Empty

Information Society

Crawl across the floor
If it feels like something you know
Curl up in a ball
If it feels like home
Sleep as much as you can
If you can't sleep then lay there
Pick at yourself
Until you feel pure
Something's pulling you to the floor
Like a longtime friend
Someone's banging your head on the wall
As a means to an end
Empty
Filling up with sick
Like water in your lungs
Sucking yellow fog around your head
This must be the end of you
But you know this will never stop
You can't hear anything anymore
Just the hammer in your chest
Walk on through the growing noise
Of your inescapable path
Walk willingly into the dark
Nothing can touch you now
Once you were a child
The world was darker then
Fear was in the hall
But you won't think about that now
Just some warmth and a home
And an end to the task
Your doors are standing wide open
But it's too late for you now

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