

Twelfth Night, We Are Sane 10:20

In upstairs rooms
The meals are eaten
The cars in the garage ready to go go
Disco baby shed no tear
Hot light overhead
Shaking meat meet
Ho ho weekend ha ha party
Moo moo sacred cow
The white House someday
On the lawn
Well kept pedigree
Snap over bones
Surplus requirements
Appetite angel going down
Meanwhile below reports flop into the in-trays in-trays
Meanwhile below reports flop into the in-trays
She stares out of her window
Her Will is still in bed
She has no memory of herself
For care has drained her head
The poster on the billboard
Says she should paint her lips
Like the smiles on the TV people
(FILE 1:)
"if the thought processes of an individual can be permanently limited to the point of strict conformity to an outside source of thought the said individual need no longer be considered as such. The enforcement of order becomes possible for anybody with enough power of control what is projected"
See?
It's all quite simple ...
This woman's place is in a home
Society has judged
She does not fit official standards
And they cannot be budged
There's something on her eyes that says
The struggle's gone too deep
And there's no comfort in the thought of
Watching acolytes of doubt try hard to fight
Their problems out
Excess profit has the clout to spread the message:
"We are sane
Not insane ..."
She reads about a will to power
In papers full of lies
She hears that every time she breathes
Some foreign kiddy dies
She's convinced it's her fault
She's tortured by the strain
As words of judgement pour out of the
Mouths of those who make their mark by keeping
People in the dark
Those who bite worse than they bark
Are loudly shouting
"We are sane
Not insane"
And the chorus says
"It's all quite normal" la-la-la
And the chorus says
"It's all quite normal" la-la-la
The choruses
Are happy as the know no different way except

What they've been told today
Accepting their limited 'truth' and blankly humming
"We are sane
And we are not to blame
We must protect the claim"
Praise those who hold power
They shall save the last hour
Using sacred science
They can stamp out defiance
Wheeeeeee!
(FILE 2:)
"Technician we want you to build a component
For each of our workers to be with them always
At all time watch closely so we can keep track of
Their actions their interests their morals their time out
Some musak to maim them some fear to contain them
Policy will judge them brute forces degrade them.
Practical behaviour the cleanser the saviour
A private vocation has no sense of nation
The maintenance of power can be fulfilling
Just as long as all the slaves are willing
So this is an order
We must curb thought disorder
With a miniature transmitter
We can pavlov the litter and train it to do as we
Tell it state surgeon the seed plant thought soon get
A new slant so tiny a dogma idea turn to quagmire
Thrum-humming transistor a brain wave insistor
Closed circuit hypnosis an inbuilt psychosis
Not one self expression deliberate surpression
A cycle to squeeze out anyone who we doubt
Will must be pliable to be reliable"
Tuned into the media system
Picture getting hard to see
How did you end up as a prisoner
When you were supposed to be free?
(Oh wouldn't you like to know?)
Lebensraum for megalomania
Endless song with one refrain
All eyes fixed upon the conductor
Baton taps inside the brain ...
BASS AND KEYBOARDS
:
CLIVE MITTEN
DRUMS AND TYPEWRITER
:
BRIAN DEVOIL
GUITAR
:
ANDY REVELL
VOCALS AND TAPE EFFECTS
:
GEOFF MANN
WRITTEN BY
:
ANDY, BRIAN, CLIVE AND GEOFF
ORIGINALLY RELEASED ON
:
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