

Implant Fever

Pyrrhon

Sometimes I stare for too long into the sun
Until my vision grows grainy with pixels
I can feel the dials in my forebrain turn
Someone's in there, tampering with the controls
Each new day sweeps the boundaries away
And I'm left to redefine
Where the machines end and my mind begins anew
In this place
The background chatter is digitally remastered
And thousands of lenses bend the light
Until riddles are all I can see
Each new day sweeps the boundaries away
And I'm left to wonder why
I should trust anything that I hear, see or think anymore
They've filtered and vetted the input I'm getting
And cross-referenced it with the finest algorithms
Ensuring that all content will seamlessly sync
With the receivers they've built in my brain
That's the just the way that we do things these days
And it's improving at an exponential rate
They've made my skull an echo chamber
It clangs with thoughts they've designed
There's no room for me in here anymore
Time to shut up and accept it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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