

## Isaac Is Typing...

Slaves

Hold your horses, I've something to say  
Give me a minute  
Everybody wait  
Stop what you're doing and lend me your eyes  
Isaac is typing, surprise, surprise

My brain is a battlefield I'm struggling to hold  
External factors must be controlled  
Something is faulty, this feels incorrect  
The shot was on target, still I intercept

Now what?  
Dot, dot, dot  
Now what?  
Dot, dot, dot

If I burst your bubble, don't take it to heart  
It's always been like this, right from the start  
When man learnt to articulate the thoughts in his head  
"Isaac is typing," were the first words he said

My therapist tells me not to engage  
I look at the ceiling, avoiding his gaze  
I wish it was simple, but it just isn't so  
When scratching the itch is all that I know

Now what?  
Dot, dot, dot  
Now what?  
Dot, dot, dot

Three little dots on the top of the screen  
It's called an ellipses, d'ya know what that means?  
It means something is coming, yeah, vibe killington  
Dropping bombs like Cillian  
Got five million worms in a can  
Make you eat 'em like Spam  
Got that sandwich meat  
Spread all over the beat  
Like boom