

Flotsam And Jetsam, Burned Device

Down in the deep, black hole of my heart
I feel the pain inside of the dreams that died
And I saw a dark message clawed on a wall today, it said
Forever burn this world, it's far too late

Now I stare out my window, I see the towers rise
Toxics seep into my backyard before my very eyes
Industrial revolution, no other solution
For the junk cultured junkies needs
So take a deep breath because it ain't over yet
The machine it's got to bring you down to your knees

Outside the gates of redemption inside my happy home
Contact with big Mr. Mega Bucks on my cellular phone
Dollar for dollar the business hounds holler
Sour mouthed stomachs well fed
And I'm moving the game yet I still complain
The paranoia, it swells inside my head

How will I ever know which way the wind blows
Will there be no place to hide when the storm comes down
To tear off my hide, defenseless, rich or poor
When the wolves start gathering round my door
Self-destructed, I never anticipated
Such pain from the things that I've created

Burn, burn, burn, burn, the device and the ice that's in my heart
Burn down the lies and the hatred in my eyes
Let it burn, burn to see the world turn
And it's all there in front of me
And I feel compelled to make you see...reality
This is the turning point, these are the crossroads
Detonated lunacy and it's not a dream, it's not a dream

No greener sky, no blacker seay, no greater war inside of me

Now I stare out my window, the patients on the lawn
Loved ones visiting hours wonder what went wrong, wrong, wrong
Outside the gates of redemption, my mind is never alone
Hospitalized, lobotomized, big machine, please come take me home

This is reality