

facts round to false
statements state what you meant
the meaning gets lost under management
i've grown disinterested in numbers
the passing cars
of four-wheeled hearts
just exhaust and cancer
heard a whisper for a wishing
in a gas station i was thinking
about fuel force feeding

what was left wasn't much
unrelative and all out of touch
passion pushed off and never
never again bleeding red and real
now tell me how you fell
tell me how you feel
tell me how how
how do you feel now

imitating machines
before long with mechanical dreams
i'm not what you meant
you're not what i mean
dirty developments never go home clean