Scaterd Few, Space Junk

Allow me to introduce my point of view As we slip another Meg to clone a hyperlink Bouncing millimeter waves from head to toe I will show you scans from one of my future neuro-sunc's

Everyday and where is filled with space junk Some of us would call it static noise Surly Major Tom is now an info monk Making it possible for us to have all these new toys

Anyone today can make a low-earth flight We offer burials into the great beyond Maybe by sifting through these microwaves That fall from outer space we will find Some new friends with which to correspond

Have you placed a sample on a nanogen chip Maybe heard a song or two or three from hub All of these are evidence of space junk So, climb aboard and welcome to the club

How can you believe in a God that would let small children suffer How can you believe in a God that would let small children die How can you believe in a God that would kill his own son I'll tell you how...

I see you see me with your electric eyes Designed to penetrate my delicate mind The cyber age has spawned cerebral lines Filled with databases info and lies

Once connected is it harder to see
The pure simplicity of you and me
Are waves and micros redefining the free
When cyber-space defines your reality

Get out of my mind...