

State Of Being "Losing It"

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I just got back, gave up chase
In from the future, an alien place
She said, "sit down, and tell me about tomorrow..."
My dirty shoes, my circuit face
My memory wouldn't leave one trace
Synthetic lore - technology holds the sorrow
My hands are all dirty from a polymer war
There are pieces of me lying on the floor
It's the excuse that i use - the antennae was loose
And now i'm suffering from radiation blues
so let's cut through it
before we lose it again
cut through it
before we lose it again
I just got back, there are things to face
The loyalties have all been replaced
The bottom dollar - the cutting is hard to swallow
The civilized, the civil eyed
A struggle in the empire that died
But what remains is not too hard to follow
They choked it all with their very own hands
By making the same old selfish demands
My fighting it fails, betrayed by wealth
Because i cannot save the world if i can't save myself
so let's cut through it
before we lose it again
cut through it
before we lose it again

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