Tallman, Mechanism

drifting away, feeling the puddles of consciousness drain knowing the way, transient shadows of being remain feeling betrayed, fearing the whole will be swallowed again lost and awake, sift through the pieces to find the remains

conscience is rejected by the weak a subscription to a plan that dictates what to seek free will will be provided by collusion as to not shatter the illusion ignorance through bliss choice is just a myth and we fall victim through belief

stain the gray to kill the clown that drags you down face the pain that paints the frown you're wearing down

and we're filtered through the sieve of this machine that lets us live so afraid so unknown so frail so alone

stain the gray to kill the clown that drags you down face the pain that paints the frown you're wearing down