

## The City

## The Haunted

It's infected  
This city's a wasteland  
Slow drone reality  
Figure head and scapegoats  
Holding back the punch line  
To exaggerate just right

We're collecting IOU's and absent apologies  
The unspoken sense of betrayal lingers  
Can we get it right?  
When everything we know is so wrong

Everything is expandable here  
Mannequins and advert placements  
We leave no mark  
No tasting impressions  
(For a next of kin)

We decay  
We cower  
We remain silent victims  
We argue  
We justify our own demise

Inner test market  
We suck up the fumes  
Meat, ones and bright ideas  
It's all insane