Synchronize

mind.in.a.box

I'm directing the cables, connecting things.
I'm weaving together the major parts,
I'm implanting all the pins,
I finish the job by fits and starts.

It's looking good, it's looking fine,
I'm sticking a needle in my vein.
My blood is stimulated by a sine,
I feel a vibration, but little pain.

I'm falling apart,
the rhythm dictates my heart.
The sound controls my mind,
we are now synchronized,
we are aligned.

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I'm building this machine for my mind,
I want to create its own unique kind.
This technology is for all of mankind,
but I want to synchronize my brain.

This machine of sound is a part of me,
I've got direct access to its memory.
Is the machine in control, or is it me?

Who will it be?
Who will it be?
Who will it be?

I'm falling apart,
the rhythm dictates my heart.
The sound controls my mind,
'cause we are now synchronized,
we are aligned.

I'm taking control,
I'll assimilate your soul.
I will rule your mind,
'cause we are now synchronized,
we are aligned.

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