

# Utopia, Zen Machine

You're always finding out  
About the things that people never talk about  
I didn't ask to know  
But now I'm compensating as I go  
I know the script I'm in  
I'm only thoughts of heaven trapped in flesh and skin  
And from the world of men  
I try to tighten up the code again  
And the code is a play  
A play is a song  
A song is a film  
A film is a dance  
Boot me up on the Zen Machine  
Log me onto the Zen Machine  
Load me down  
Everybody get ready  
Hook me into the Zen Machine  
Sharing time on the Zen Machine  
Load me up  
Everybody get ready  
Sometimes it's clear to me  
Then for a moment I'm in timeless ecstasy  
There are no reasons why  
And everyone's a passer-by  
But when they've gone to bed  
A fire's burning on the screen and in my head  
And on a windy day  
You can smell it from a mile away  
And the smell is a note  
A note is a taste  
A taste is a hue  
A hue is a touch