Chrisopher Blue, Mandrake

This world is magnetic This town's cellular Everything here Goes supersonic The satellite eyes watching me I am running for my life Yeah, the new god's made of silicone Ten million miles of cable lights He is the killer of what is real A manifestation of the human mind We are sick here with unfeeling Man, we're reckless and we're numb Ooh, the future looks so paranoid It's you watching me, me watching you I am the color of dragonflies Through they eyes of surveillance God damn those police skies Round the satellites Watching over me Watching over you Watching everything we do