

Cold Comfort

Haujobb

Extreme real dream
perpetually hammering
moving pictures around
some smell of industry
don't know what's happening
something fills me up with greed
i feel cloned
yes i am home

Order forms originals
same shit a million times
equal products compete
with each other for to breathe
never leave
a stable existence
fixed fragments
of a single entanglement

Maintain a constant pulse beat
close to the environment
planet me
rotation
so necessary neverending clarity
excluding any possibility
trust me
we define everything