

## Trap Them "Digital Dogs With Analog Collars"

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I haven't slept in shifts.  
Vexed and wrecked like the print you infect.  
Diligent.  
Honest.  
Aside from that, we've got some points to discuss.  
They involve you in that furnace,  
Me in this program,  
And Mary in her hotel room waiting for the drill to drop.  
Hang your hat from the hook/line/sinker.  
There's no outlets,  
So you're gonna have to recharge on stockpile, grade  
A belligerence.  
So I say let it ride.  
On six wheels with seven days we ate our stark,  
Nude ambition plated with coercion.  
Bloody money in a collection box.  
It's not wrong what's in these lungs.  
It's not wrong at all.  
I'm telling you, sweet charity,  
Say it.  
Let it ride

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