

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