

These are only words and artificial tones
we're just skin and bones playing telephone with things that we
re probably never said at all
this World is stitched with schemes
where once there was reality
it's hard to reach across the unbelievable distances
between what we really are and who we claim to be
and the Irony Engine isn't lost on me
the shame is that we saw it coming
in the faces of the young among us on crayon and paper drawings
the clearest writing on the wall we could ever ask for
what do they believe?
where are all their fathers? where are all their mothers?
who left them there alone with a television remote like some Ph
ilosopher's Stone
figure it out on your own, child
if I still have anything to say, I'll try to make it plain
contrivance is a luxury I don't have in the time that's left be
fore the madness overtakes me
I'm a voice among the voices
the roar of whispers closes in
the point seems to be pointless
and I've forgotten who I am...