

The Ocean, Comfort Zones

Inside our squalid homes: a safe place behind security doors.
Sheltered from all we better ignore: the starving, the homeless, the dying, the poor...
Any utopia only makes us scoff.
It's all "ok" as long as all can be turned on and off,
As long as we can relax in our comfort zones and explore the world with the remote control.
This city breathes death and disease.
A dying bastard on a drip.
Part of the myth.
They have taken whatever they could find: knocked on our doors,
Or kept inside: replacing everything with an image of it.
Who told you that the street never sleeps?
They've taken everything and sold you ease instead.
Now lean back: All you need is at your fingertips.
Pale screen shines down on you.
Sniggers and takes you for a fool.
Tell me what are you gonna do?
Suck up the praise.
End of a meaningless day.
The next one will be strictly the same.
Plunge in your easy-chair: Salvation is only one mouse-click away