

May Be Monitored For Quality Control

Indecision

Our teeth break on nails yet we chew on them still
As moths to a flame
No one is saved
No one still lives
Driven by guilt and greed and numb to all extremes
And you want everything in arms reach
Gorge yourself on images and promises
But what do you have? what do you feel?
What do you want besides more?
What is your definition of what is real?
Who uses you and what for?
Sculpted, written in stone: the myth of "satisfaction"
Reach out for the intangible
Chase your fantasy in to the wasteland
Shit breeding shit - this what is left of us
Shit breeding shit - what has become of us?
"give me convenience or give me death"
This is what rapes us, makes us and breaks us every fucking day