

Insolent minds; welcome to the view,  
sounds and colors climbing to your heart's delight.  
Pull down the blinds,  
nobody's watchin' you.  
Marvelous assumption,  
as pretense covers rendering of sight.

Cords become chains; technology, a prison,  
emaciated ecstasy, languishing reception.  
Soul starved refrains; require a new incision.  
Dying, while supplying, cures for old infection.

Make no mistake; I too, love release.  
And I like to feed from my blank screen.  
Known to placate; anything for peace,  
but I'd rather tend to the musings in between.

And still we rise; attention to the masses,  
paying, bowing, lowly, to the gods we hold so dear.  
News, dues, come slowly; to the quivering classes,  
sheep approach the slaughter, grinning ear to ear.