

# Digital Black

The Network

Walk away a distraction  
No emotion, no reaction  
There's a pain in the center of your chest  
(No emotion, no reaction)  
Runaway a digitization  
Archiving information  
There's no stopping hearts from dying

No retrieval, no loss  
No future and no cost  
No time to make any more space  
(Forgiveness, retribution)  
No anger and no hope  
With no faith and more rope  
This is just asphyxiation

Digital black

Overload, simplify  
To fall short but aim high  
Locked away in an archive made of flesh  
With no life and no death  
No pulse and no breath  
There's no stopping hearts from dying

No love and no hate  
No past and no fate  
In a place where nothing is divine  
No answer, no solution  
No forgiveness, retribution  
Hearts stop beating when we go to

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All is lost  
All is lost  
All is lost

For now