

Arena, Moviedrome

Stay down! Like a shadow in a hallway
Watching all the blues and greens
As I hide from the glare of the monitor screen
Run fast! Like a shadow in a subway
Try to remain unseen
As I hide from the glare of the T.V. screen

We're all sucked in
Part of the core collective
We're all dragged in
Blind to the cause we've been selected for....Elected for

Stand still! Like a ghost in the Firewall
Watching all the blues and greens
As I listen to the rhythm of the fax machine

What will I be when winter comes again?
And we're wrapped in furs, and life has begun again

And it hurts to be away from you
From the world you made so well

What will I be when the summer comes once more?
And we're naked and weak in the eye of the sun once more

We're all sucked in

'Leave it on the net' demands the optimist
'No room for slaves to high tech reform'
Maybe there's a way to save the pessimist
He could make it to the hills and ride out the storm

'Formulas are set' declares the analyst
'This is the road for everyone'
Maybe we can hide, continue to exist
With a crate of bottled water and a sawn off shot gun

Try to survive - Don't look into his eyes
Try to stay alive - Don't look into his dead dead eyes

You can send me codes
From the safety of a chat room
In your grey ether clothes
I have looked into your soul
Looked into your soul!

I'm sitting with my head in the radiogram
Waiting for some sign of a ghost or a little green man
Glued to the glowing of a sun behind the plastic hood
And the bass heavy tones
That ooze from the pores in the wood
Oh no.... I can't go there again
Oh no..... Was this ever meant to be?

I'm sitting on the floor with the book in my hand
Dreaming of the world in a way that only children can
And I listen for the emanating sounds from the hidden choirs
The message in the radiant valves and red hot wires
Oh no.... I can't go there again
Oh no..... Was this ever meant to be?

To think it has come to this
Ruled by indifference

Underlying waves of doubt
Such arrogant self reliance
Too far we have travelled out
Nervous in our sentience
Ordinary people
Objects and events
Now is a time of foolish fears
Emotions run high and needless tears are shed

He has the face of a friend
And shall reach across the world into every home
We invite him in and offer no defence
And with every given soul he reaches for his throne
He has the face of an Angel
As he leads us in the dance
Until we find ourselves.....alone!

So we're standing in the Moviedrome
Staring at the shadows and the falling lights
Prisoners forever in the Moviedrome
Letting all the pictures be the
Guide to our fragile lives
Did we ever really learn?
Did we never really learn?
The human race has found it's own true home
The dwelling places of these high tech lies
The few that see the world beyond the Moviedrome
Must march on through the wilderness
Of fantasy, False images, And pride