

Virtual razor blade  
kill yourself with a man made failsafe troubleshoot  
it's time we peel away  
everyday it seems we bind ourselves  
locked in our chairs  
we fade into a landscape enclosed  
the machine it ingests our lives  
believe keyboard who's punching your buttons  
we entrust our minds and our pockets unto a box  
and guess who's listening  
the webs have been spun and we're all dancing in the silk  
waiting to be sucked dry  
but I'll sing on for more exercise  
the possessed and at times I get so tired of hearing all the hy  
pe  
I wish I could feel the warmth of another body  
and to shed this shell of bitter sweet isolation  
to think I share this chair with so many eyes  
glued peel away