Malpractice "Fragile Pages"

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Once we were books on a shelf Patiently gathering dust Collection of fragile pages Slowly but surely combusting

We are the flickering on your screen
We are the files you can't redeem
We are the green glow in your bedroom
When you try to sleep at night
We are unknown information
We dwell in your R.O.M.
We are ones and zeros
Saved and yet condemned

Our thoughts are reflections
On the canvas of the universe
Weightless ascension
Through folders in reverse

Is it fate? Is it pre-arranged?
Connected through a cable
Is it now? Is it somehow?
Distracted and unable
Is it true? Are we part of you?
It depends on where you're standing
Is it life? Is it worth of strive?
It's not you but us commanding

We are the static hum in your ears We are your deepest, darkest fear We are the image on your retina When you try to sleep at night

Shallow conversations
Lacking real substance
Interfaces, in their faces
Expressions never change
We lurk behind your windows
We make your icons bleed
Through modem ports
This mode imports a virus undetected

Is it fate? Is it pre-arranged?
Connected through a cable
Is it now? Is it somehow?
Distracted and unable
Is it true? Are we part of you?
It depends on where you're standing
Is it life? Is it worth of strive?
It's not you but us commanding

Yesterday is today tomorrow Dreams in a time too near

This path leads us nowhere But nowhere is better than here

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