

# Luddite Clone, Oratory Of A Jigsaw

When the teeth can hold back the gears when the stitches are all that hold  
the scars together and the  
lakes dry up like deserts is that when I will have my way when there is  
nothing left to savour  
I am sure that's how we'll be petty to the last drop broken to the last  
breath damned till I fold  
into quarters