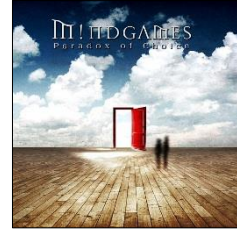


Context? Anyone?

From the album Paradox of Choice (2015)



Of all the things that we're beholding,
Tales and stories are unfolding, to be out there.
We try to build up tension,
Words we leave out or just mention, for our own sake.
We may consider this essential,
To use such shape as our credential, to sell a lie for truth.
Then those fables go their own way,
Or "go viral" as they all say, to be the first to score, to score the news.

Just like glorious ancient days, a giant arena's filled to watch the play.
Bring the scapegoat to the trial, all thumbs down and he'll lose anyway.

With one line we cloak the content,
Just one line pulled out of context, to provoke you!
Put on your mask now and take action,
Inflame your own public reaction, are you still OK!? Well, I doubt you are.

It seems you're satisfied
To see them crucified.

Read the lines that drew attention,
It exceeds our comprehension, see the distinction between the lines!
We're reduced to cry a soundbite,
In this certain way we're allied, where is the reason? Our precious good.
Can we reach social consent?
When our ego's all that matters, in the end?