

Insect

Hammers of Misfortune

Again I wake up to your end, your ways and means
I watch your machinations seamless on the screen
I turn away again but still your always there
Your vacant, automatic smile is everywhere

The bright procession flashes past
In 2 dimensions under glass
The smile that lies between the lines
Luminous the union beams
Between the gods and their machines
The numb seduction of the blind
Sacrosanct the rank and file
Of perfect angels passes by
To modify the mind's desire
And no 3rd dimension troubles this
Procession where there's no abyss
In which there burns a fire

So you will jinx us with your trinkets and your tricks
Your malcontented ravings and your razor bladed wits
Go on you little clown and do your very worst
Go ahead and starve to death, or satisfy your thirst

The bright procession flashes past - Bad little insects find it
tricky to survive
In 2 dimensions under glass
The smile that lies between the lines
Luminous the union beams - As they infest the sickest segments
of the hive
Between the gods and their machines
The numb seduction of the blind
Sacrosanct the rank and file - Though we might whisper pretty w
ords from time to time
Of perfect angels passes by
To modify the mind's desire
And no 3rd dimension troubles this - They'll get no honey like
the ones who stay in line
Procession where there's no abyss
In which there burns a fire

So yet another preconception dead ahead
A winning grimace and a gnawing sense of dread
A set of orders from a disembodied head