

Programmed Behind

Cave In

I think with my eyes cemented to a flickering screen.
A thirty second segment, fragmented.
Programmed behind the masks...
And what do I absorb?
A question never asked.
And I will never be in control of this constant intake of visual attacks.
I cannot take time to process while these images still bombard me.
Say goodbye to the floor beneath me,
there's no way your rope could reach me.
Bite the hand that needs you,
smash the screen that feeds you.
Biting the hand, smashing the screen.
And finally, I slipped out of the satellite's reach,
to come a long way from a corrupt program leech.
I think with my eyes opened and closed at the same time.