

# Jawbreaker "Drone"

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Go ahead burn what you can't hide.  
Try to unlearn what's clear to the eye.  
It's a matter of fact.  
But fact don't fit.  
We gotta rewrite.  
We recount the dead.  
Two makes one now.  
We're counting on our hands.  
We're out of fingers.  
We shower in your blood and crawl inside you.  
You harden in our form like statues.

Alone in this place.  
The others are gone.  
I wire the base.  
They say push on.  
The salt's in my eyes.  
The fire's in my lungs.  
I take my best shot.  
I'm shot!  
Drone.  
Fact and fictions all blurred to fit them.  
Drone.  
The ceaseless hum.  
The factory drum.

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