

Drop-In Pitch

between two loudspeakers

We don't crave popularity.

We spew on mainstream culture, and we wipe our asses with the toilet paper of capitalism—cash! We devour the flesh of words. Hum-hey!...

Then, we will fling the lingering traces of these dismembered words into the air. Honk-shoo—wake up, pack. Ignite in your eye the desire for embryonic flesh; crush it with your crutch of survival.

Ho-hum, wow now!

The pack of the night tears itself apart to catch them.

Bloody words on fire!...

Our last concert took all our strength, it was held in an underground parking lot. Just above a mall's basement utility level. And we will do it again—oh yes, we will!

Hum. Hum—hum. Hum-hum—hum-hum. Hmm... The thoughts of our third eye are just out of whack! (Just out of whack... out of whack!) Here is our pack, right there in this parking lot!

The bass player starts howling.

Growling and snarling.

It was my turn; the bastard is stopping my cough. But what the heck! He lets out a very long rallying howl, like a wolf.

Dude, you're stealing my riff. Fuck it!

Just play the bass guitar with its drone loops and shut the fuck up. I'm fired up to set the night ablaze. And so. So while we all howl together with the pack—the bass guitar and I, in tandem—to enhance and accentuate the sonic discrepancy *we're bolting that song in bold!*

We are the swift guitars of the night.

Our fucking mouths are full of teeth, and it's with them that we play the strings to bolster a deadly sound effect. Not with our fingers—with our teeth.

We open our mouths so wide as we scream that you can see our vocal cords vibrating. Awoo! Awoo!... Awoo-oo-oo-oo!... Ooh!!

Endowed with lightning-fast reflexes, we devour the flesh of words. Blasting, blood-soaked verses!

Then, we will fling the lingering traces of these dismembered lyrics into the air. Hurl your bloody organs into the air. With the vibe...

Blazing, bloody words!

We are the swift guitars of the streets. Nailed down on the spot.

Tonight I'm a relentless lead guitar stomping with the fucking bass tart, but we're going to tear the place apart with wild, unbridled energy...

We got it right coming of the guitar wazoo.

Our latest impromptu concert took place in the shopping center's underground technical level.

A slight sticking point...

They think that they will win with any endeavor, but we will triumph, regardless of any attempts at encirclement, street blockades, or police kettling.

Fuck the light!

We are the swift guitar of the night. The swift fires of fight. Awoo! Awoo...

Here is our pack, right there on the parking lot!

Meg Hoffstapper.