

# Electric President, Ten Thousand Lines

We paint the future from this bedroom.  
With lots of progress; cold and heartless.  
And nothing lives, just twitches and moves.  
It's all synthetic, but it's all we've got.

Thousands of wires spread through the halls.  
Thousands of eyes live in our walls.  
And now they can see just what we've done (oh no)  
Now they can see what we've become.

No sun. Just radiation here. Get it by the lungful.  
No time. No way to count the years.  
Except by the creaking sounds in your bones.

They've got your name. They've got your number.  
They've got your hopes, your dreams, your future.  
They've got your loved ones by the throat.  
And soon enough they'll let you know.  
And I've learned enough to keep my mouth shut.  
I've learned enough to watch my back.  
And I've learned enough to become wallpaper.  
And blend in with the cracks.

(We've thought too much; said nothing.  
We've heard it all; there's nothing new.  
We've seen the way to our undoing.  
And the way to yours as well.)

Ten thousand lines run from our minds.  
And ten thousand plans spread from our hands.  
And now we can see just what we've done (oh no)  
And now we can see what we've become (oh no)  
And now we can see just where we stand