

# My Cold War

## United Nations

Abandon your senses  
And the sentences trapped in your mouth.  
They're just rational for a paper trail  
Of actors distracting me.  
Tear out your circuits, all you robots,  
All you highly paid chess machines.  
There is no answer to the questions  
Under your wiring. There is one opening move  
In talks of disarmament:  
We'll forget nothing.  
Leave your possessions by the front door.  
And we'll burn them in effigy.  
Call us from nowhere on a pay phone  
And reverse all the charges.  
You're going somewhere in a second hand  
Worn out philosophy.  
I wish you harm  
Every night,  
Every night of my life. There is one opening move  
In talks of disarmament:  
We'll forget nothing.  
I can see you walking away  
I can hear you catching your breath.  
In my own way, in my own way  
I wish you harm every night, every night of your life. by emo\_kid  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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