

Torrentially Cutshaw

At the Drive-In

Under the mask of a UAV
Frayed the husk of an ivory pawn
Sickles in the ice froze a game of chess
Convinced she's a carrion moth
Drone to the bishop swapping in spit
The tallest blade of glass menagerie
Starved by remote and implant stations

2,000 collars to the roaches
2,000 monochrome lifers
2,000 tastes of pure captigon
2,000 torrentially cutshaw

They paved my memories complacent
Endowed in the zero year
With a hush for every outburst
A chronic crawl to arms awaits
Do we eliminate the source of the courtesan livestock
The last torrential implant station

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The truth will age you
You don't even want to know?
Anesthetize you
You don't even want to know?

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Defibrillated handles loitering
Room 39 with due diligence
You can't afford it
If you pull me out by remote again
You can't afford it
You can't afford it
You can't afford

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