

## A NOTE FROM SPENCER

I wanted to be in a band since I was a kid. Being in a band has been all of the fun and all of the hard work that I anticipated, but there's so much more than comes with an art project like this.

One of the things I didn't expect was how many other artists and musicians you get to know in the process. Concert photography is not an a field I know anything about, but through being in a band, I've gotten to meet a lot of photographers.

This zine primarily features the work of one local photographer in particular, Kaiden. He's shot us at a handful of shows over the last year and we absolutely love his work.

We all owe a lot to the amazing and hard working artists who support this scene and help younger artists get their footing.

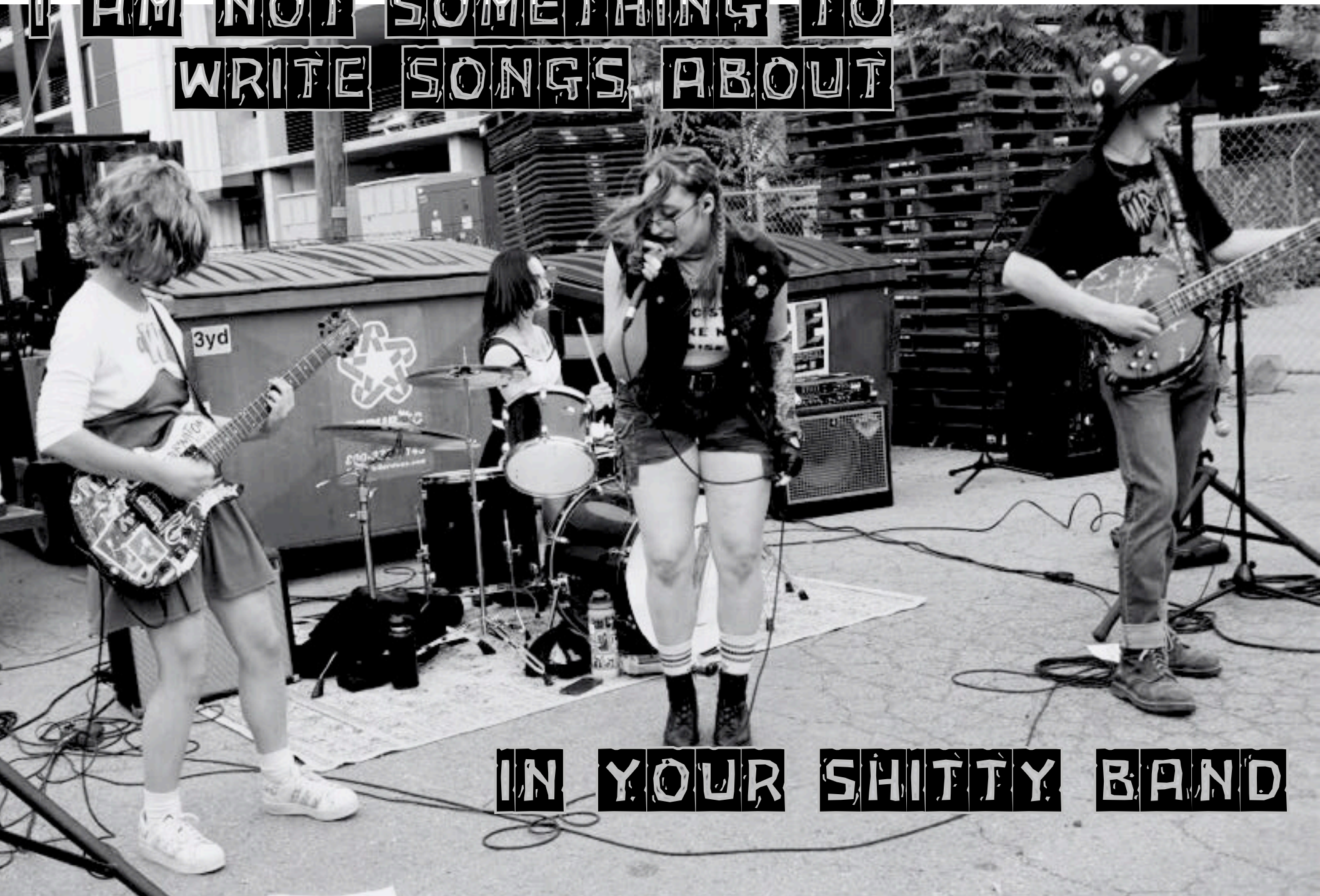
We hope you enjoy this little photography zine. Please go check out Kaiden's other work at [@macramepatchcat](#) on Instagram!



# VENUS DEATH TRAP



I AM NOT SOMETHING TO  
WRITE SONGS ABOUT



IN YOUR SHITTY BAND

# IS THIS YOUR AMERICAN DREAM?









ROCKSTAR/IDOL - LYRICS  
BY SOPHI AND SPENCER

i am not a girlfriend, something to be looked  
at, something to write songs about in your  
shitty band

you call me a groupie, you call me dumb, you  
call me a whore cause you don't like my song

there is nothing you could say to convince me  
that this isn't who how should be

don't you raise your voice at me! don't you know  
how to treat a lady? you came here looking to  
score, but my dick's still bigger than yours

you think you're so cool? i'm not gonna fuck  
you. i'm at this concert to mosh, just like you

you want me to be an accessory just to bedazzle  
your own vanity

there's nothing you could say to convince me  
that this isn't who how should be

don't you raise your voice at me! don't you know  
how to treat a lady? you came here looking to  
score, but my DICK's still bigger than yours!!

i am not a girlfriend, something to be looked at  
, something to write songs about in your shitty  
band

i am not a girlfriend, waiting in the green  
room, standing by your side to make you look  
good

i am something you'll never comprehend: i'm the  
lead singer of the fucking band! IM THE FUCKING  
SINGER OF MY OWN BAND!!

there's nothing you could say to convince me,  
that this isn't who how should be!

don't you raise your voice at me, don't you know  
how to treat a lady? you came here looking to  
score, but my dick's still bigger than  
yours!!!!

LOOK ME IN THE EYE - LYRICS  
BY BIA

Full face on, fresh dyed hair, pointed heels,  
legs are bare

Acting like I'm not there; I look away and feel  
your stare

I say hi, be friendly - you don't respond, don't  
see me

Hate my guts, I don't know why

Won't you just look me in the eye?

Maybe if you treat me like one, maybe you would  
see that I'm a fucking human being - *why won't  
you look at me?*

Maybe if you learned something you hadn't seen  
before, you'd realize how much it hurts to  
always be ignored

I see through that fake smile, won't fool me,  
I'm not a child!

Standing there in a huddle, whispering, not so  
subtle

Hear my name , call me 'he' - are you blind?  
Can't you see?

Still hate my guts, STILL don't know why you  
won't just look me in the eye!

Maybe if you treat me like one, maybe you would  
see, that I'm a fucking human being - *why won't  
you look at me?*

Maybe if you learned something you hadn't seen  
before, you'd realize how much it hurts to  
always be ignored!

I don't exist to you!!!!





## DEATH BY TELEVISION

LYRICS BY SPENCER

sitting in my bedroom, rotting out my mind, teenage rebellion is such a waste of time. write a manifesto, plan out a vision, never gonna make it - hey! blame the algorithm!

we are the reason that joan of arc died, and we are the kids who made kurt cobain cry  
you wouldn't even know, you didn't even try, and being alive is the worst kind of crime

all i can tell you is try to stay alive, even though i never take my own advice  
kill the perfection, poisoning your head, cause no one is perfect until they're fucking dead

they turn the idolized to cannibalized - the revolution will not be fucking televised!!  
when they grow old you'll eat 'em alive, and that's how you know you're fit to survive

we are the reason that joan of arc died, and we are the kids who made kurt cobain cry  
you wouldn't even know, you didn't even try - when being alive is the worst kind of crime

knocking at the door of fate and destiny, trying to tell them i need to be something, I'm looking at the sun and feeling jealousy, i'm burning up i'm not enough and i can't fucking breathe

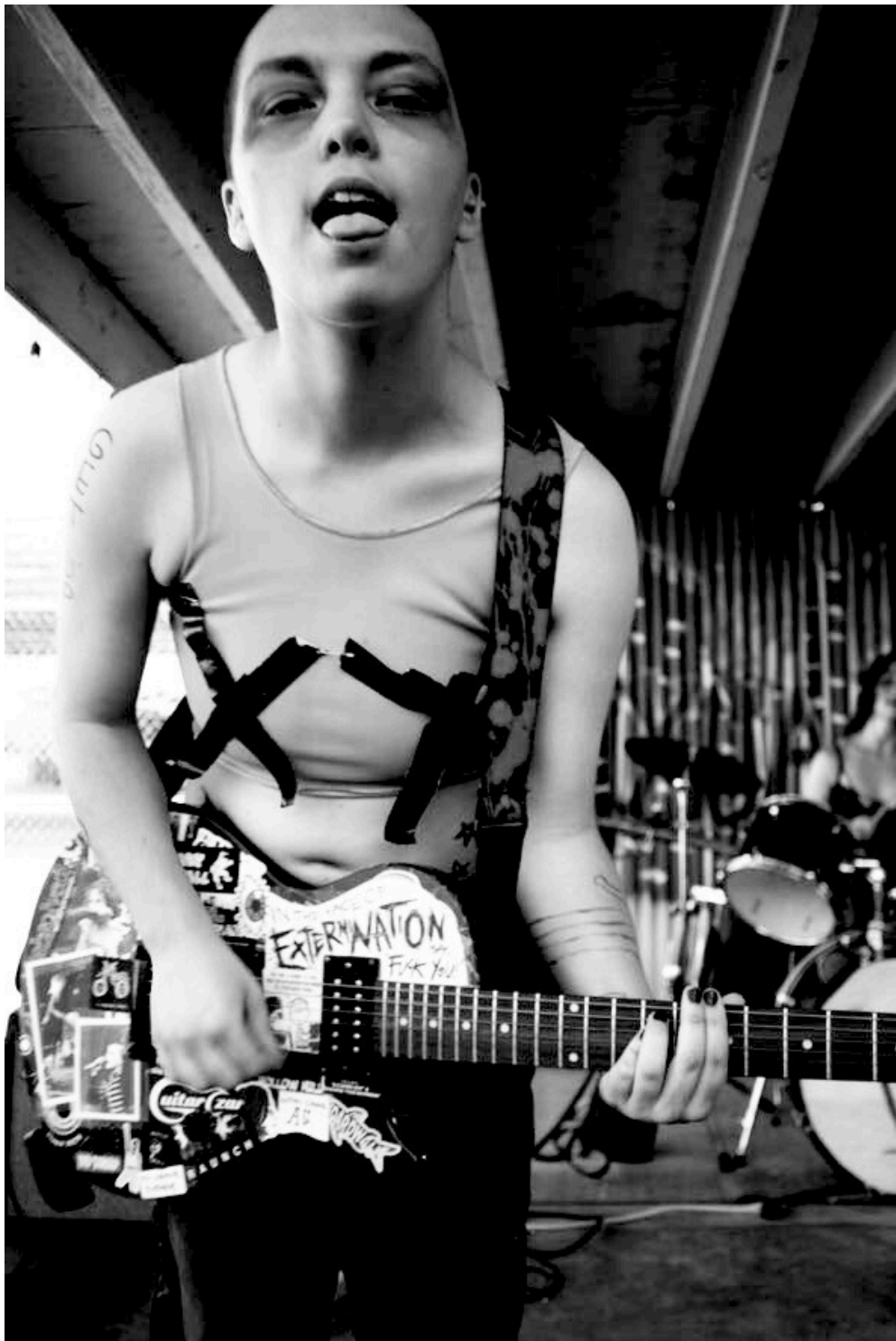
i'll never die at all or i'll die in flames and fire, cut me open and find that i'm just a bunch of wires  
i'm made out of nothing, i'm made out of lies, and there's too many eyes, they control my mind!

scared of the bathroom? yeah welcome to the club!  
how was the lobotomy, i hope you had fun!  
death by pixels, death by the screen, it's just the television, nothing wrong with me!

we are the reason that joan of arc died!  
WE are the kids who made kurt cobain cry -  
you wouldn't fucking know, cause you never fucking tried  
and being alive is the worst. kind of. crime.







BEHIND THE INSTRUMENTALS  
**INSPIRATIONAL SONGS:**

FLIP FLOPS:  
"STUART" BY THE DEAD MILKMEN

LOOK ME IN THE EYE:  
"YOUR HOUSE AND MINE" BY  
BACKHAND  
"SHOT DOWN" BY SCOWL

DEATH BY TELEVISION:  
"SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT" BY  
NIRVANA  
MOTORBIKE:  
"ME GUSTA SER" ALBUM BY LAS VULPES

SUBURBIA:  
"MABLE" BY GOLDFINGER

ROCKSTAR:  
"BABY YOU'RE A HAUNTED HOUSE" BY  
GERARD WAY

