

The Fundamentals of Brainwashing

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History's a vinyl record stuck in a groove
A hundred warring sects claiming to have the truth
Blessed robots with so much to prove
You could say so much to lose

The scorching air
The slumbering mass
Of forgotten things

Preening peacocks ignite the fuse
Trumpets and promises a turn of the screw
To have a human face we'll have to start all over again
Back to the drawing board all the boys and men

When you lose your kite in the wind and fall on the trees
You're sucked in bulletin blown out on T.V.
The glory of the past is really only a tomb
The thing from the crypt long ago nurtured you