

# TVs and Toasters at War

## Lyrics

Drifting gradually towards the plain

Coming from different directions

In a place of conflict and reverence

Slowly, the battlefield is filled with instruments of war

Who will gain...the upper hand?

At the frontier you can find them

Armies face one another, waiting for the signal to attack

An enemy they do not respect

Guns of rage will no longer be silent

Air heavy with moisture, a breach of confidence one cannot repair.

For they do not care...about the future

In the twilight of technology, there can only be one side of the fence

TVs advance with the might of an unforgiving fire

Moving with determination

Hiding behind a barricade of antipathy and smog

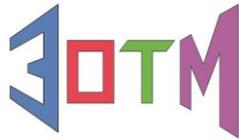
Bullets shatter the LCDs

As they make their way toward the toasters, step over the ruptured parts

Toasters feel the heart of artillery, no escape from that ugly sound

Their armor cannot be replaced

The scent of carbon, the fragrance of lost opportunity



Fallen toasters muddle the globe

Wires and springs in a tangled dance of contempt

TVs and their shattered screens

Discount the ones they can save from the landfill of history

The embers of chaos cannot be contained

There is defeat in victory and victory in defeat

Can anyone tell the difference anymore?

