

Again I wake up to your end, your ways and means  
I watch your machinations seamless on the screen  
I turn away again but still your always there  
Your vacant, automatic smile is everywhere

The bright procession flashes past  
In 2 dimensions under glass  
The smile that lies between the lines  
Luminous the union beams  
Between the gods and their machines  
The numb seduction of the blind  
Sacrosanct the rank and file  
Of perfect angels passes by  
To modify the mind's desire  
And no 3rd dimension troubles this  
Procession where there's no abyss  
In which there burns a fire

So you will jinx us with your trinkets and your tricks  
Your malcontented ravings and your razor bladed wits  
Go on you little clown and do your very worst  
Go ahead and starve to death, or satisfy your thirst

The bright procession flashes past - Bad little insects find it  
tricky to survive  
In 2 dimensions under glass  
The smile that lies between the lines  
Luminous the union beams - As they infest the sickest segments  
of the hive  
Between the gods and their machines  
The numb seduction of the blind  
Sacrosanct the rank and file - Though we might whisper pretty w  
ords from time to time  
Of perfect angels passes by  
To modify the mind's desire  
And no 3rd dimension troubles this - They'll get no honey like  
the ones who stay in line  
Procession where there's no abyss  
In which there burns a fire

So yet another preconception dead ahead  
A winning grimace and a gnawing sense of dread  
A set of orders from a disembodied head