

Out On the Farm

The Nerve Agents

1-2-4-3 you've got your hand in torture
5-6-7-8 how does it make you feel?
The mind slips, slips, slip, slipping
 Into the darkness, it is lifeless
The air is thin here and grim here
Drugged up, caged up, piled up on inhumane
 Insane, so insane
Out on the farm, no happy songs
 No happy songs, just torture
 Devoid of feeling
 Who, you or them?

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