

Brazil, Monolithic

Purse your lips until they're white
Drag me kicking into the night
Didn't I want to be free
Or do I want to be right

Only you can deprogram
Only you can understand
Only you can take the blade
And cut (the gag) from my mouth

The dusty book on your endtable
Taught you how to make a lethal
Fragmentary detonator
From common household thoughts

You put a fistful of salt (in my eyes)
This is what it was like

My thoughts
My eyes
My face
My skin
My heart
My bones
Are slowly
Becoming Computerized