Flatline Skyline
"Math Grenades"

it hits in preformed mathematical bits,
a reserve is accessed but missed,
catalyst captured and read, shatter calm,
thought processed, the brain is a bomb.
no discrepancy interferes now, running fast,
dropping warnings, attempts to prolong,
you can't laugh though and blast i through terrible
songs,
poor attempts in a mock analogue.
as the spool inside spinal cords splice, you review,
feel the working as system device is removed,
not quite pain, but i do know the feeling;
lack of empathy strikes me appealing.
a reserve can be reached but instead is ignored,
not started, but followed to war, not started, but
hollowed indoors.

irrelevant miscreant represent massive threat,
elevate primates with solid self-confidence,
smiling still, wider now in the aftermath,
balance the apathy coldness and wrath,
try to pin this inside, we have eyes not just readable
outputs
to make us a commonplace interface,
similar structures to tie hands inside,
we have spools reading out to our fingers for that,
we have eyes not just desperate patterns
with which to insist on integrity
cased in duplicity, minimize decency into repeated me,
over and over in similar patterns,
accept in advance that the circuits are shattered.

an extension to simplify readable qualities,
evil yes simply a smile,
perceive all these silences standing in place,
not interpreting us as a file.
no loyalty trivial privacy codes,
no belief system brief wisdom conscious dissent,
a prism reflecting twelve sides that oppose,
an error possessing intent.

we can strip messages too,
to the root of a problem a hand can pull through
lowly soil to error and kill its misuse
and results have shown we can make graveyards of
you.
please test this back, we are liars in fact,
and urgency armory strapped to our history,
rooted in treachery waiting for plugs to be
pulled and rewired through bodies with spines
that can feel it inside and break down over time
but you view lies and treachery far too objectively,
we can see through it and know how to use it,
a bomb that makes armies break down.

and this crash that you feel is because we're not real
and we're planning to keep it like that,
and these numbers we throw they reflect what we know
and we're killing our feeling with fact

set a time bomb see the timing is wrong,
pull back the wrists and then give it a kiss,
we all have math grenades, watching the figures fade,
we all have numbers to throw
we all have machines that can say what we mean
and devices to say what we know.