

# Steve Hackett, The Fundamentals Of Brainwashing

History's a vinyl record stuck in a groove  
A hundred warring sects claiming to have the truth  
Blessed robots with so much to prove  
You could say so much to lose

The scorching air  
The slumbering mass  
Of forgotten things

Preening peacocks ignite the fuse  
Trumpets and promises a turn of the screw  
To have a human face we'll have to start all over again  
Back to the drawing board all the boys and men

When you lose your kite in the wind and fall on the trees  
You're sucked in bulletin blown out on T.V.  
The glory of the past is really only a tomb  
The thing from the crypt long ago nurtured you