

Gazing at a silver screen, I wonder not...
What am I waiting for? Streaming?
Wait, Wait, loading binary instructions
Drowned in surrounding CPU resolution,

Absorbed by this unique light of Datas

Drone!

In this machinery's lore, I'm constantly seeking some...
Some pixel-rendered answers.

Powerful imagery and sweet numbers A.I.
Yeah man, you really are the master, masturbate on/off your pitiful little creation of yours...

That's right outside you ain't shit, you porno-induced zombie!

Shut my conscience!
It never helped me anyway; it's a critical error.
What is it?
A discreet anomalism... and I'm distracted, from this not so obvious purpose that I'm trying to reach (in vain).

Disturbed, yet its just a coffee spot, lyin' on the table.
One of many, and maybe the only fragment of reality I had in weeks
(Can't tell, have'nt count)

I remember now; this substance must be injected by oral means.