

# Arecee, Another Design

\*The final annihilation of the lifeform known as man...let the attack begin\*

I wanna haven filled with pavement  
And a gravestone without a statement  
Other then we've been taken  
Our own mistakes have fueled this place  
At a pace so fast we took our own race  
The interface that was laced from a previous design  
Nevermind that it's from our own kind  
Defined by machines and mechanics  
Zeros and ones program organics  
Romantic questions that suggest like a girl undressing  
\*Digressing\*

We want progression  
There's a section of my head that's infected with Direction  
Which only moves forward and hates past lessons  
Data at our fingertips and too much to reference  
The essence of this place is cold and irreverent  
You can't keep it separate but I'm looking for some leverage  
Before gasoline replaces water as a beverage  
Huddled in the system, no need to worry  
Money is essential so get your heart dirty  
We're extensions of utensils created in our image  
Invented by our own kind to push us to our limits  
Minutes turn to seconds and break in other sections  
Lapse much faster, closer to rejection  
I wanna find perfection, specific with directions  
A place uninfected by the ethics of progression

I walk around surroundings compounded artificial  
Work my eight hours until they sound the whistle  
If we flatten out the forests and build a mass of missiles  
We could further evolution and have a field of thistles  
My head full of wishes, cookbook type dishes  
Keep 'em to myself though, respect for the misses  
Recipes delicious and get quite vicious  
We call it healthy competition in big business  
Don't run with scissors, that's what the teacher taught me  
But other kids didn't listen and ain't stopping  
Inventions gotten sloppy killing us softly  
Fulfill your every dream or maybe clone a copy  
Jane told me once nothing's shocking  
But Jane had addictions and had gotten cocky  
If they wasn't chopping all the wood then I might be knocking  
But for now fill your pockets  
No match for sheet metal, jagged unsettle  
If my flesh were on this level then I'd redefine trouble  
If you search through the rubble you'll find it ain't subtle  
In the last ten years the progression doubled  
I get a clearer type reflection in steel then in puddles  
And the breaks squeals and screams strip natures mumbles  
We could funnel out the evil in this concrete jungle  
But man can't be humbled until machines wanna rumble

\*I have lead the entire human race to ruin\*

What's sicker, how the screen flickers  
Or the fact that it tricks us to see a picture  
There's a mixture of street lights amid bigger stars  
And the cars keep moving like the stock market ticker  
So who's the savior or who do you favor  
Miss motherboard or miss mother nature  
The vapor from this paper done changed our behavior  
Makin' acres of skyscrapers, acres of skyscrapers

\*World is man made, can't understand\*  
How these destructive type tools got put in our hands  
We got plans to advance things and take for granted  
Until we're left stranded or abandon ship  
What's the chance that Uncle Sam has clean hands  
Dancin' with name brands and corporate demands  
Clammy in my hands thinkin' how we take for granted  
\*The world is man made\* bein' stripped of the organic  
See if the water's too cold then they heat it in the city  
A freezing blueprint that was bent and it's fitting  
Ridding our ingestion and spitting out the pieces  
Cruel interpretation created by our species  
Beats more mechanical, a sequenced animal  
Dismantled into numbers and other midi samples  
Opposition is a handful with too much to handle  
Tangled in the shambles every angle bein' strangled

\*As far as the human race is concerned, we're all starting over\*