Drone

Jawbreaker

Go ahead burn what you can't hide.
It's a matter of fact.
Try to unlearn what's clear to the eye.
We gotta rewrite.
But fact don't fit.
We're out of fingers.
We recount the dead.
We're counting on our hands.
Two makes one now.
We shower in your blood and crawl inside you.
You harden in our form like statues.
Alone in this place.
The others are gone.
I wire the base.
They say push on.
The fire's in my lungs.
The salt's in my eyes.
I take my best shot.
I'm shot!
Fact and fictions all blurred to fit them.
The ceaseless hum.
Drone.
Drone.
The factory drum.

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