

## Burned Device

Flotsam and Jetsam

Down in the deep, black hole of my heart  
I feel the pain inside of the dreams that died  
And I saw a dark message clawed on a wall today, it said  
Forever burn this world, it's far too late

Now I stare out my window, I see the towers rise  
Toxics seep into my backyard before my very eyes  
Industrial revolution, no other solution  
For the junk cultured junkies needs  
So take a deep breath because it ain't over yet  
The machine it's got to bring you down to your knees

Outside the gates of redemption inside my happy home  
Contact with big Mr. Mega Bucks on my cellular phone  
Dollar for dollar the business hounds holler  
Sour mouthed stomachs well fed  
And I'm moving the game yet I still complain  
The paranoia, it swells inside my head

How will I ever know which way the wind blows  
Will there be no place to hide when the storm comes down  
To tear off my hide, defenseless, rich or poor  
When the wolves start gathering round my door  
Self-destructed, I never anticipated  
Such pain from the things that I've created

Burn, burn, burn, burn, the device and the ice that's in my heart  
Burn down the lies and the hatred in my eyes  
Let it burn, burn to see the world turn  
And it's all there in front of me  
And I feel compelled to make you see...reality  
This is the turning point, these are the crossroads  
Detonated lunacy and it's not a dream, it's not a dream

No greener sky, no blacker sea, no greater war inside of me

Now I stare out my window, the patients on the lawn  
Loved ones visiting hours wonder what went wrong, wrong, wrong  
Outside the gates of redemption, my mind is never alone  
Hospitalized, lobotomized, big machine, please come take me home

This is reality