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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