

Faint, The "Sealed Human"

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The body dances to the beat of the noises from the street.
As patterns grids and schedules go, we took a subway to the show.
So give us this day our daily commute.
On the bus in three piece suits.
Say goodbye, kiss and ride.
On the way to the club, look outside.
The movement kills in several ways, although we see it as delay.
The steering wheel; a guillotine.
The body dances to the beat.
Wife: "take the subway, fuck the street".
The flesh twists between the gap
and passengers are also trapped.
Inertia pushed them all along,
but they wont make it to their next stop.
Patrons complain about the wait,
while the man outside cant feel his legs.
Men: "Just pull me out, save my life"
But all the cops can do is phone his wife.
She drives as fast as she can, and gets caught up in a traffic jam.
(SUB BALANCE HEARING TRACKS TWISTED SPUN
VICTIM FLESH PATRON BRAKES FRICTION SERVICE)

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