

## **Agents Of Chaos "In The Office"**

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I am so distant  
And so cold  
I've lived too long  
And I'm so old  
I've tried so many distant ways  
I've watched each one of them delayed  
I can't expound for the ages  
While we are leafing through the pages  
The office blocks from which we march  
Mirrored shades of the Patriarch  
Lounge lizards in penthouse flats  
May soon find out where it's at  
They gnaw away our hard earned pay  
We walk the treadmill every day  
Caught by streams of constant motion  
Most of the workers have no notions  
Sitting glued to computer screens  
Fingers raised - "must finish the scene"  
Techo-droppings don't exist  
Within these walls we can't resist

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