

Book of Lies

In the bright of shattered light
Of bleach white shine and broken night
We stare into this fakeness, seeing
This cursed and worshipped light
swoop

With a heartless, thoughtless glare,
This thing does see but everywhere
Every hour, every minute
Anything, we do but share
bop

For every picture we hang up
Shall never, ever fade
And every single word we type
Will remain there for an age
fwoop

In dark, in light, in anywhere
This thing is looking, remembering
Everything we careless drop
Consolidating, assembling
boop

With a single, thoughtless click
We follow without foresight
For this thing is dimming all
Like a silent blight
click

Useless streams of misplaced words
Flow like an endless feed
Diluting that which useful be
Filling the web with more debris
fwoop

This power-hungry controlling thing
Holds sway on what we see
Leeches power from devices
And will, always, be free
bip

Wasted second to wasted hour
Our time, our life, our very age
Fades away like unread words
Like a missing page
ding

To talk to people, so far away
To see what's new, with but one look
To open up, and see a face
Just like a picture book
fwoop

In the day when all is well
The earth is filled of light
This thing is starving off social
Isolating all in sight
bwup

We say simplicity is the truth
This thing that thought has took
For indeed it's anything but;
This thing is the Facebook
fwoop