

The Agent

"Clown College You Can't Eat That"

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Where theres a well theres a way.
Its occupation has me pause what I was gonna say.
I let it drain me.
Drain me all out
Take me and twist my limbs
Wring the water from my life

I retain it just for you
To use for your own means
Youre surveying at the top
Youve chosen me.
I am your perfect victim.
Going about my daily drudgery
Created perfect commercial tunes
Arranged the noises to specifically secrete
Whatever my brain will lull me to sleep.
You have painted my walls.
You have me convinced
That I am where I want to be
While Im just where you want me
So clever an act that its been working.

Should I run?
Should I follow? (And fall down?)
Burial grounds for splintered dreams sprout trees of
product and recycle me.

I am so willing it makes me sick.
To give you everything that makes me, me
I retain it just for you it seems.
Ask yourself this: Who am I?

Theyve figured us out, and the well hasnt yet run dry
Theyve set off bombs and ran off in the distance to
hide
We have to detonate everything we see
For if we dont theyll sell anything we bleed.
And realize that the more you feed
Thats the more that you can bleed

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