

facts round to false  
statements state what you meant  
the meaning gets lost under management  
i've grown disinterested in numbers  
the passing cars  
of four-wheeled hearts  
just exhaust and cancer  
heard a whisper for a wishing  
in a gas station i was thinking  
about fuel force feeding

what was left wasn't much  
unrelative and all out of touch  
passion pushed off and never  
never again bleeding red and real  
now tell me how you fell  
tell me how you feel  
tell me how how  
how do you feel now

imitating machines  
before long with mechanical dreams  
i'm not what you meant  
you're not what i mean  
dirty developments never go home clean