

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