin'

# – bosland –

when i think about Bosland, all my memories are fondest set abreast to the evening that dawns us – each bedroom, an auspice, sending off for my favorite accomplice – now, if we're being honest, i fuckn love you all n that love, it ain't never been modest – forever cherish your splotches in full light – standard blemish, be damned – i'll show you all who i am – we'll stand together n weather tough, get stuck in the muck, tits up, the fuckn hourglass sand, it lifts up – guess we've all got a strand of good luck – another chance, granted, to start over n fix up all the chili dip divots we kicked up – fuck it! this shit is real fuckn life for the first, maybe only time, better live it up, love it – feed the thirst 20-20 wine, chug it! volcano for your thoughts? go on, buddy, puff, puff it! – help ya muddy up your mind or stay behind n get swallowed by reality's blind – if ya don't hurry up n walk, my guy, you're sure to get stalked, Shiner Bock'd in the eye – a firm balance of prospects, it offsets – across the street from where Daley relocated the projects – forget where we are – hard party, obnoxious – a fuckn whole buncha luses, states of varying conscious – “Fats McGee” ambling past us on crutches – Mr. Sub's got the grub n all the communists love it, but when push comes, shove it – fuck, my loose change doesn't – now my pain gonna put my fuckn brain in the oven – imagine what we could accomplish if we all just said, “fuck it,” took our shit to the streets with our best selves fronted, with our fists to the beat, you'd never see us all comin’

*oh, we had it simple when we had a Bos – weren't less, never lost, or just wandering off*

funny thing about Bosland, time n space are both lossless – more or less ahead, behind, timeless – seeing clearly through blindness n better off city-wandering, aimless – gimme a little more headroom, throw a fit, i'm fuckn tired, i'm sick, so sick o the silence, shit, i'm wired n tripped – i'm always thinkin' how this trial n error, steady buying us back – another “viral of terror” frothin' outta the crap – borrowed time across the ages – light cast, reel it in, fuckn ease it on back, stretch-to-fit n start again – from beginning to when my friend, we're undeniably ageless – to what we do, there is no end, we just get lost in the pages – sure as whisky burns, the fuckn Adderall rages, rampages, a river running through it, contagious – screw it! – sure as imma shut trap n listen to the music – lucid, imma kick back while the liquid infuses – (“oh, the places we'll go”) through trick of chemicals, loose it – as the Soothsayer predicted n envisioned success – 3-alarm, 5? hasn't hit my system quite yet – no matter, soon i'll be takin' on heat fuckn quicker than Pripayat – plummeting, i fell to the sea when i flew too close to the sun again – some marvels hold too much esteem to ever exist in this world, i guess

# - longhand -

hip hop n rap – good tunes n vibrations, a lesson in the free expression of music – i listen, i'm groovin' – i steady, suggestion enrapt – i trapped the dirty aspects of my act – my shadow, abhorrent, but i'll neither ignore it, deplore it, enable or choose it – let loose as a plague on the world of the custodial human – (collapse) – sad to find there ain't enough buddy-buddy among artists, not hardly – a competitive crack to hack the fact of who lives or spits fresh fire the hardest – or who is the best of the best, or the meanest, the smartest – man, that's all fuckn apples n oranges – ain't no harm in walkin' arm-in-arm to the altar – in fact, i encourage it wholeheartedly – the spoils are endless, economy-distant, just so long as taste buds n eardrums are given the slack to hear different harmonies

creatives – we, the natives of contemplative missions – overseers of cultural, slow-bubbling socio-political fission – changes, a widening variety of voices n ranges – opinions, well-slated to be analyzed n picked naked with Ivy League patience – come to think, it's a little bit heinous – people are actually trying to listen n we don't wanna to say much – create to create, the only game that can save us – find the hate pointing inward, put its ass on hiatus – project it away, flowing outward – the erring of personal grievance, fuckn awkward, beneath us – sweet Jesus, beef over minor transgression is written n tracked while architects of our climbing depression are given an open invitation to act – this is the golden equation – level scope, have a toke, take aim, lay blame n attack

*(can't you see we ain't enemies?) – no, you don't want my longhand, best believe –  
watch your aim, take stock, stop pointing that pen at me –  
(oh, the irony) – never flaunted my backhand but i guess we'll see*

fame attacks fame for fame's sake – game, for game's sake – nothing more important than namesake (huh?) – we gotta find some grounds that are common, for fuck's sake – backs to the wall again, it's us against them n we're playin' for the whole schebang – hooray, daylight's a'burning, got us frazzled n frayed, so we gotta fuckn throw some shade – pool your resources, friends – attack the government instead – attack this concept of covenant, brings blood to our beds – attack this judgement of stubbornness, smothers us, double-edged – red, white n blue – with respect, all due, indirect – they're the ones who fuckn want us all dead – ever waxing, introspective – a coalition, collective with free expression as its prime directive – this fever ain't contagious, it's elected – (selection) – demeanor, it's outrageous to accept it – (much less, prop, shore n erect it) – oh shit, i think i defected (defecated?)

# – citizens ignited –

*thank you, thank you, thank you so much, thanks,  
i'm thanking you, thank you, thank you so much, thank you, thanks*

let's discuss it, huh? – fuck it – frankly, disgusted – it's an eruption – spontaneous human corruption – nearsighted town criers awaiting state-appointed combustion – everything's been degraded almost to nothing – citizens ignited – we the people, divided – fuckn world, interrupted – i require no additional fire to keep the 'buster huff-puffin' – my lighter flares hotter than the inside of your oven – best stay out my reach or (*preach it!*) next time you'll be fuckn riggin' up a concussion – best stay off my beach for fear of electric conduction, ha – fuckn treacherous glutton – cantankerous leech – your brand cannot be trusted – your morals, lecherous, cheap – fuckn peelin' n rustin' the laurels 'pon which you rest your fat stomach – fuckn practice n preaching, making perfect. elite – so much time spent slicin', still you can't do jack shit with such an embarrassing swing – if this is what our taxes are funding, fuckn try a little harder – if it's not too much to ask, could you keep it at par or under?

prove it – history shows it even if a Google search doesn't – kids are safer with Rupaul than in your Vatican coven – you can't excuse the whole truth just by pretending it wasn't – or a cream-splattered carpet to sweep it all under – if we're talking "Crooks," you're givin' Thomas Matthew a fuckn run for his money – if we're talkin' books n black boxes, secrets, spirited off by Little Saints fulla scum, gettn off – kiddy boppers, teeny pay-off-ers – hurry, someone get Jeffrey, the fuckn roofie's wearing off – "don't worry, i'm a doc, just turn n cough, sleep that weak shit off, pin your lapel to a Jesus cross" – "just put some ice on it – we gotta go – the plane is taking off" – "go find your clothes – bro, the blow is tapering off – don't scoff, some of us got a general public to pay off"



# – (this is) psycho jaws –

*this is... psycho jaws!*

this drum machine kills fascists – the blood of the lamb can't distract it, despite being a classic – these samples, smash hits, rebranded, recycled have just about had it – this microphone doesn't play favorites – you can love it or hate it – phantom power will save it – no words are erased, only compressed, re-created in a different space – ain't repressed, repossessed, all my best to the shit-talkers who carry their water a little too close to their chests – slaughter all the pigs and executive bigwigs – waterboard all corporate dipshits – (commit) – ten percent off lethal injections for partisan judges – (acquit) – electric chairs with no sponges for senators who legislate with their grudges and preconceived verdicts – (deserted) – bludgeon, asphyxiation, the personal touch for curmudgeons, unfit representatives on extended vacations – coercive aversion, perverse-ive immersion – it ain't new, it's the same, just an update, new version – (administration) – no, i ain't plannin' to lie down n die – if i go out, i'm damn sure gonna be standing, my head held high – my system, a wild well – disposition, burning hell, heartfelt n commanding, steeping my well-wallowed, somewhat-earned sense of pride to the side for the sake of itself – fuck me – (just as well) – defeat is the inevitable knell that eats better, or at least just as well, as myself – (ding dong)

*psycho jaws!*

vandalizing the Tesla lots: sure, it was kinda funny, at first – (haha, guffaw) – but think about it for just a minute – c'mon, it's just a fuckn waste of paint, not to mention, no skin off Elon – what with these new tariffs nowadays, i can guarantee-on: a can of paint is too goddamn expensive for a peon – sure, it'd be easier if we could find at least one thing that we can agree on – can we talk common sense like adults? can i tempt you both to withhold your personal agendas n goals until the last credits roll? can we please contemporize, compartmentalize our work, private lives? n proceed to reconvene with our bed-ridden souls – or do you have to get your "extreme" on? turn up the heat for no reason? talk shit cuz hatred's in season? no, this is our fuckn world – all futures, insured – you can call me a heathen for breathin' like Jesus, even though i don't believe him to be anything more than a misunderstood, albeit well-meaning, fiction – happy fuckn Easter, mission – if the lord's resurrection, remission occurred in the wood snake's non-leap year, he'd be branded a commie, a hippie for his woke n liberal demeanor – imprisoned, conviction, most likely sentenced to another crucifixion



this is...



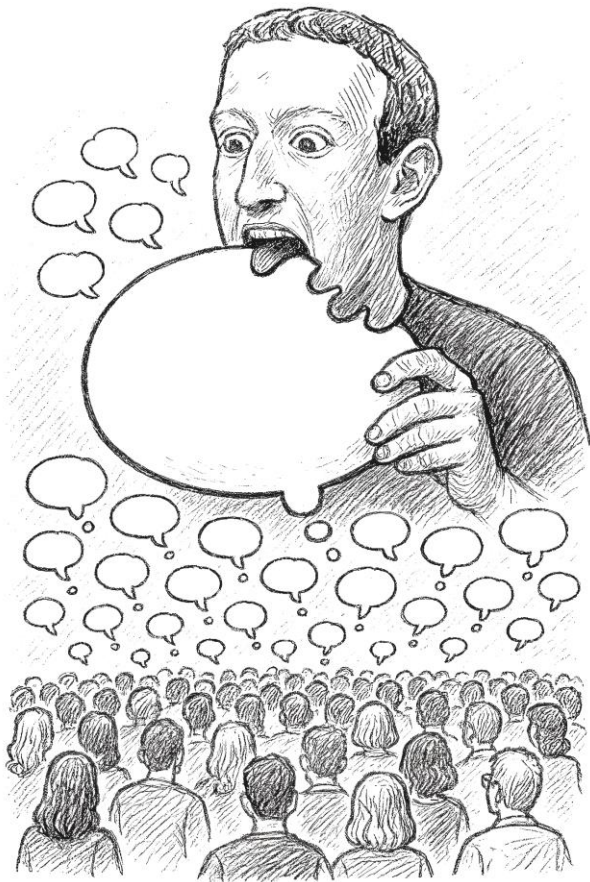
psycho jaws!

# – mountains of madness (revisited) –

hell, i tell ya, Meta was betta back when it was self-referential an intangible aesthetic device with creative potential – call it “influential,” but without a fuckn shred o’ true self, quintessential – a collapsing temple for the shadows inside us to free n legal assemble – superego, continental – a single well poisoned with a bunch of bad apples – connectivity ain’t at all sentimental – accidental? nope, incremental – hope, experimental – flow, information: faux-sentimental – oft-coincidentally coercing, wet-nursing off the shots – (hurry) – filling up the hearses with the poor gentle souls, written off as soft by a farmhouse of trolls – think it’s time to change the station, “parentals” – i ain’t tryna sound judgmental but the old colloquial, instrumental persuasion that it only takes one (one) wrong equation to spoil the haven – says the razor, it’s that fuckn simple – train-wrecks through my system – submission, elation – suitcase in my hand, here i am, fuckn waitin’ at the station – 100-proof mind, three sheets to creation

*what you take from me, i’m gonna get it back – cycle, reuse, i’m gonna give it back to you  
in blue and black – what you take from me, i’m gonna get it back – in rightful refuse, i’m  
gonna give it back to you*

lightning, thunder, in-flight, air-to-ground, satellite – (no wonder) – algorithm presided by a trite, chalk-white boy-wonder – an insider, traitor, ghostwriting hard labor – living life by a fine line of code or fuckn loose leaf of paper – privacy is even more delicious than the future, it seems – the little hopes n dreams of ordinary motherfuckin’ John Doe’s like me, acting as the steam that stirs this patient-resting, rusting engine, idle, from sleep – would you have ever believed, unbridled, the human collective was this shallow n deep simultaneously, despite its limited reach? just so long as we got pops to preach, ain’t no point in storming the beach of our own unknown, hormonal, long-dormant, slow-forming, mental-wasting disease – still, ya gotta put the theory into practice, you see – or else the truth within the truth will begin to recede – the “proof” that turns the squeaky wheel of the news (poof!) falls apart at your feet – finally, when the door swings, creaks open on Zuck’s secret digital niche – a naked expose on the “fucked end” of his strong-encrypted, non-physical leash – security breach, information leaks – all will halt with a fuckn ear-splitting, hair-raising, pant-shitting, phase-shifting screech – fuckn eggshells blanket the streets, tumbleweed blowin’ empty like the gutter of your soul – say the word – on your Mark, set, go – eventual, you fold, fuckn break – gonna give you back tenfold what you take



# – purchase of fate –

1918, 2008 – nein, this masculinity o' mine been reduced to mere mice chasin' bait – heil, what would you trade to make America great? to recover from these smothering straits? to appeal these restraints at a more befitting, acceptable, Americentric n sustainable rate? fail, fail, fail, the chief, commander, fuehrer, all hail! impaled hisself, deterred n derailed, upon a prevailing superego seeking distance from the hounds of hell – struggling illusions seeking purchase of fate, but hard-pressed to afford – fuckn hyper-inflate – no one's lookin to sell – united, we stand, kneel, separate

economy, inflamed: shift the blame – it may take a little longer than 53 days to “enable” new traits – in the meantime, you've got immigrants n we've got a cage – all while “others” stashed among us keep on comin', fuckn threat closin' in from within, come upon us, try ta force their way in – it's just like it was then – unprecedented events are following recognizable scents – matters, patterns, repeating again – ladders are beaten, defeated – (pretend) – herding the sheeple back to their pen – the “truth,” the news, it's starting at 10 – “Lügenpresse,” unless they bought in

November the 8<sup>th</sup>, January 6<sup>th</sup> – what i remember befits the behavior of a buncha “left behind” n run-wild fuckn badly-raised kids – actin' the fool in a poorly-phrased, misbegotten, misguided, riotous, piss to the crypt – if i were Pelosi, shit, i'd probably be pissed, but seriously: fuck that bitch – the important shit, dismissed – the gentle P-Putsch that the spineless media either fuckn slipped disc or dismissed – be it a rowdy beer hall or the fuckn nation's capital, it don't matter one bit – here, i'll raise ya, fanatical – blood red, it's the new shade of brown n it's bein' sworn in

welcome well-beyond just a little worn out – but storm proud, boy, it's starting up all over again – yeah, scream loud, joy – too bad that tiki torch won't liven up the feeble pitch o' your tent – go the fuck home n pound sand, or in the best-case scenario, your dominant hand – you fuckn sad, little man – ain't got no hope, it don't resound, it doesn't sit right with your wing or your brand – here, take this rope, i'll find ya somewhere to stand – don't need no “mango Mussolini” with a shit-loaded “bagpipe” laying torch to our land – so go on, kick out the chair, i'll even give you a hand



# – this means war –

too bad there ain't no Goldilocks zone between bein' long gone and stayin' vocal at home – the universe occasionally throws us a bone – permission, best wishes of volition, their own – a balance of giving and take taking on a life of its own – no matter, no better the stakes n the stress – (*attest*) – been displaced n undressed – no less – (*flex*) – fuckn faked n coalesced – (*oppressed*) – on our patience, our phones – (*what a mess*) – been blessed to confess for best interest, their own – (*pest*) – pay to pray, to play to stay paid, stay friends – play to win, fuckn lose, game saved – thanks for buying – lose again – track it, play it back until that shit sinks in – hey, listen up – (*what?*) – take, take it in – given up, long since – ears opened up to the wrong hints – maybe listen again – you pay homage to tyrants, economy giants who want your compliance only for silence – psychosomatic, erratic, ataraxis – asymptomatic abraxas – vicious, fictitious malpractice – desires, your stratus, your hopes, dreams n habits – turn your back for one second and you're haggis

*sit silent in the dark and hum*

*start a fire from a spark – play dumb*

*wipe the mire with your heart – (thump, thump)*

*relax – (deep sigh) – do your part – (hum-drum)*

what's more, i'm sure this means war – no, there ain't no glory to hoard – only story stacked upon story of fuckn gears to grind – so boring – n thereafter distorted, ignored – without warning, the door that (before) creaked open for us, it's closing behind, keeping out what's inside us – our storage is bulging, threads stripped n bolts flying – its load-bearing, god-fearing indulgence encloses, enfolds us – end o the line – countersigned, vying – you're lying, you're not even trying – people are dying, you're not even crying – pseudo-omniscient capitalist, populist, near cannibalistic metropolis in a constant trans-repetition, consistent, plagued by wax, waning providence – fuck you, this shit should be well-beyond obvious – but no, you unscrewed the bulb that had you feelin' so ominous – if you still have a voice, fuckn prove it by screaming – if you still have a soul, better quit selling n buying – if you still have your scrotum, quit bleeding – if you still have your brains, quit denying – if you're still fuckn high, stop supplying – if you won't open your eyes and embrace life, get to dying

*“...get busy livin’*

*or get busy dying...”*

# – cringe –

hmm, i'm doin' awesome, appreciate your askin' – means a lot, clearly – fuckn nearly all outta options – my ass is past chappin', lookn back, always watchin' – this monsoon is soon colliding with caution – n da big, bad Tesla-man uninvited n moonlighting in Wash'n'ton – go ahead, if ya look to yer left, you will see the oval office – you can't get a better deal on a Tesla (fully-equipped with an on-board caucus) – life is pending just a little too often – easy to get lost on the way to the coffin – ain't no point in playin' possum when you're less than jetsam, flotsam – blessed 'em n left em to fend themselves off – watchin' the flowers bloom, blossom, knowin' it's only a fuckn cheap, shallow costume – better make room for the doom n gloom in the chemtrails from your witch's broom – way to fuckn go, up n murdered the mood – never rags, rube – bitches to riches, ignition of flipped switches n ripped digits – shit, i don't mean to be rude but antichrist is a spectrum with a fixation on you

*fuck around n ya might find out*

ugh, my stomach is talkin' – come to think, i feel a little bit nauseous – perhaps i need a baby pink pill, it's just part of the process – complementing the yellow, orange, red, circle, oval, square to serve this fledgling head-trip fuckn breakfast in bed – stay alert n keep conscious – yellow circles take the place of my dread n the ovals keep me out of my head – pray, enlighten n tell me, what the actual, factual fuck did *you* do last week? how many millions of dollars did you ignite at your feet? you're a devil but you ain't no “Diablo,” indeed – all you are is a cheat – 10 percent of a father: eggshell crackin', turn your back on your daughter – that just so happens to be all that i need to justify the dispatchin' of an assassin goin after your purchased, insecure creed – (like the Ring of Power, you never forged it, only found it) – never tamed it, just shot it n wasted, squandered the meat – co-founded, comorbid, bullshit, young, numb n dumbfounded (repeat) – you can't fuckn come after me – i have no X to disconnect, i have no crap to repossess, i don't fuckn care what you think – never bought my way in or from trouble to win, nor made plunder of trophies for my own betterment – you can steal my identity if you please but caveat, you're sure to regret it – come at me with your best (it's not enough) good night, god bless n goddamnit

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*for my brothers-in-Bos,*

*Jack Seth Roger Nick & Chris*

no matter where our respective paths may lead,  
we will always be ***flies strung together***

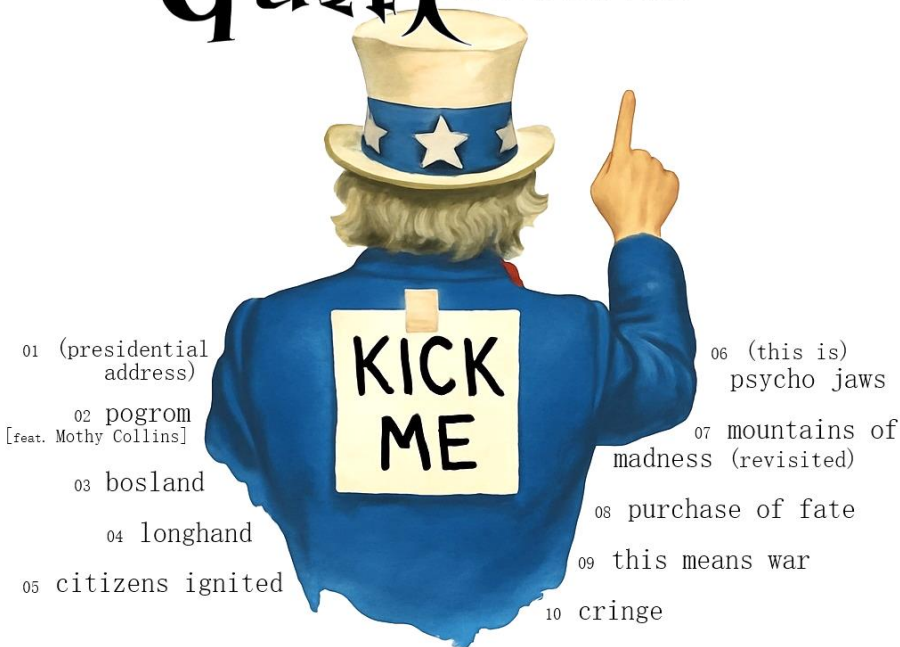
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# quartz stimulus



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