

## are you in pain like I am?

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## are you in pain like I am?

by [immolxtion\\_stxtion](#)

### Summary

Screaming's never been Ro's favourite thing to hear, but there's something so special about the way Mapicc does it.

He takes a simple sound, a basic lyric, and turns it into a sound from hell. Mapicc takes a vocal technique, and he warps it into a sound that rattles bones, meshes perfectly with the music until there's nothing but the raw edges of his voice and the power hidden in his chest. Ro's never been a fan of screaming, but when Mapicc does it, he's all ears.

Vore by Sleep Token, or: Roshambo pines for one thousand words straight, and Mapicc is not as good at flirting as he thinks he is.

### Notes

Not to sound deranged, but Vore is one of the most romantic songs I have heard in my life. I could write entire essays about it. I almost did, here, but held myself back (or at least I tried to)

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He's also all bass, picking out a carefully crafted riff, because this is one of the songs where the absence of sound is almost as important as the presence of sound, a blend of distortion and careful noises to create a dark and rich atmosphere. Most of the time, their music is about the singing, the energy, all of the creative perspectives and different sounds they can bring to the table.

Sometimes, for songs like this one, the music is about atmosphere and message, careful techniques layered over each other to make a heavy sound that reverberates through the soul. The lyrics are almost as important about the noise, not just the silly suggestions Zam makes, and Spoke's constant demand for rap interludes.

The aggressive distortion that rings from Parrot and Zam's guitars makes the perfect cradle for Mapicc's voice, and Ro picks up on every little shift in position, every change of note. His screaming blends with the noise, and yet the air feels almost empty, missing a vital piece. That's what makes this song beautiful, makes it one of Ro's favourites.

It's a reason that *isn't* called 'I have a rocking bass solo, something that only happens once in a blue moon', and he likes that reason. Ro is silly, but he has his moments, moments where he picks things apart and fits them together until patterns reveal themselves. When they play Vore, he finds himself in that place, in the heart of his calculating mind, picking up on as many things as possible.

And then the room goes silent, and it's just Mapicc whispering harshly into the mic, Ro playing his simple little riff that never gets any less beautiful. They play with the silence, force it into the music until it's noticeable even in the blare of guitars. That's why it's so beautiful to watch and listen and *feel* how the return of Parrot and Zam and Spoke slams into the crowd like a freight train, their additions to the music growing and fading like a wave.

Ro loses himself in it, plays his part into the silence, into the distortion, into every little moment there is, because he's the one who grounds this song, even when Mapicc drives the meaning home.

*"I wanna have you to myself for once,"* Mapicc croons into the near-silence, hands sliding down the mic stand like he's caressing a lover. *"So let's get swallowed whole."*

Ro focuses on his bassline, his steady heartbeat that pushes the song forward. He does not focus on the lyrics, dark and gory and oozing with obsessive love. He thinks about making dick jokes to Mapicc instead of asking about where the lyrics came from, because it's easier to say *you know what else gets swallowed?* instead of saying *yo, bro, where'd this gay shit come from?*

As if Mapicc can sense his moral dilemma (of the gay sort!), he drops his head backwards, leans his body so that Ro can catch a glimpse of his eyes, usually hidden behind the fringe of his hair. There's a yearning to his voice, a beautifully haunting tone as he sings, *"There is always something in the way, I want to have you to myself for once."*

Say it to Ro's face, why don't you.

He fights the urge to make eyes at Mapicc, to do something other than standing and playing his fucking bass, because this is a *show*, it's a show, and Mapicc has a stage persona, and his feelings are not fucking reciprocated. Mapicc has built a persona around being a heartbreaker and an untouchable badass, and right now, he's just playing into it. He's fucking with Ro for the hell of it,

but Ro will not fuck back. If he does, then he loses.

*Are you in pain like I am? Are you in pain like I am? Are you in pain like I am?*

Yeah, Ro's in pain. He's in pain, because Mapicc is looking at him, and then Mapicc *isn't* looking at him, and he's supposed to play his bass and be cool and suave and goofy as hell when the time comes for it. He is the rock of this band, but he's never felt so shaky as he has when Mapicc is singing these gay ass things in this sultry ass voice, and looking at Ro with these deep eyes that seem to stare into his soul.

Still, he perseveres, watches as Mapicc decrescendos his last final screams with impressive technique, because the one time he got Ro to try and scream, it went poorly. *And* loudly . He almost couldn't speak for a day, which Mapicc called bad technique. Ro calls it screaming insanity, because you have to be a little insane to be able to scream like that, with the type of emotion Mapicc weaves in.

Spoke does a little rattle of his cymbals when Mapicc lowers his mic, letting the remaining few sounds trail off into the maw of the arena. He brings the sound of the song together, fills the silence with *intent*, and Ro watches how the spotlights shift to show that, dimming slightly and pointing more at Spoke.

It's good for Mapicc, who immediately makes use of the attention not being on him to grab a drink of water, and also for Ro, because if he had to listen to Mapicc singing his version of a love song for one more second, he might just die. He might also mess up his chords, which is a big no-no when you're playing a song that sparse.

Still, he makes it through, grins to the crowd and flexes his hands in a way that should look hot to those that can't feel the slight ache radiating through his fingers. Then his hand is back on the bass, and he's more than ready to keep the set going. Ro's the heartbeat, he's the rock, and damn him if he doesn't do that to the best of his ability.

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