

We live within a grid
Its boundaries well-defined
And woe to anyone
Who steps outside the lines

A fragile order kept
That struggles to contain
Any independent thought
That threatens their domain

A cage we built with our own hands
We were just following commands
A tragic tale that's often told
A narrative tightly-controlled

The grid decides your path
The options you're allowed
A distant hand deciding
Which rights you're endowed

An eye to keep you safe
But if you carry on
A vengeful fist to keep you
Down where you belong

A cage we built with our own hands
We were just following commands
A tragic tale that's often told
A narrative tightly-controlled

The lines can be redrawn
A Sword of Damocles
Hangs above the grid
To bring it to its knees

And when the blade comes down
And all the ruins burn
We'll build the grid again
Because we never learn

A cage we built with our own hands
We were just following commands
A tragic tale that's often told
A narrative tightly-controlled