

a love letter to hipsters

i am onto you and your pseudo lifestyle need to be different. sweaty fingers with thunderous 'thumbs down' hits. i will not disrespect your hurling trollish insults but respect your underground life dwelling under the grimy bridge of the internet. vinyling through music collections searching for authenticity of audible superiority, or games created with miniscule budget. the indy scene is the only place to strangle others through mockery. music only matters if audiences are kept to a minimum and forming in a garage is preferable. i have seen your youtubing importance disagreeing with everyone who likes a band with large followings, your toxic menace spreading on razor's edge satire. you weigh the pros and cons of each film digested while hate and malaise are ever growing like disease. you are becoming more popular which no doubt worries you and your code. i hold no hatred for you but if you were wildly floating down the mainstream shit creek i would not offer a paddle.