

Broken up in cosplay land

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very sad song about cosplay. Not autobiographical in any way. Please Read and Review.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/dressdragn/2673/Broken-up-in-cosplay-land>

Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Disclaimer:

Original music Dan Bern. I have no right what so ever to use it, but I think he dosen't mind b/c he's a kewl guy. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is the the by produt of your own over inflated ego.

Broken up in cosplay land

I saw the most talented of my generation playing DDR
Maked up, caked up
Looking like some kind of china doll
With all of Adolf Hitler's moves down cold
As they stood up in front
Of a panel of cosplay judges
And always moving upward and ever upward
To this gentle golden promised land
With the smartest of them all
Wouldn't even get out of bed
And the strongest of them all
Broken down, on the late registration line
And the prettiest of all
Taking off her clothes
In front of geeks
Whose eyes small shining eyes looked like tiny black beads
Like they were
Watching Gundum
Or maybe the end of 5 Star Stories

I saw otaku with dreams
Like the ones I'd had
Selling their souls to the dealers tables
Till it got so they didn't affect me anymore
Than the scenery I'd passed
'Cept that sometimes
I'd stop to appreciate the scenery

I'd had the wind at my back
Now I felt it cold in my face
And for an awful long time now
Going to cons was only thing we ever
Talked about
And I really never noticed

Till after you stopped going
And the emptiness
And silence
Got so heavy

Broken up on the con circuit
Broken up in the anmie clubs
Broken up at Otakon
Broken up in Jim Henley's
Broken up in cosplay land
Broken up in cosplay land
Broken up in cosplay land

I saw Lulu Kitty
Strung up on every cosplay stage
Like some two bit whore
Offering a discount rate
And I wondered how J-rock felt
I saw sweet little Justie
Wandering the hallways looking troubled
And I wondered how his mama felt
I saw signs that said "Best Morbid Con Story"
Signs that said "Wigs for, cheep"
Signs for "Glomp Me"
Signs for "Pockey"
And signs for "Sweaty Otaku Love"
And signs for "Wardrobe specialists"
Signs for "Otaku Army"
And signs for "Cosplay Girls gone wild"
And I stopped to read them all

And every single con
Was like every single con
Was like every single con
Was like every single con
But you kept going
'Cause everyone else kept going
And cause disappointing everyone is evil
And admitting you've got no one to disappoint is evil

And those that had costumes
Looked good but weren't too happy
And those who didn't have costumes
Didn't look so good and weren't too happy either
And in a con of three million
Two hundred and sixty nine thousand
Nine hundred eighty four

Everyone was lonely

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Broken up in cosplay land
Repeats and fades

And I watched as everyone I knew
Spent their lives
Trying to be watched on stage
Making costumes
Or making comics
And they thought
"Well, maybe that way
I could get a little love out of this life"
And I watched as the best of my generation
Abandoned their dreams
And settled for making a few commissions
I watched Adult Swim
Read New Type
Listened to the message boards
And made all the fancy scenes
And said all the right words
And wore all the fruits clothes
And knew the names of the winners
But I still felt out of touch
So I stopped watching Adult Swim
And reading New Type
And listening to the message board
And making the fancy scenes
And saying the right words
And wearing the fruits clothes
And knowing the names of the winners
And I felt more out of touch than ever
But it didn't matter anymore

And I felt you slipping away
And I felt myself slipping from you
And I wanted more than anything else
For there to be nothing to do for one whole day
Like it used to
But all there ever was events
Relentless events

Endless events
And everyone went to their events
And walked around like Kings
Trying to get noticed
But no one gets noticed

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To be sung to Dan Bern's Wasteland

Comments welcome.

Thank you for reading,

~Anna