

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

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to kill the clown
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