

Deepfake

Johnny Booth

I spent my days lost in
Waiting for the end
While we live in
A forever photograph
You dig, I bury
These hands are screaming the words of a panic that's so unclear

Blinded by the camera
Deafened by the self-absorbed
Blinded by the camera
Deafened by the self-absorbed

Empty heads
These branches make branches
I can see behind all the pictures
You dig, I bury this
We lost the message in the words read before

Feed me your
Transitions (Intuitions)
A darkness seen a thousand times

Blinded by the camera
Deafened by the self-absorbed
Blinded by the camera
Deafened by the self-absorbed

You will dig
I will bury

You were at fault but you never will say it