

# Machine

## preqwal

My eyes are bifocal, my hands are sub jointed  
I live in the future in my pre-war apartment  
And I count all my blessings, I have friends in high places  
And I'm upgraded daily, all my wires without traces  
    Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
    Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into  
    Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
    Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine  
    I collect my moments into a correspondence  
    With a mightier power who just lacks my perspectives  
    And who lacks my organics and who covets my defects

And I'm downloaded daily, I am part of a composite  
    Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
    Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into  
    Hooked into machine, hooked into machine  
    Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine  
    Everything's provided, consummate consumer  
    Part of worldly taking, apart from worldly troubles  
Living in your pre-war apartment, soon to be your post-war apartment  
And you live in the future and the future, it's here, it's bright, it's now

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