

Cold Comfort (Scrap Yard)

Haujobb

extreme real dream
perpetually hammering
moving pictures around
some smell of industry
don't know what's happening
something fills me up with greed
i feel cloned
yes i am homeorder forms originals
same shit a million times
equal products compete
with each other for to breathe
never leave
a stable existence
fixed fragments
of a single entanglement maintain a constant pulse beat
close to the environment
planet me
rotation
so necessary neverending clarity
excluding any possibility
trust me
we define everything

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