

A metronome beat keeps us insane
For every new bar a different color blink
Sixteen LEDs flashing, plus one next to Gain
You copy and paste yourself into my brain

Patterns to be followed, arrangements to be made
Track to be programmed, new patterns to be laid
Glued to fit the beat, in the same frame
You always find a way into my brain

From a blinking chip to be fit into my heart
We'll build a perfect groove, you played it from the start
From your buttons to my ears, through pleasure and pain
You always find a way back into my brain