

Transmetropolitan

War from a Harlots Mouth

The mechanical heart, it beats
Underneath this rainy sky
The machines produce more and
More
People without dreams, losers

Every day we encounter
Their letargic faces

The compulsion of their
Responsibilities
And the loss of their wishes
We flee, without chance

Eventually it will catch us
And we have to admit to ourselves
That there is no way out
Back to the grey of the streets

We fight ourselves through the
Masses

This city shall die with us
For a better life, a better
Tomorrow