Dying to feel alive in electronic love
A sense of belonging orbiting above
A true human voice listened in the flesh
Old fashioned rendezvous, the new-age spirit quest

Isolation, romance the stone with Information, pick up the phone Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?

The lost art of touch, the voyeuristic plague
Junk-food melodies stroke your hidden rage
Hands-free reality, pleasure is a must
When it's just you and machine, there's no need for trust

Isolation, no place like home Validation, throw me a bone Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there? Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?

And when the gold wears off, what What will we be?
Just a mix of metals at the Bottom of the sea
Alone at the bottom of the sea
Alone at the bottom of the sea

Isolation, romance the stone with Information, pick up the phone Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there? Can anybody hear me? Is there anyone there?