

The Faulty "Satelitte"

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suddenly, like a gust of wind, the machine changes our
design
parallel to the offbeat drums that keep us all out of
pace
uncertain and cold, like you've been for days
one can see how this mess all started
it only took one time.
so I'll be riding home in tanks (wouldn't you say?) (2x)
bundled up like I was six years old
gun in one hand, gin in the other, "i swear we're not
fucking around"
wait and see how high flags fly when everyone is tied
to their offices, blindfolded, gagged, begging
"I've never said a word", we've become what we hate
what do we even stand for anymore, growing in
numbers
she's breaking at the seams, it only takes one time.
so I'll be riding home in tanks (wouldn't you say?)
bundled up like I was six years deep
so I'll be seeing you in time...the price we pay
I'm riding home in tanks before it's over and we lose
everything...

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