

# 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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