

Program The Dead

"Subject To Change"

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Relent to your useless devices
Retreat, your last line of defense
Regress to the hollow relationships that shield you from
yourself

Relent to your fortress of skin
Retreat, anything to distract
Regress to your hands as they cover your eyes
But you can't help but peek through the cracks

Cold, hard dread swelling into parallels
To everything you ever said you'd repel
Once with a glimpse now
Second your guess it's
Tough to admit and admit and admit that

Your fate's still undecided
Return
Return
Return

Relent, to the terror that distances you
Retreat, to the habitual grins
Regress to the deception, quiet and tame
Once was transformed, now exactly the same
Remember when you nearly plunged into embrace?
But instead you've chosen to keep it all at bay

Return to yourself.

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