

# The Hymn of Acxiom

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Somebody hears you. you know that. you know that.  
Somebody hears you. you know that inside.  
Someone is learning the colors of all your moods, to  
(say just the right thing and) show that you're understood.  
Here you're known.

Leave your life open. you don't have. you don't have.  
Leave your life open. you don't have to hide.  
Someone is gathering every crumb you drop, these  
(mindless decisions and) moments you long forgot.  
Keep them all.

Let our formulas find your soul.  
We'll divine your artesian source (in your mind),  
Marshal feed and force (our machines will)  
To design you a perfect love—  
Or (better still) a perfect lust.  
O how glorious, glorious: a brand new need is born.

Now we possess you. you'll own that. you'll own that.  
Now we possess you. you'll own that in time.  
Now we will build you an endlessly upward world,  
(reach in your pocket) embrace you for all you're worth.

Is that wrong?  
Isn't this what you want?  
Amen.