

Program The Dead

"One Armed Man"

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Submerged in endless (trailing off)
I watch them fade by (sigh)
Lifeless and blank-faced (paining on)
I see...
The face I use to be
They want to feel this (straining on)
They want to sense this (now)
Drunk with existence (waking me)
I'll show you something (someone) you can feel

They search and strain and drink and stagger
They play on...but I'll never, ever look back

Zombies staring, looking my way
Crying out for something...
They can't fill their stomachs with enough to satisfy
The hunger growing

Needing something real

Zombies staring, looking my way
Crying out for something they can't feel
Play, on stray on, in these wicked days on
Play on and understand that in your drunken stupor you
Are dying

Zombies staring, looking my way
Reaching out for something, anything
Anything to keep them numbing
Keep them plunging far from knowing...

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