

411**"Technical Excess"**Visit "[Technical Excess](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dancing on the edge of time
Don't realise what's coming up
'Til our days the Human race - was undercover
Out of reach out of approach - Devine
The human substance - Godnesslike - under shelter
Attacked by high technology

Genious authority - Attack your personality
Existence out of microchips - no error
Censorship without a risk - Great
Sacrifice idenity - Gone forever
To control democracy - High tech

Technical Excess - Infernal Fate
Technical Excess - Elaborate

No Mental reflex control - eliminated heart and soul
Conversation digital - Indicator - Exchangeable
community
Monitors for observation - dictators
Cancel high tech celebration - Quiet right

Technical Excess - Infernal Fate
Technical Excess - Elaborate

Here is your command for the next few days
Everything you gotta do
Monitors keep watching and lead you through The
jungle of your life

We Don't want to be part of your inconsiderate,
constucted world
No more synthetic, dogmatic rules
Layed down by Electronic fools

No decision left, No compromise
You are the underdog
Accept you're a number in this game
No break out, no escape

We don't want to be victims of your computerized

dictated law
No more admiration for high tech
We are heading for the human rack

[1st solo: Frank]
[2nd solo: Rene]
[3rd solo: Frank]
[4th solo: Rene]

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.