

Virtual razor blade
kill yourself with a man made failsafe troubleshoot
it's time we peel away
everyday it seems we bind ourselves
locked in our chairs
we fade into a landscape enclosed
the machine it ingests our lives
believe keyboard who's punching your buttons
we entrust our minds and our pockets unto a box
and guess who's listening
the webs have been spun and we're all dancing in the silk
waiting to be sucked dry
but I'll sing on for more exercise
the possessed and at times I get so tired of hearing all the hy
pe
I wish I could feel the warmth of another body
and to shed this shell of bitter sweet isolation
to think I share this chair with so many eyes
glued peel away