

Flipper, Distant Illusion

You're a dead empty sexless soul
And all you have is what you buy to show

You keep on buyin'
What is shoved into your mind
Thinking all the time you're an original kind
But what you don't know
They say it won't hurt
So if you don't find out soon
There will be a global alert

'Cause you're a dead empty sexless soul
And what you don't have you will never know

Now keepin' up with hip cool or being down
Keeps you so busy you can't hear the distress sound
The world's gettin' wasted
As we just grab more and more
Killin' off our planet
In the end we'll all lose for sure

You're a dead empty sexless soul
Giving out opinions
But your feelings keep you on hold

There's a distant illusion that controls mass minds
Media advertising becomes a gold mine
There's a distant illusion that keeps you in your place
Going to work on time but waking up too late
There's a distant illusion and we had better
Question why or be left behind in evolution
Bounding through time

You're a dead empty sexless soul
And what you don't know
Can kill you very slow