

The Want, Lacking

Android Lust

I ask for water
I ask for sleep
batteries for my remote
telephone to speak
electricity in abundance
mirror shades
japanese food
midnight raid
I ask for silence
I ask for sex
give me a ray gun
tell me how to dress
call my mother
call the priest
tell them my lover has turned a beast
this situation is now as old as anything
my eyes see in the darkened
space of this existence
I ask for strength
a clear head
maybe a razor to paint you red
I want radar
I want a light
I want division
I want to fight