

## 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