

Cold War Telescreen

The Used

Why postulate?
My eyes are closed
Malnourished, made
My bag is swole

Let it happen to me?
I think I'd know
Fast to the telescreen reload

Bade my last attempt to trust the profile metaphor
When I realize that I forgot my name again
Handcuffs feed the aegis of control

Crawling nematode
Many hooks in me, no more
First I wasn't the same me
Stuck in a gaze
Side-stepping away
They put us to bed
The lights in their faces
You never
You never
You never
You never

Insatiate
I'm never full
I might throw up
So I can eat some more

Oh what a brave new world
Device controlled
The telescreen reloads

Bade my last attempt to trust the profile metaphor
And I know that I will never take a breath again
Handcuffs feed the aegis of control

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Device controlled

What a brave new world

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