

Book of Bot

The Locust

He's a wretch and
Like all the rest he thinks
There's time to make trouble
And time to make a mess

He says
"Punch in, automate
Stomp on, stamp out"
Mechanized and traumatized
He's tapping things obsessively

Finds his boss' office
and tears it apart
Torches the evidence
Quits his job

Voltage highways
Currents moving constantly
Blissed out and circuit bent
He calls upon his majesty

Anxious electric
Taps into the registry
A challenge to the monolith
The obelisk is posturing

Sleeping monsters rise
Ransacks junktown

Glass-eyed Ogre
Builds himself an armory
Lives like a hammer
(a vulgar diplomacy)

A new kind of prophet
A new kind of tyranny
A new kind of trauma
A new aristocracy

Finds every flaw in the eyes of his enemies
Wages war and flies his flag
Prelude to the coming of
A new machine metropolis