

**THIS
IS
FREEDOM**

**WE
WANT**

I'M FEELING SO FUCKING FINE

I was born in the belly of a frog and my brain is a bottle of vodka. DIRT eyes, leather wings, and my arms are made of maracas. DO you find me attractive 'cause if we don't act now I might pass out... And I'm feeling so fuckin' fine I'm feeling so fuckin', I'm feeling so fuckin' fine. My boy my little boy boy left me behind a multi-bodied mess. I just need to feel good, and would you slip off your dress. It's just a quick fix, it's just a safety rope. How much dope would a woodchuck smoke if a woodchuck could smoke could smoke dope. My wife my pretty wife wife left me behind and I'm going crazy. I just need to feel good, let's go make a baby. It's just a dumb drug, it's just my safety line I'm drunk on chicken blood, I'm feeling so fuckin' fine I'm feeling so fuckin', I'm feeling so fuckin' fine



The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

THE FOURTH AMMENDMENT

**YOUR
MIND**



KILLING IN THE NAME OF

KILLING in the name of! SOME of those that work forces ARE the same that burn crosses KILLING in the name of! KILLING in the name of AND now you do what they told ya BUT now you do what they told ya WELL now you do what they told ya Those who died are justified, for wearing the badge, they're the chosen whites You justify those that died by wearing the badge, they're the chosen whites Those who died are justified, for wearing the badge, they're the chosen whites You justify those that died by wearing the badge, they're the chosen whites And now you do what they told ya, now you're under control Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me! Motherfucker! Uggh!

We hate to bug you,
but We at the NSA are
thrilled about all the
attention we've been receiving lately
for our PRISM program! We'd like to
take this opportunity to express our
gratitude to our loyal customers—all
US taxpayers, not to mention the
global population that benefits from
PRISM free of charge. Remember,
with the NSA, you've always got an
audience!

YOUR SOUL

BETWEEN THE LINES

I see the fire through the trees, HEAR the hollers through the breeze DROWNING out the season like there's none. HOLD the blue steel in my hands, MOVING my feet over land, WHILE I'm thanking God I've got a gun. NOTHING like a war at hand TO turn a boy into a man, LEARNING bout surviving on the run, DODGING whistles in the dark. WALKING soft and hiding sparks, PRAYING bullets find another home. OH here we go, another stand you know. CARRY on, carry strong, and pray that we don't fall between the lines. I was born with a choice: FIGHT for freedom or fight the tours. EITHER way the fighting never ends. STUCK in mud in no mans land, OR resting easy in the sands smelling that GREAT ocean in the

wind. OH here we go, another stand you know. CARRY on, carry strong, keep surviving keeping on. OH here we go, another stand you know. WHAT a rush oh what a ride either way I fall between the lines.

OH please mama here my instant call THIS may be my last stand after all SO if the night comes and I fall SOMEWHERE in the dark I ask KNOW for greater good I gave my all GIVE the ones I know my love TELL them I was worth the blood THAT I she'd on grounds far from home OH here we go, another stand you know. CARRY on, carry strong, keep surviving keeping on. OH here we go, another stand you know. WHAT a rush oh what a ride either way I fall between the lines.



The acceleration of surveillance technologies is identical with the acceleration of entertainment technologies—the better we can monitor your movements and activities, the better we can integrate you into your home entertainment system! The Xbox Kinect accessory already shares 3D images of your living room complete with facial and voice recognition. Soon, thanks to Google Glass, you'll be your own surveillance camera everywhere you go.



HACK



BABY, I'M AN ANARCHIST

THROUGH the best of times, THROUGH the worst of times, THROUGH Nixon and through Bush, DO you remember '36? WE went our separate ways. YOU fought for Stalin. I fought for freedom. YOU believe in authority. I believe in myself. I'M a molotov cocktail. YOU'RE Dom Perignon. BABY, what's that confused look in your eyes? WHAT I'm trying to say is that I burn down buildings WHILE you sit on a shelf inside of them. YOU call the cops on the looters and piethrowers. THEY call it class war, I call it co-conspirators. 'CAUSE baby, I'm an anarchist, YOU'RE a spineless liberal. WE marched together for the eight-hour day AND held hands in the streets of Seattle, BUT when it came time to throw bricks THROUGH that

Starbucks window, YOU left me all alone. YOU watched in awe at the red, White, and blue on the fourth of July. WHILE those fireworks were exploding, I was burning that fucker AND stringing my black flag high, EATING the peanut THAT the parties have tossed you IN the back seat of your father's new Ford. YOU believe in the ballot, BELIEVE in reform. YOU have faith in the elephant and jack-ass, AND to you, solidarity's a four-letter word. WE'RE all hypocrites, BUT you're a patriot. YOU thought I was only joking When I screamed "Kill Whitey!" AT the top of my lungs AT the cops in their cars And the men in their suits. NO, I won't take your hand AND marry the State

1 Against ME!

2 Beatsteaks

3 Flobots

4 Ween

5 Weakerthans

6 The Arcade Fire

7 Minus The Bear

8 Modest Mouse

THOSE ANARCHO PUNKS
ARE MYSTERIOUS

DEMONS GALORE

FIGHT WITH TOOLS

DON'T SHIT WHERE YOU EAT

CONFESSIONS OF A FUTON
REVOLUTIONIST

THE SUBURBS (CONTINUED)

EL TORRENTE

LIVES

THOSE ANARCHO PUNKS ARE MYSTERIOUS

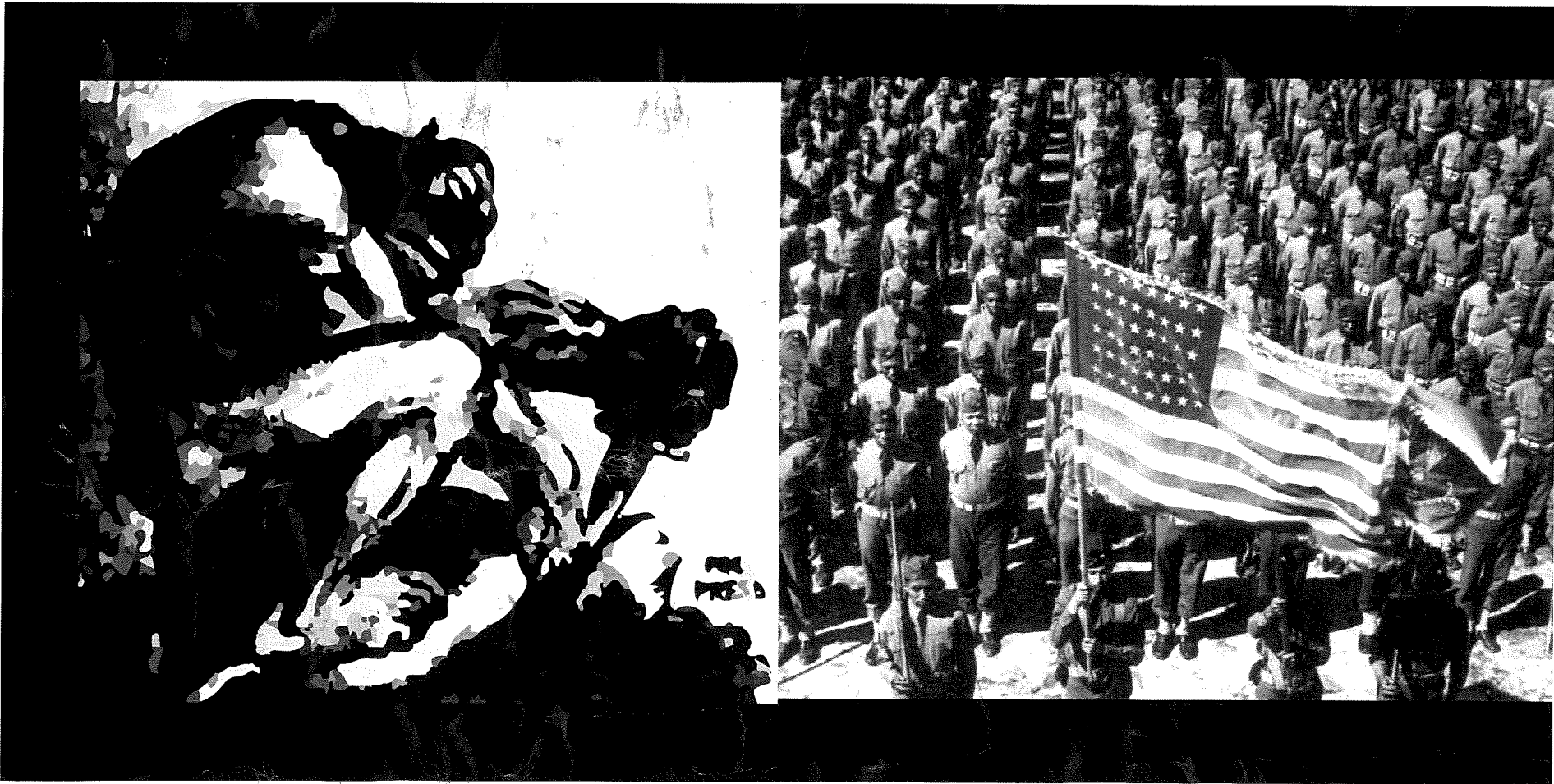
WE'RE all presidents, WE'RE all congressmen, WE'RE all cops IN waiting WE'RE the workers of the world. THERE is the elite and the dispossessed AND it's only about survival, WHO has skill to play the game FOR all it's worth, REACHING out for a scary kind of perfection. LET'S try to keep AS much emotion out of this AS possible. LET'S try not to remember any names. WE'LL do it for our country, FOR our people, FOR a moral vision. UNITED, we'll make them remember OUR history, OR how we like to be told... HOW we like to be told.

AND we rock, BECAUSE it's us against them. WE found our own reasons to sing, AND it's so much less confusing WHEN lines are drawn like that. WHEN people are either consumers or revolutionaries, ENEMIES or friends hanging on the fringes OF the cogs in the system. IT'S just about knowing where everyone stands. ALL of a sudden, PEOPLE start talking about guns, TALKING like they're going to war 'CAUSE they found something to die for. START taking back what they stole; SURE beats every other option, BUT does it make a difference how we get it? WELL, do you really fucking get it? NO.

THE PERFECT CRIME NO. 2

SING, muse, of passion of the pistol
SING, muse, of the warning by the
whistle A night so dark in the waning A
dawn obscured by slate-sky raining FIVE
and twenty burglars by the reservoir
A teenage lookout on the signal tower
THE mogul's daughter in hog-tie THE
mogul fingers the wrong guy, all right IT
was a perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect,
perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect crime
THE bagman's quaking at the fingers THE
hand-off glance a little lingers A well-
dressed man in the crosshairs A shot
rings out from somewhere upstairs IT
was like a ticker-tape parade WHEN the
plastique on the safe was blown away
AND we all gazed from eye to eye AS
we mouthed our silent goodbyes THE
valley's sleeping like a bastard IT stinks
of slumbering disaster TWO words are
spoke on the tap-wire THE agent's ploy
finds a sure-fire backfire





AMERICANS ABROAD

GOLDEN arches risin' above the next overpass. THESE horizons are endless.

AMERICANS abroad! AMERICANS abroad! PROFIT driven expansion into foreign markets. AND while I hope I'm not like them, I'm not so sure. THIS is the best summer that I've ever had. EUROPEAN Vacation, me and my best friends.

AMERICANS abroad! AMERICANS abroad! WHATEVER there is to be said is said in English. AND while I hope I'm not like them, I'm not so sure. HERE we are, a rock band looking for new audiences. WHEREVER we go, Coca-Cola's already been. AMERICANS abroad! AMERICANS abroad! AND I just can't help but think that there's nothing in sight. AND while I hope I'm not like them, I'm not so sure.

DEMONS GALORE

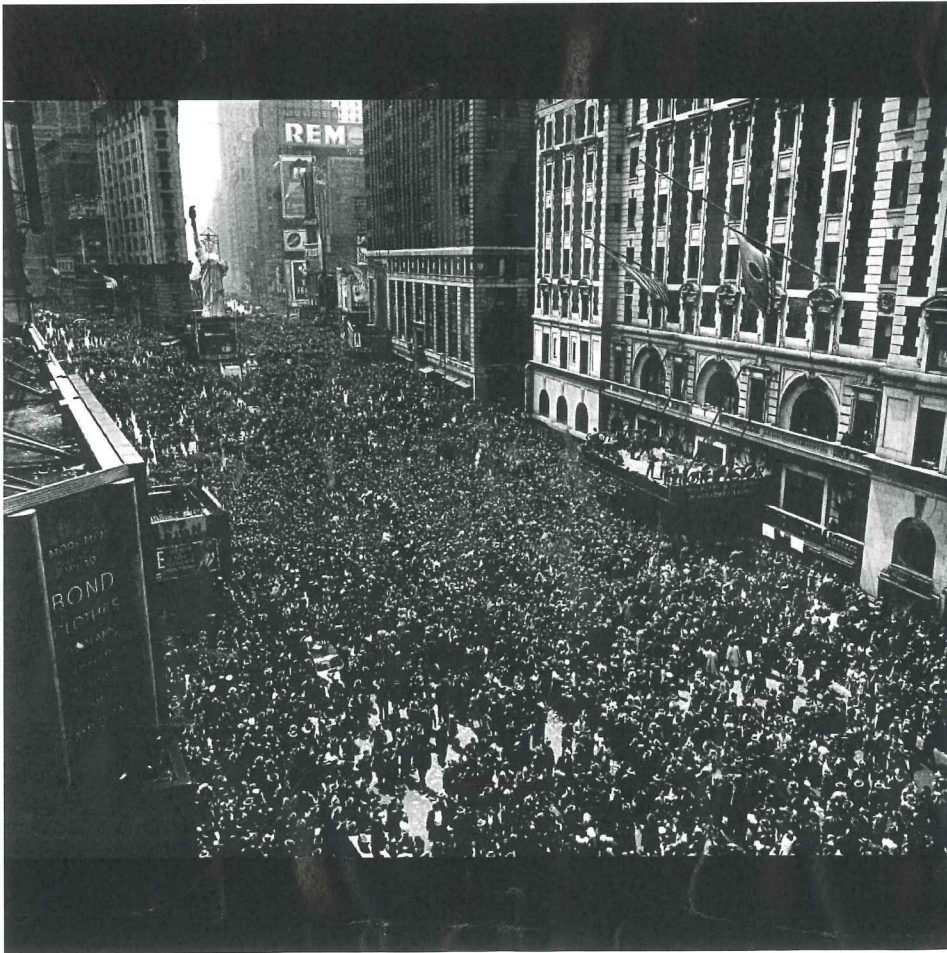
THIS is mine it will never be yours, STAY away from what I love, 'CAUSE it's the only thing I've got. WON'T stick to those I can not trust. NO matter how you gonna try, I never sell and you can't buy. SO don't you tell what's up your sleeve, LOCK it away and let me be. I don't mind. I don't care. LOCK it away and let me be. THIS is mine it will never be yours. I GOT mine and you got yours. IT'S written all over your skin YOU never out the liar in. AS if you knew it's gonna be THE end of you the end of me. YOU'RE going astray getting carried away, SO breathe and receive what you cannot believe. UNTIL you know I don't belong to anyone. Got to give it a break WE ARE going astray Tried and true ways have been leading to DEMONS GALORE BURN down this ground meet your path then, IF this is mine it will never be yours. I got mine and you got yours.

FIGHT WITH TOOLS

THERE'S a war going on for your mind
THOSE who seek to occupy it will stop
at nothing THE battlefield is everywhere
THERE is no sanctuary THERE are no
civilians YOU have two choices SURREN-
DER or enlist WHAT kind of person are
you ALWAYS the first to argue OR never
down to stick your neck out CAUSE it
hurts you far too much TO see your rep
suffer SET you up a buffer WELL neither
is enough for us cut from a tougher brand
of duct tape THE propaganda's stuck on
us like sock pajamas SPREAD like a virus
THROUGH accepted thoughts and
proper manners BUT off the cameras
SOMETHINGS simmering across the land
ABOUT to bubble up AND knock the lids
off of the pots and pans

THIS PLACE IS A PRISON

THIS place is a prison AND these people
aren't your friends INHALING thrills
through \$20 bills AND the tumblers are
drained and then flooded again AND
again THER'RE guards at the on ramps
armed to the teeth AND you may case
the grounds from the cascades to puget
sound, BUT you are not permitted to
leave I know there's a big world out there
like the one i saw on the screen IN my
living room late last night, IT was almost
too bright to see AND i know that it's not
a party if it happens every night PRE-
TENDING there's glamour and candela-
bra WHEN you're drinking by candlelight
WHAT does it take to get a drink in
this place? WHAT does it take,
how long must i wait?





THE GARDNER

I sense a runner in the garden
ALTHOUGH my judgements known to
fail ONCE built a steamboat in a meadow
COS I'd forgotten how to sail I know the
runner's going to tell you THERE ain't no
cowboy in my hair SO now he's buried
by the daisies SO I could stay the tallest
man in your eyes, babe I sense a spy up in
the chimney FROM all the evidence I've
burned I guess he'll read it in the smoke
now AND soon to ashes I'll return I know
the spy is going to tell you IT'S not my
flag up in the pole SO now he's buried by
the lilies SO I could stay forever more in
your eyes, babe I sense a leak inside my

phone now FROM all the lies I have told
I know he has your private number AND
soon he'll make that vicious call I know
the leak is going to tell you THERE ain't
now puppy in your leash SO now he'll
fertilize the roses. SO I could stay the
king you see IN your eyes, babe SO now
we're dancing through the garden AND
what a garden I have made AND now
that death will grow my jasmine I find it
soothing I'm afraid NOW there is no need
for suspicion THERE ain't no frog kissing
your hand I won't be lying when I tell you
THAT I'm a gardner I'm a man
IN your eyes babe

DON'T SHIT WHERE YOU EAT

DON'T you ever think of me WHEN
you're outside strollin' DON'T you ever
wave the flag WHEN we're rockin' and
rollin' BUT don't shit where you eat, my
friend DON'T you ever think of me WHEN
you're outside strollin' DON'T you ever
wave the flag WHEN we're rockin' and
rollin' BUT don't shit where you eat, my
friend A little food and a little drink uh
huh NOTHIN' too fancy DON'T you ever
think of me WHEN you're outside strollin'
DON'T you ever wave the flag WHEN
we're rockin' and rollin' BUT don't shit
where you eat, my friend A little food and
a little drink uh huh NOTHIN' too fancy
LAMB, veal, and some good ole wine
THIS is the life for me BUT don't
shit where you eat, my friend

CONFESSIONS OF A FUTON REVOLUTIONIST

Held like water in you shaking hands are all the small defeats a day demands. 10-6 or 9-5 trying, dying to survive. Never knowing what survival means. Leave the apartment to buy alcohol. Hang our diplomas on the bathroom wall. Pick at the plaster chipped away, survey some stunning tooth decay, enlist the cat in the impending class war. Let's lay our bad day down here, dear and make-believe we're strong, or hum some protest song. Like maybe "We Shall Overcome Someday." Overcome the stupid things

Overcome the stupid things we say. Say I needed more than this, say I needed one more kiss. We left that light on way too long now. Let's plant a bomb at city-hall and kill an MLA. We'll talk the night away. You call in sick, I'll quit the word-games that I play. I swear I way more than half believe it when I say that somewhere love and justice shine. Cynicism falls asleep. Tyranny talks to itself. Sappy slogans all come true. We forget to feed our fear.

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|----|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 9 | The Tallest Man on Earth | THE GARDNER |
| 10 | The Postal Service | THIS PLACE IS A PRISON |
| 11 | Against Me! | AMERICANS ABROAD |
| 12 | The Decemberists | THE PERFECT CRIME NO.2 |
| 13 | Against Me! | BABY, I'M AN ANARCHIST! |
| 14 | Chuck Rager! | BETWEEN THE LINES |
| 15 | Rage Against the Machine | KILLING IN THE NAME OF |
| 16 | Cloud Cult | I'M FEELING SO FUCKING FINE |



SMASH





LIVES

EVERYONE'S afraid of their own life IF you could be anything you want I bet you'd be disappointed, am I right? NO one really knows the ones they love IF you knew everything they thought I bet that you'd wish that they'd just shut up WELL, you were the dull sound of sharp math WHEN you were alive NO ones gonna play the harp when you die AND if I had a nickel for every damn dime I have half the time, do you mind? EVERYONE'S afraid of their own lives IF you could be anything you want I bet you'd be disappointed, am I right? Am I right? And it our lives IT'S hard to remember, it hard to

remember WE'RE alive for the first time IT'S hard to remember were alive for the last time IT'S hard to remember, it hard to remember TO live before you die IT'S hard to remember, it hard to remember That our lives are such a short time It's hard to remember, it hard to remember WHEN it takes such a long time IT'S hard to remember, it hard to remember? MY mom GOD is a woman and my mom she is a witch I like this MY hell comes from inside, comes from inside myself WHY fight this EVERYONE'S afraid of their own lives IF you could be anything you want I bet you'd be disappointed, am I right?



THE SUBURBS, CONTINUED

IF I could have it back ALL the time that
we wasted I'D only waste it again IF I
could have it back YOU know I'd love to
waste it again WASTE it again and again
and again I'VE got to ask SOMETIMES
I can't believe it I'M moving past the
feeling again SOMETIMES I can't believe
it I'M moving past the feeling again
SOMETIMES I can't believe it...

EL TORRENTE

HE couldn't move AS seasoned as he was
THERE was something in this one THAT
was too much for him HE had a daughter
HE hoped to live through FOUR years old,
ten years reach to this girl PLEASE let
my girl go without knowing what i know
DON'T let her read this day on my face
WHEN i come home DETECTIVE, take
note of all you've seen LIKE her hand
still holding the smallest leaf THE neck
angled too far from her body AND the
body's position at the base of this tree
PLEASE let my girl go without knowing
what i know DON'T let her read this day
on my face when i come home HE wrote
measurements on a pad of paper NOTED
each bruise and abrasion HOW could this
happen TO a girl so young PLEASE let my
girl go without knowing what i know
DON'T let her read this day on my
face when i come home

