

Catch 22, Dreams Of Venus

Broken homes as far as the eye can see.
Bird's eye view: An ocean surrounded by
cubicles and fast food restaurants with nothing
but standard utility vehicles and smog in-between.
No one knows who is in control but underneath
them lies a bottomless pit. Everyone clings to
the sides and they use one another to reach the
crown of it. It's getting oh so dark in here now.
He's grabbing at my ankles. I'm grabbing at his.
Don't let go! Until all that's left of dreams of Venus.
The appendix of a system that doesn't need us.
One machine tells the other not to feed us.
They only want more. We only want more.
We're all getting nowhere confused.
Which way is up? Which way is down? I'm falling down.
I wonder which moment I decided to care?
Decided to wear the burdens of thousands of years.
We all live life like the sun and the moon
fucking in the afternoon.
The light it doesn't get through but it gets by.
One machine tells the other not to feed them.
They only want more. We only want more. Just let go.
Please don't feed the machine.