

Rush, 2112

"I. Overture"

"And the meek shall inherit the earth."

"II. Temples of Syrinx"

We've taken care of everything,
The words you hear, the songs you sing,
The pictures that give pleasure to your eyes.
It's one for all and all for one,
We work together, common sons.
Never need to wonder how or why.

We are the Priests of the Temples of Syrinx,
Our great computers fill the hallowed halls.
We are the Priests of the Temples of Syrinx,
All the gifts of life are held within our walls.

Look around this world we made,
Equality, our stock in trade.
Come and join the Brotherhood of Man.
Oh, what a nice contented world.
Let the banners be unfurled,
Hold the Red Star proudly high in hand.

We are the Priests of the Temples of Syrinx,
Our great computers fill the hallowed halls.
We are the Priests of the Temples of Syrinx,
All the gifts of life are held within our walls.

"III. Discovery"

What can this strange device be?
When I touch it, it gives forth a sound.
It's got wires that vibrate and give music.
What can this thing be that I found?

See how it sings like a sad heart,
And joyously screams out its pain.
Sounds that build high like a mountain,
Or notes that fall gently like rain.

I can't wait to share this new wonder,
The people will all see its light.
Let them all make their own music,
The Priests praise my name on this night.

"IV. Presentation"

I know it's most unusual to come before you so,
But I've found an ancient miracle I thought that you should know.

Listen to my music, and hear what it can do.
There's something here as strong as life,
I know that it will reach you.

Yes, we know, it's nothing new, it's just a waste of time.
We have no need for ancient ways, the world is doing fine.

Another toy will help destroy the elder race of man!
Forget about your silly whim, it doesn't fit the plan.

I can't believe you're saying, these things just can't be true.
Our world could use this beauty, just think what we might do.

Listen to my music, and hear what it can do.
There's something here as strong as life,
I know that it will reach you.

Don't annoy us further, we have our work to do.
Just think about the average -- what use have they for you?

Another toy will help destroy the elder race of man.
Forget about your silly whim, it doesn't fit the plan.

"V. Oracle: The Dream"

I wandered home through the silent streets,
And fell into a fitful sleep.
Escape to realms beyond the night,
Dream, can't you show me the light?

I stand atop a spiral stair,
An oracle confronts me there.
He leads me on light years away
Through astral nights, galactic days

I see the works of gifted hands,
That grace this strange and wondrous land.
I see the hand of man arise,
With hungry mind and open eyes.

They left the planet long ago,
The elder race still learn and grow.
Their power grows with purpose strong,
To claim the home where they belong.
Home, to tear the Temples down...
Home, to change...

"VI. Soliloquy"

The sleep is still in my eyes,
The dream is still in my head.
I heave a sigh and sadly smile,
And lie a while in bed.
I wish that it might come to pass,
Not fade like all my dreams.

Just think of what my life might be,
In a world like I have seen.
I don't think I can carry on,
Carry on this cold and empty life.
Oh, no...

My spirits are low in the depths of despair...
My lifeblood spills over...

"VII. Grand Finale"

Attention, all Planets of the Solar Federation...
Attention, all Planets of the Solar Federation...
Attention, all Planets of the Solar Federation..
We have assumed control.
We have assumed control.
We have assumed control.