Off

Inspection 12

He looks at the screen and he likes what he sees.
Superficial images that, "Make his life complete."
When he's had enough he just flips a switch.
He'll grow no smarter, yet he'll become "Rich."
Electrons penetrate his mind he cannot think.
He believes everything he sees.
And as he turns it off the mist begins to clear.
His god is his T.V.
No joke. No riddle.
Not laughing cause I'm not tickled.
No rhyme. Or reason. All success, but there's no meaning.
Ignorance is the machine that got it started first.
Man or woman, color, race it doesn't pick a worst.
Even though we know it kills we stare at it all day.
Our defensive skills are slowly crumbling away.
Take my life into your hands.
Give it to somebody else.
Someone who understands.

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