

## O'Brother "Machines"

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Is this what you wanted? Eat, breed, repeat. Populate  
and  
Decease. And take it all.  
Trade living for a living. Measure your worth in flesh  
And blood.  
I could be your contact in a place of your design, with  
The grace of wounded lions  
I could be your absolute; I could be your sign  
I could be your written lie

All this time that Iâ€™ve been given I squandered in my  
own  
Right  
All my breath never intended to be used to change  
your  
Mind  
I found a weaker sense of truth to be what made sense  
so  
Iâ€™ll just stack these points of view until one gives out  
I wont hold my breath  
Oh god, I should have figured

All this work, all this progress, is fine if you wanted  
It

I should have figured that this would be happening now

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