

Wire, Four Long Years

A collapse of concentration
A futility of words
A loss of all sensation
An arbitrary world

Too fast, too slow
The operator does not know
Can't sleep, can't weep
For years and years, not much to show
With luck, with charm
The operator may succeed
Impact, in fact
Today's inspection may proceed

Finese, deceive and flatter
The chemically mis-matched
The sound of missing matter
Advances sealed and snatched