

Broken Algorithms

Manic Street Preachers

These are variants of our times
Full of mistrust hatred and some lies
The heap of broken images
The jigsaw breaks again and it can't be fixed

The fractured versions of our days
The break our wisdom somehow made

History gets to write its own lies
The public votes and the public will decide

As you caress the beauty of your screens
Remember the mission to own your dreams
To avoid tax and order your life
To sell you a future you may not desire

B-R-O-K-E-N algorithms
B-R-O-K-E-N algorithms

Here's the challenge: rise up against yourself
We now know society's truly dead
So I return to these words again
When they burn so bright but die in flames

I work through traces of my past
I seek immunity within my soul
They're carrying you and me along and lost
The pieces fill a space that nowhere holds

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