NM 156

Queensrÿche

Uniform printout reads end of line
Protect code intact leaves little time
Erratic surveys, free thinking not allowed
My hands shake, my push buttons silence
The outside crowd

One world government has outlawed war among nations
Now social control requires population termination

Have we come too far
To turn around
Does emotion hold the key
Is logic just a synonym for
This savagery, disguised in
Forgotten lost memory

Microchip logic
have we no more thought
"Is this wrong" I enter
Answers sought
Punch, punch, punch, transfer this data
Into code. Wide eyes watch my
Number 156 is shown
Created from past life to perform
Illicit function, I fail this conscious
Madness I man/machine imperfection

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