

Swans, Creating Illusions

You create a hell for the ones to buy your illusion
You design a spell that you cast upon the forsaken
Hortative
You engender temptation
Re-create
Invent the latest sensation
Procreate
Produce the perfect delusion
Your god is digital
You erase the deviations
Adding beauty to the frail
Dreams contrived upon a drawing-table set the pace of the vain
Trust the vagaries of fashion
Do what all the others do
Total loss of independence
You've always wished you someone else
You behold your victims insane
Opinions cast aside
And when they try to change
And try to find their native demeanor
They are frozen out, precluded from the coven from the mass of fools
There's a message and receivers who will see it as a rule
There's an image made to covet
Global mass-manipulation complete
High-technology will cover all the errors in the way
Can't you see that you deflower and deform the generations to come
I will have to confess
The music you listen to now is pretty damn far from the truth
In league with machines
That help me to play all the harmonies born in my head