

Time of illusion

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No time for the present no development and no design. Prefabrications, the election rhyme and reason seek a place in time.

It's a time, time of illusion. Many million minds in a state of confusion. A disposable future looms in the dust of history. It's a time, time of illusion. No plan for tomorrow, the taxman's coming today. I ain't got time for now sorrow, can't even take it with me to my grave.

A dying man at his end, with a liver disease takes a part from a chimpanzee. Now he's walkin' through the concrete trees.