

# 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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