

Cinder, Caged

We bathe in a high tech glory,
Trapped in your own company.
Relive your short play story,
In games that werent enough for me.
Theres got to be more.
Your best friends full of numbers,
That dont call but your always home.
Your right hand keeps you busy,
At night when youre all alone.
The sounds of life keep slipping away,
Its up to us to make them stay,
Before these consequences return to strip your life.