

Genesis, The Grand Parade Of Lifeless Packaging

"The last great adventure left to mankind"
-Screams a drooping lady
offering her dreamdolls at less than extortionate prices,
and as the notes and coins are taken out
I'm taken in, to the factory floor.

For the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-All ready to use
the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-just need a fuse.

Got people stocked in every shade,
Must be doing well with trade.
Stamped, addressed, in odd fatality.
That evens out their personality.
With profit potential marked by a sign,
I can recognise some of the production line,
No bite at all in labour bondage,
Just wrinkled wrappers or human bandage.

The Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-All ready to use
It's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-just need a fuse.

The hall runs like clockwork
Their hands mark out the time,
Empty in their fullness
Like a frozen pantomime.
Everyone's a sales representative
Wearing slogans in their shrine.
Dishing out failsafe superlative,
Brothere John is No. 9.

For the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-All ready to use
It's the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-just need a fuse.

The decor on the ceiling
has planned out their future day
I see no sign of free will,
so I guess I'll have to pay,
pay my way,
for the Grand Parade.
for the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-All ready to use
the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging
-just need a fuse.