

# First Person Shooter

Clint Mansell

It's clear to see  
You're no longer free.  
Technology  
Makes no apology.  
You traded your name  
For the handle you became.  
It's only a game  
But it plays you the same.  
First-person shooter  
In outer space.  
You think you're saving  
The human race.  
But lock yourself in  
A private place.  
You can't survive  
Without interface.  
You sold your car  
For that avatar  
To look like a superstar  
When you go to war.  
Your hands and eyes  
Flawlessly synchronize.  
You don't even realize  
All that you compromise.  
Lock and load.  
That's your code.  
In kill mode, you unload.  
Heads explode.  
Cliffs erode.  
Crowds get mowed.  
Threat zeroed.  
The wind blows.  
The sky glows.  
The cock crows.  
Your heart slows.  
They got shown.  
What they're owed.  
Green blood flowed.  
Down the road.

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