

The Prize

Information Society

Another visitor. Destroy him, my robots

I'm always feeling what you feel
I just crawl inside
I always wear it like a second skin
It's the last place for me to hide

I obscure the self
To protect you from the din
If you're not feeling ok
I never let the happiness in

I'm going back on my rails
I'm going to turn on the light
I'm going to be where I am
I'm going straight to the prize

I'm coming up from the ground
With my eyes on the prize
I'm coming down from on high
With both hands on the prize

I've never had her equal
And I've never had it better
It's the best I've ever known
I'm never gonna make it with just good enough
I've got to crash on through and hold on to the prize

Suffering is not really noble
And crying doesn't make you cool
Breakdowns are not attractive
And honesty has to be cruel

I learn nothing from thinking
And crying doesn't cut through the gloom
I can feel myself talking
Now just who's caring for whom?

I'm going to find my center
I'm going to X all the Y's
I'm going to run crash break that wall
Tumble down get up and

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