

# Queensryche, NM 156

Uniform printout reads end of line  
Protect code intact leaves little time  
Erratic surveys, free thinking not allowed  
My hands shake, my push buttons silence  
The outside crowd

One world government has outlawed war among nations  
Now social control requires population termination

Have we come too far  
To turn around  
Does emotion hold the key  
Is logic just a synonym for  
This savagery, disguised in  
Forgotten lost memory

Microchip logic  
have we no more thought  
"Is this wrong" I enter  
Answers sought  
Punch, punch, punch, transfer this data  
Into code. Wide eyes watch my  
Number 156 is shown  
Created from past life to perform  
Illicit function, I fail this conscious  
Madness I man/machine imperfection

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