

Dopamine drip on a road trip  
Listening to song #2 by Blur  
Mining that voodoo trapped in the woohoo  
Do we have to go back to  
Swim with piranhas  
In a corporate nirvana  
If the traumas that we got  
Are still not covered by an HMO plan?

Set some fire to the future  
Oh, the places you will go  
With some linguistic karate  
Only literati know  
Live it all mapped to the macros  
Con mi amigos at the top  
Wearing out the world together  
When the meds are wearing off

I do what I'm made for  
It's still not enough  
How much did marketing pay for  
Whoever the fuck just told us  
To spawn it  
From the microeconomics?  
Would you kindly pass the aux?  
I've got some heavy metal if you want to

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The internet spoke to me  
On the night of a blood moon  
Saying death is a myth from big life  
And the tycoons have you too  
The internet spoke to me  
The way that God spoke to you  
Shrubbery in a wasteland  
To set your own fire to

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