

# 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...