

United Nations, My Cold War

Abandon your senses
And the sentences trapped in your mouth.
They're just rational for a paper trail
Of actors distracting me.
Tear out your circuits, all you robots,
All you highly paid chess machines.
There is no answer to the questions
Under your wiring.

There is one opening move
In talks of disarmament:
We'll forget nothing.

Leave your possessions by the front door.
And we'll burn them in effigy.
Call us from nowhere on a pay phone
And reverse all the charges.
You're going somewhere in a second hand
Worn out philosophy.
I wish you harm
Every night,
Every night of my life.

There is one opening move
In talks of disarmament:
We'll forget nothing.

I can see you walking away
I can hear you catching your breath.
In my own way, in my own way
I wish you harm every night, every night of your life.