

Skinny Puppy

"plasiCage"

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War is this cloud
Such a plastic fantasy
Can't escape
Not allowed
Not a peep from down below it seems
The corner room is taken
You can curl up underneath
Free the burn if not mistaken
Either way it plays for keeps
So what is your intention and why do I have the creeps?

Come live the dream
Sorry sight on the horizon
Keep it short
Keep explaining
This aversion coming on
What reaps the face
Of a child in such distaste?
And puts it up for all to see
Slithering to get away

All is not lost
What is it at will remain?
Shake the pistol
Put it down
In our tyranny's parade

Fall shifted lost
From a state of I'll decay
Feed the rot or put it off
For forever and a day

Throw it away
Never mind what's bright and clear
Grind it up to spit it out
Bind it up to share the fear

Throw it away
Left alone to hit rock bottom
Get a grip
Throw the chip

Twist the reason
Generation
Twist the reason
Generation
Twist the reason
Generation
Twist the reason
Generation

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