

The City

The Haunted

It's infected
This city's a wasteland
Slow drone reality
Figure head and scapegoats
Holding back the punch line
To exaggerate just right

We're collecting IOU's and absent apologies
The unspoken sense of betrayal lingers
Can we get it right?
When everything we know is so wrong

Everything is expandable here
Mannequins and advert placements
We leave no mark
No tasting impressions
(For a next of kin)

We decay
We cower
We remain silent victims
We argue
We justify our own demise

Inner test market
We suck up the fumes
Meat, ones and bright ideas
It's all insane