

The Herd and The Hive

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This path you follow
Virtual design
Paved with ones and zeros
And the humming of the hive.

There's a glow that lights your face
A little hand-held sun
Filled with life's events you can't erase
Once the herd is on the run.

(Chorus)

We surrender information
Monetized by the machine
We consent to their surveillance
Every move, every thought
Every possibility.

Someone steals your mojo
From a thousand miles away
It's just digital shit – it's got no power
Yet the hive hums anyway.

This pill you swallow
That this experience is free
But they're harvesting your data
You're their prey, you're a crop
A commodity.

(Chorus)

We surrender information
To the jaws of the machine
We consent to their surveillance
Every move, every thought
Every possibility.