

# Into The Hive

## Cursed

What I got, you need in.  
This is the future, son.  
Stake your claim, it's almost gone.  
It's gonna be beautiful, gonna reach the sky and more.  
There's gold in them there walls.  
We're tearing down all the neighborhoods,  
making room for designer skylines,  
so the lives in the underpass can be left in the dust by a whole new crowd.  
Units still available, primed for success.  
Your life in 500 square feet or less.  
And it's self-contained. And it's all the same.  
And only steps away from a city that you'll never see,  
And every ugly abomination that the billboard never mentioned  
but whose problem, whose life, whose city is that?  
Show me a man with that much faith in concrete  
and I'll show you every self-starter that ever put torch to building.  
Every towering inferno lying in wait.  
Show me your city plans,  
I'll show you angry hands  
Selling the urban dream one locked door at a time.  
And this is what Air Conditioned Nightmares are made of,  
The architecture of isolation.  
What I got, you need in.  
This is the future, son.  
Stake your claim, it's almost gone.  
It's gonna be beautiful, gonna reach the sky and more.  
There's gold in them there walls.  
Compartmentalized.  
Headlong into the hive.  
City plans that eat you alive.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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