

Guy Wyant, The Perpetual Rockout Machine

In the very recent future // I will built a machine
capable of controlling // every aspect of your being
everyone will call it // the perpetual rockout machine

it will has one purpose // for which it was designed
you cannot understand it // until you try
it will strap you in // and say goodbye

every spark of pain // replace it with a rhythm
every heartbreak sob // overwrite with a chord
all your loneliness // destroy it with a chorus
every ounce of hatred // drown out with noise